THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OCT. 19, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Her First Vote

In This Number

A Statement by President Taft

Painted by Susan E. Arthurs for Cream of Wheat Co.

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A VISIT WITH THE CHEF

"I feel like a two-year-old after a Palmolive Shampoo. It is as necessary as a bath."

"My hair is so much prettier after a Palmolive Shampoo—I would love to take one every day."

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Contains the same wonderful palm and olive oils that make Palmolive Soap so cleansing, softening and invigorating to the skin

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N. B.—We repay your dealer for this bottle of shampoo he gives to you, so he will remove the bands from the six cakes of soap and from the carton containing the jar of cream. These he must return to us with the coupon signed by you, to show us that you have accepted our gift of the bottle of shampoo, and that he is to be reimbursed for it.

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TO THE DEALER

This coupon must be signed by the customer receiving the free bottle of Palmolive Shampoo.

This coupon must be returned direct to the B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Each coupon must be accompanied by six bands taken from the Palmolive Soap and one band taken from about the carton of the jar of Palmolive Cream.

No other authority is needed by the dealer in order to redeem this coupon.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

COUPON

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., 462 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

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THE best judges of clothes—wearers and dealers—tell us that in our new Varsity models for young men, both suits and overcoats, we've reached the highest point of perfection yet gained in clothes-making; that for distinction, smartness of design and cut, and finish, these garments are the best yet produced.

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You really ought to see them

You'll find some of the liveliest new models in overcoats among them; the belt feature, which has become so popular among the young men, is dealt with in a variety of interesting ways.

Young men in college, as in business where smart style is an asset, will do well to see the Varsity line before finally selecting fall or winter clothes.

If it were possible, we'd give you the names of good clothing concerns who sell our goods; there are more than we have room for. But a glance at your local newspaper will tell you who, in your locality, can show you these new models. A merchant who handles our goods usually wants the fact known.

Send six cents for the Fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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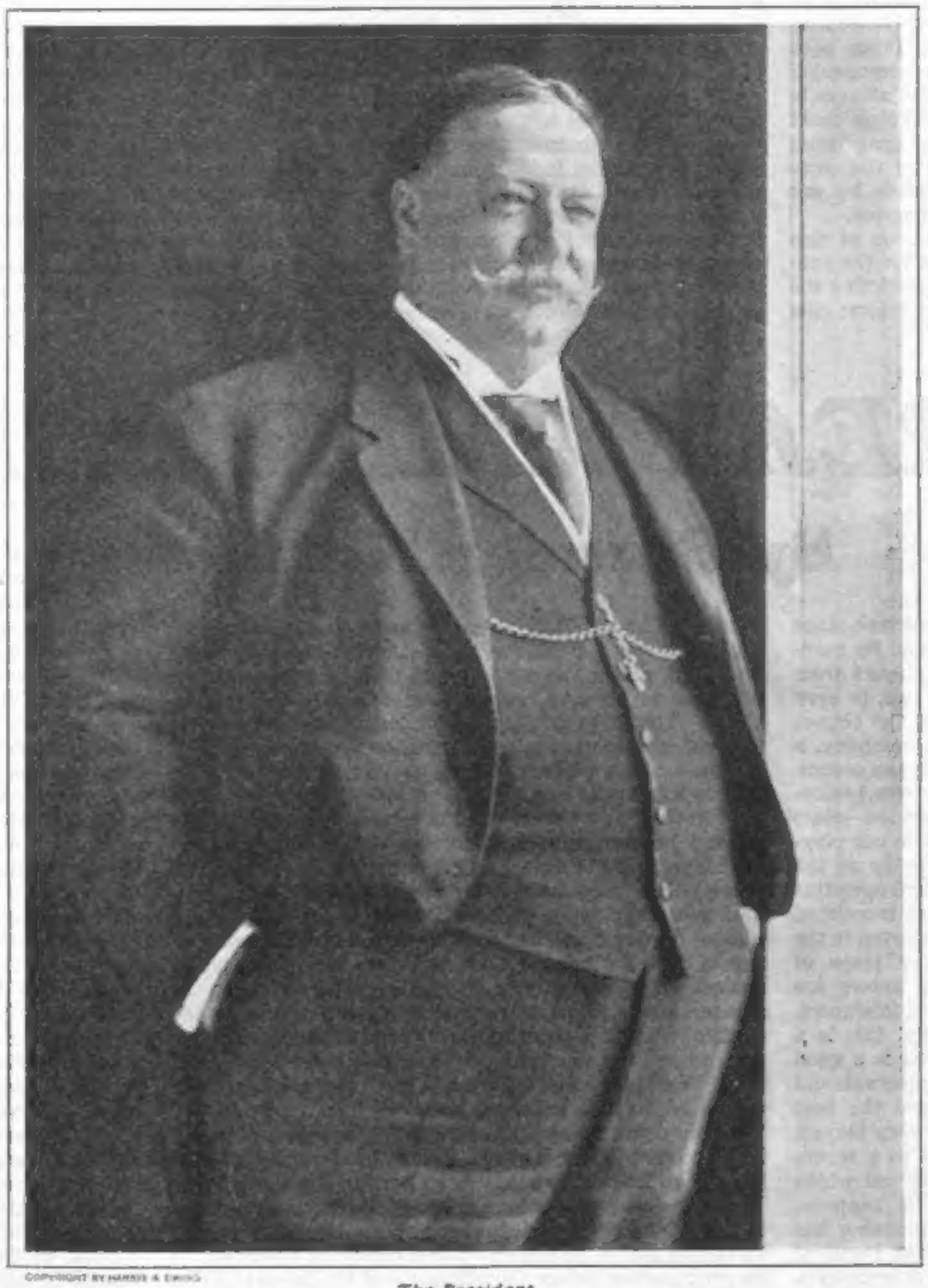
THE SUPREME ISSUE

By William Howard Taft



The President

WHEN I took the oath of the highest office in the gift of my fellow citizens it was with no lack of appreciation of the great honor that had been done me, but with an infinitely greater realization of the heavy, the almost terrible, responsibility that rests on the President of the United States. To me there came as a heritage the noble records of those who had gone before, Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt, great presidents and great Republicans.

On me rested the responsibility of maintaining the high standard they had set, of doing credit to my party by serving the country to the best of my ability, and of carrying on to successful fruition those wise policies devised by my predecessors, which had become synonymous with Republicanism as they were with good government. And I have kept the faith.

Ours is the party that does things, as distinguished from those who merely oppose and those who only propose. Under its skillful guidance many storms have been weathered, many vicissitudes have been survived. Fallacies have commanded public confidence and lost it. Our opponents have espoused such nostrums as greenbackism and free silver, while we have preserved the even tenor of our way, unshaken by the storm, and ultimately it has been given us to prove that these panaceas were not progress and that advancement could be made only along sane lines, step by step—that it was and is "liberty under the law."

Protected Prosperity

THE noblest achievement of the Republican party has been the extension and the conservation of liberty, its proudest boast that it freed the slaves. Perhaps it is because it has always been the sacred trust of this party to act as the conservator of liberty that it is least willing to experiment with those innovations that would jeopard the integrity of our judiciary, which for more than a century has been the bulwark of liberty, the protection of the weak against the strong, and the safeguard of the rights of the minority, standing as adamant against temporary majorities until time and wisdom have served to show the right. And once they perceive the right, no majority of Americans will stand for what is wrong.

The oath taken by the President of the United States calls upon God to witness that he will uphold the Constitution of the United States, and when I took that oath I took it with full and unqualified conviction that "the fabric our fathers builded will stand all shocks of faith or fortune." Bound by that pledge and guided by that conviction, I have spurned every attempt to undermine that great bill of rights which is indispensable to the preservation of our liberties; and no man can say I have ever faltered, even when, as in more than one instance, the course to which I was pledged forfeited a certain popular approval or impelled the criticism of the thoughtless or of that far greater class, those too greatly occupied in the turmoil of our industrial progress to investigate and reflect.

It is easy to bandy charges and to misrepresent motives. Any man can bear false witness against his neighbor, but charges are not proof and calumnies are not evidence, and I defy any man to prove that I have ever been false to my solemn responsibilities, have ever betrayed the trust reposed in me. I face the future confident that my acts will prove my motives and that time will confound those who have misrepresented them.

For sixty years this nation has prospered under the policy of protection for its own people against the competition of those less well governed. High standards of living for American workmen have been maintained. Our producers and our manufacturers have prospered and our wealth has increased by leaps and bounds. To the policy of protection I have stood committed alike by conviction and by the platform on which I w chosen. In support of that policy I have stood foursquare to all the winds that blew, heedless of unjust criticism, whether it came from the standpat element of the party, which opposed all tariff revision, or from those radicals, fewer in number, who would have had the Executive approve any tariff measure that lowered the duties, regardless of the injury it might inflict, or from those insincere critics who have ruthlessly misrepresented the facts for their own political gain.

Trusts and Duties

THE Payne Tariff Bill I approved because, above all, it provided the machinery by which alone a just and intelligent revision of the tariff could be effected—a tariff board which, without political bias and free from political pressure, would ascertain those facts essential to any intelligent adjustment of the rates of duty; because it clothed the Executive with power, by means of maximum and minimum rates, to compel just treatment from foreign nations of American products and exports; because it imposed a tax on the profits of corporations that at once gave to the Government an insight into the operations of these important instrumentalities of business, which it had in no other way been able to obtain, and because it provided the machinery whereby increased revenues could be collected with facility in the face of an emergency; because it granted to the Filipinos that measure of justice to which this nation stood pledged and which was essential to their prosperity; and, finally, because it effected a material reduction in the rates of duty—not so much of a reduction as I desired, but as much as I believed could be secured without the aid of that machinery, the Tariff Board, which it created.

Those Democratic and half-breed tariff bills which have since been passed I have disapproved because they constituted a menace to the welfare of the American workmen, having been conceived in insincerity, drafted in ignorance, and passed with reckless disregard for the millions dependent for a livelihood on the prosperity of the industries they would have undermined. The passage of adequate and intelligent tariff bills I have not failed to urge, but the approval of inadequate, unintelligent and menacing tariff measures I have not failed to disapprove; even though it would have been easier to disapprove the Payne Bill and to approve the makeshift measures of a later date. Had I been recreant to my trust and solicitous only for my own political fortunes a different course might have appealed to me, but I pursued the course that was right and for which I have no regrets.

Let any fair-minded man read carefully the reports of the Tariff Board on the industries it has investigated, together with the messages that accompanied and explained my vetoes—and it is the duty of intelligent Americans to read such documents and to inform themselves before they judge the acts and motives of their public servants—and if he believes in the doctrine of protection at all he will cordially approve of the vetoes. If he be a freetrader, as I suspect many who write for the press are, he will of course disapprove any step that prevented a lowering of the rates of duty, but to such Republicanism can make no appeal. The freetrader belongs in the camp of our political enemies, the Democrats, who have solemnly declared as the first

proposition of their platform that "the Federal Government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue."

If a Republican president fail to guard as far as he can the industries of the country to the extent of giving them a living measure of protection, and business disaster ensues, he is recreant to his duty.

No such body of progressive legislation has ever been achieved, or even proposed, by any party as that embodied in the railway rate bills of this and the last Administrations. The railway rate bill, which I recommended to Congress in the first year of my Administration, was a logical development of the policy of the last Administration, embodied in the Hepburn Act. It supplied authority to the Interstate Commerce Commission in many details that were lacking in the earlier measure, and it added to the powers of the commission supervision over express companies and telegraph, telephone and cable lines. It established a commerce court, which has been able to hand down final decisions within six months, instead of deferring them for nearly two years, as was inevitable in the crowded circuit courts which formerly had jurisdiction over such causes. It authorized the commission to institute investigations of rates without waiting for formal complaint to be filed, to protect water lines from the unfair competition of railroads, and it enacted a long-and-short-haul clause that has proved invaluable to many communities. It has been extensively attacked, especially as originally recommended by the Executive; but the insincerity of these attacks is best demonstrated by the fact that the provision most bitterly assailed was that authorizing traffic agreements between the railroads under the supervision of the commission, a recommendation that had been made by my predecessor in four separate messages to Congress.

Closely connected with the railway legislation of this Administration have been certain acts passed for the protection of labor. Among these are the laws restricting the hours of labor of trainmen and telegraph operators; the Boiler Inspection and Safety Appliance Acts and the "Ashpan Act," all designed to protect the lives and insure the safety of railroad employees; the creation of the Children's Bureau, designed to protect and supervise the labor of women and children—about which others have talked much and done nothing—and at the head of which I have placed a woman of keen sympathies and rare ability; and the Workmen's Compensation Act which, although not yet a law, has passed the Senate and was temporarily held up in the House solely because our opponents would not permit the Administration to gain credit for so humane and wise and progressive a measure on the eve of a national election. This measure, which is certain to become a law, will prove of infinite value to workmen, gaining for them a just compensation for injuries, saving them the cost of protracted legislation, eliminating that inequality which the financial resources of their employers too often created, and insuring to their widows and families a measure of support.

The trust policy of this Administration has been firm, consistent and effective. Great corporations seeking to monopolize industry have been dissolved. No discrimination has been shown toward friend or foe. The bitter enmity of "big business" has been incurred on the one hand, and the condemnation of those who expected these prosecutions to destroy instead of regulate business on the other, but neither has altered the course of the Administration, and the ends achieved have warranted the sacrifice of a certain popular approval. During the seven and a half years preceding this Administration forty-four cases against trusts were instituted. During the less than four years of this Administration twenty-two civil suits and forty-five criminal indictments have been brought under the Anti-Trust Law. It is not surprising that the powerful interests that hitherto have enjoyed immunity from prosecution should employ strenuous and devious methods to create the impression that these prosecutions are ineffective on the one hand, and certain to destroy the prosperity of the nation on the other. The fact remains that the law is now respected and observed, and that, whereas in the past the organization of trusts designed to acquire monopolies of the industries in which they were engaged was an almost daily occurrence, none has been organized during the last two years. Time will demonstrate the source of the opposition to my enforcement of the Anti-Trust Law, but in the meantime wise men will not be duped by the vituperative abuse of those whose monopolistic ambitions have been foiled, or by those who are seeking to utilize the dissatisfaction of the trustmakers to further their own political ambitions.

In a limited space it is impossible to review all the grounds on which the Republican party bases its claim to continued confidence and retention in power. But it should not be forgotten that it is as much the duty of a great party to oppose policies and legislation that would prove inimical to the welfare of the nation as to urge remedies for existing evils. The recall of judges and judicial decisions is hostile to that form of government which has made the United States the greatest nation in the world, which has fostered liberty, promoted equality of opportunity, and achieved a prosperity beyond the most sanguine dreams of our forefathers. The recall as applied to judges and their decisions would undermine the independence of the judiciary, subject our judges to political influences, and render it futile for the poor and the weak to look to the courts for justice. It should be our constant aim to achieve as complete a separation of the judiciary and politics as we have of church and state, and the institution of the recall as applied to the judiciary is retrogression, not progress.

As we listen to demagogic or to fatuous reformers let us not forget that votes are not bread, Constitutional amendments are not work, referendums do not pay rent or furnish homes, recalls do not provide clothing, initiatives do not supply employment or relieve inequalities of condition or opportunity. For any definite plans from those who advocate these innovations, which will promote equality of opportunity and ameliorate hardships, we listen in vain.

(Concluded on Page 81)

THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAY

By Brander Matthews

THE theatrical season in the United States begins toward the middle of August and it runs toward the middle of May. In the course of the nine intervening months the American stage discloses its extraordinary cosmopolitanism and its readiness to proffer hospitality to plays and to players from the four quarters of the globe. At brief intervals, or even simultaneously, our playgoers may profit by the chance of beholding the Irish players and a Scotch company, a Russian leading man and a Yiddish leading lady, an accomplished German actor and a versatile French actress, besides the usual throng of performers direct from London—stars and stock actors. And the plays brought out in our playhouses are as international in their authorship as the players are in their nativity. German farces and operettas adapted more or less liberally, French dramas translated more or less literally, and British comedies imported in the original package—all these compete with the plays of American dramatists, just as the American actors are vying constantly with a polyglot heterogeny of foreigners.

Now, whatever the ultrapatriotic may say, this is a healthy condition of affairs. On the whole it is a good thing and not at all a bad thing that our playgoers should have the chance of seeing the best plays and the best players of the rest of the world, and that our own players and our own playwrights should be exposed to a severe competition, which puts them on their mettle and which results in the survival of the fittest. As it happens, neither the American actor nor the American author has had of late any reason to be dissatisfied at the result of this rivalry with the friendly alien. There is scarcely a single season in the last score of years in which two out of three of the genuine popular successes have not been gained by plays of American authorship performed by American actors, native or naturalized.

Probably three-fourths of the pieces that have won the wide approval of the playgoing public in the United States in the past quarter of a century have been written by Americans upon American themes. The adapted French play, which was the staple of the English-speaking stage on both sides of the Atlantic in the midyears of the nineteenth century, is disappearing rapidly, though it is not absolutely extinct; and even the translated play in which the full flavor of the foreign theme is preserved is becoming infrequent. Of course the new pieces of the leading British dramatists appear in New York not long after they have been produced in London; but the American theater is now in nowise dependent on the British theater as it used to be fifty years ago. What the American playgoers now want to see is first and foremost a good play, and if it is really a good play they do not care where its scene is laid or what language it was originally written in. But, as between two good plays, they prefer that which deals with native topics and which delights them with the reflection of life and character on this side the western ocean. That is to say, there is no longer any prejudice in favor of an imported play—British or French, German or Italian—except perhaps among the very limited class of literary snobs who seem to be incapable of seeing anything good in their own country and of esteeming anything that has not been warranted by foreign critical approval.

This welcome of American plays by the American playgoing public is comparatively recent. Less than a hundred years ago, when William Dunlap was managing the theater in New York, he accepted an American dramatization of Scott's Marmion; but so violent was the prejudice against the native playwright that even the actors in the theater were allowed to suppose the new piece to be the work of a British playwright. So late as half a century ago, when Bronson Howard took to Lester Wallack a Civil War play called Drum Taps, the manager was too timid to risk anything quite so frankly American. "Couldn't you make it the Crimea?" he asked. It may be noted that Lester Wallack, though he always accounted himself an Englishman, had been born in the city of New York; and so we have here a native American suggesting to another native American that an American story should be turned into a British story as a condition precedent to its presentation before the playgoers of the largest city in the United States.

It is only fair to record also that there was good warrant for the widespread distrust which managers and actors and audiences felt toward plays of American authorship in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. With the possible exceptions of the Brutus of John Howard Payne, and of the Francesca da Rimini of George H. Boker, there was scarcely a single play written in America before 1870 that was not pretentious or amateurish or both. Who now remembers that N. P. Willis wrote a tragedy termed Tortesa, the Usurer, or that Anna Cora Mowatt composed a comedy called Fashion?

M. Gustave Lanson, the distinguished historian of French literature, lectured at Columbia University in the fall of 1911, and he chanced to read a little textbook of American literature written by one of the professors in the English department of that university. When M. Lanson met the author of this manual after he had perused it, he was kind enough to make a few complimentary remarks. "But what struck me most in your book," he added with a smile, "was what I did not find in it! There was no chapter on the American drama." And the American author confessed that in the last century there had been no American drama important enough to demand consideration in a history of literature.

It needs to be noted, however, that the dramatic situation in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century was scarcely any better in Great Britain than it was in the United States. In those lean years of the drama in our language the men of letters were not playwrights and the playwrights were not men of letters; and the American branch of literature is not so very inferior to the British so far as the drama is concerned. The turgid dramas of Sheridan Knowles, always in five acts and always in very blank verse; the artificial plays of Bulwer-Lytton with their flamboyant rhetoric; the hard and metallic comedies of Boucicault—these are all faded now and well-nigh forgotten. It was T. W. Robertson, in the sixties, who first broke away from the traditional framework of English comedy; he borrowed his formula from the contemporary French stage and he tried to put into this formula contemporary English society. Robertson's comedies, Caste and Ours, seem rather thin and unreal nowadays, but they contained the promise of a dramatic awakening. First W. S. Gilbert, then Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and finally Mr. Barrie, Mr. Shaw and the rest put an end to that divorce between the drama and literature which had existed in Great Britain since the early years of the nineteenth century.

Here, in the United States, Bronson Howard went to France for his formula as Robertson had done, finding his themes and his characters in his own country. Mr. William Gillette and Mr. Augustus Thomas followed in the trail Bronson Howard had blazed, and so did Clyde Fitch. And in the United States certain interesting developments took place which had no parallel in Great Britain. Whereas the staple of the London theaters was the dress-coat comedy of fashionable life, we had in New York the local studies of Edward Harrigan, representing the many-colored characteristics of tenement-house life; we had also the more or less journalistic satires of Charles Hoyt; and we had a succession of rural plays, such as the Old Homestead and Shore Acres, which had no equivalent of any kind either in England or in France. And whatever the merits or demerits of these three groups, they revealed aspects of American life not before considered by our dramatists, and they encouraged our playgoing public to appreciate the treatment of native topics.

Now in the past dozen years a host of ambitious and energetic young playwrights have appeared in America,

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THE PRINCE OF TONIGHT

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

AN ASTHMATIC but resolute engine bunted the train across the bridge and into the cavernous blackness of the Lehigh Valley yards. On the last palace car—no, not in the last palace car, but on it—on the roof of it, in the full glare of the headlight, Jimmy sat, Turkwise, grasping what was apparently a spear and cuddling a lantern in the crook of his elbow.

The place was Niagara Falls, the time two o'clock of a cloudy morning, and all's well. The train twisted along a cat's-cradle of sidetracks, and came clangingly to a reluctant halt after a bold and almost successful attempt to abduct the valiant little switch-engine, which then departed, wheezing and garrulous, to the Canadian side, grumbling at late hours; leaving Jimmy in a murky darkness made blue-ghastly by a beautiful but ineffectual arc light near by, "beating with luminous wings the void in vain."

Jimmy sat upon his baggage—a Navajo blanket—and laid by his spear, which was really a prodpole. He smoked unnumbered cigarettes; he whistled and sang to the warm night The Wearin' of the Green and the doleful ballad of Macario Romero—not from choice, but of necessity; for we are all children of heredity and environment, words that truly should ever begin with capital letters, even as the name of the Deity. As for the first song, Jimmy's rear name was McClosky and his forbears were kings; and, for the song of Macario, Jimmy had never before wandered from the pleasant back yard that idles along the Mexican border from Matamoros to Yuma.

The palace car was one of forty in Jimmy's charge. Each of the forty carried seventeen portly passengers, sleekly prosperous, averaging fourteen hundred pounds each, en route for Liverpool by way of New York, with purpose to become the famed roast beef of Old England.

By dint of headwork and mutual courtesy there was ample berthroom. It had been early agreed that only half the steers should sleep at once. The adjustment was automatic. Cooperation comes naturally to animals, probably because they lack the mean virtue of meekness and therefore, unawed by laws or maxims, fight promptly and unhesitantly for inalienable rights. Wrongs occur, wanton outrages—less, on the whole, than under any system of vested rights or vested wrongs yet devised; for clothed flesh perpetuates vested wrongs by clamorous aid of the stupid wronged—unclothed flesh, wiselier, battles without ceasing for equal opportunity. But you digress; you wander into ethics, which has nothing to do with Jimmy McClosky, cattle-raising or this story. Let us return to our beeves.

With hay, sweet and fragrant, stowed in bales in what Jimmy styled "the cellar," just beneath the roof—flakes from which bales he dropped at need into the mangers—and good water therewith, by means of an ingenious arrangement of pipes and steel troughs, and with sleeping accommodations and porter, as above noted, the title of palace—stock—cars was not unjustified.

Jimmy, with three Crow Flat boys, had escorted a train of range yearlings from Toyah to Kaycee—baldfaced Herefords of morose disposition, forty to the car. Half of one carload—twenty-four, to be exact—had been Jimmy's own. They had brought him fifteen dollars a head at Toyah, which sum he had accepted gladly, according to the time-honored policy of the producer.

At Kaycee the Crow Flat boys departed forthwith to investigate the condition of the liquor business; but Jimmy, loitering at the stockyards, saw tall Missourians bid eagerly for the "feeders"—his own hook-and-ladder yearlings going to a blithesome bidder for thirty-two dollars. Jimmy was pained and grieved.

Making research, he found that the fattened steers would sell at an increase of from two hundred to three hundred per cent; whereupon his horizon broadened. Musing on the homely wits of home-keeping youth, he straightway engaged as chaperon for the cornfed and sophisticated steers abovementioned, seventeen to the car, at one hundred and twelve dollars the head, with resolute intent to go with them to Liverpool and thence to the platter of the ultimate consumer. His interest and curiosity were fully roused, and brought him, via Chicago and Sarnia, to this midnight milepost of his way—as was appointed.

Across the unimaginable blackness mysterious lights signaled, winked and wavered like fireflies across dewy turf; over the black, empty silence dull rumblings and faint whistles spoke of busy trains afar. From its high standard the solitary yardlight picked out, blurred and uncertain, wave after wave of car-roofs—waves from an ocean of cars, pressing in and breaking upon that dim island of light.

Cheerfully he waited, seated now on the end of the running-board, with dangling legs and a mind conscious of its own rectitude. Along the side of Jimmy's string of cars a bobbing lantern appeared. It came nearer; it was raised and lowered. Plainly, one came who looked with interest into every car of steers. Jimmy's heart expanded with hospitable anticipation, for an agent of the consignee was to join him here.

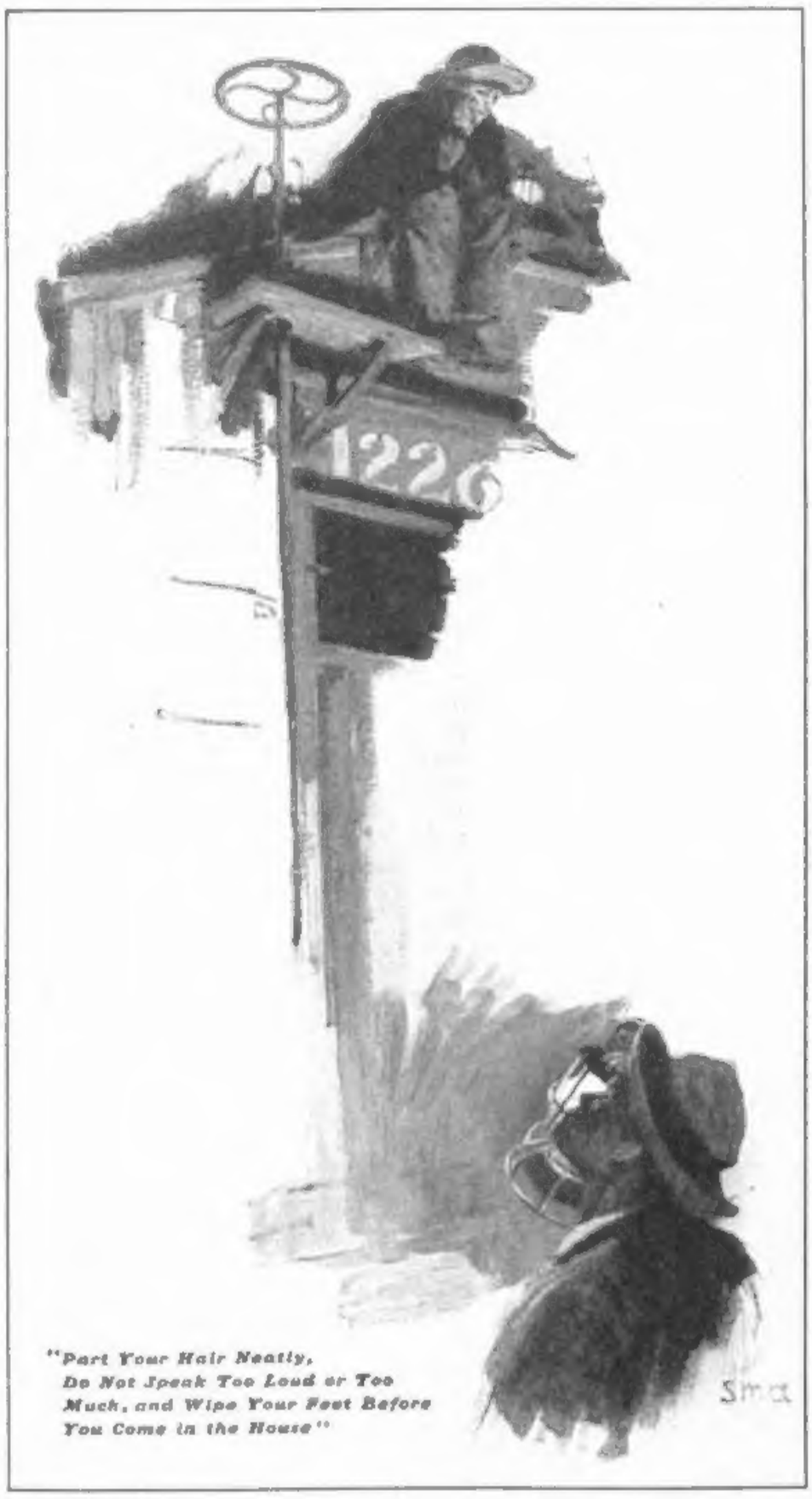
The lantern came nearer, still bobbing up and down, to bear out Jimmy's fancy of a cockle tossed on a choppy sea.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed Jimmy, and swung the harbor light.

At this friendly greeting the lantern came on, swift and unbobbing; a man shaped and grew to substance. He stopped under the ladder and looked up, holding his lantern level with his face. It was a red face, under a billycock hat; an angry face, with a prognathous jaw.

"By ——, are you supposed to be taking care of these cattle?" he bawled.

Jimmy leaned his chin in his hand and eyed the visitor gravely. "Say sir to the ladies and yes'm to the men," he prompted. "Part your hair neatly, do not speak too loud or too much, and wipe your feet before you come in the house."



"Part Your Hair Neatly, Do Not Speak Too Loud or Too Much, and Wipe Your Feet Before You Come in the House"

"Why ain't you down here tending to these steers? You'll go no farther on this train, you damned tramp!"

"Cattle doin' fine," said Jimmy dispassionately—"fine as silk. I looked after everything while we waited across the bridge—fed 'em, watered 'em, showed 'em the falls and tucked 'em in bed. Left a call for six A. M. Come up and let your feet hang off. Sorry I ain't got no fan for you."

"Get off that car!"

"Comin'!" said Jimmy. "We aim to please."

Obligingly he hurled his prodpole—not with the pointed end down or yet with any great force, but formally—much as the olden peoples tossed a spear across the frontier as a declaration of war. The rounded end of it glanced from the billycock hat and so angled away across the next track. The lantern retrieved the damaged hat and fled into the murk, having no mind for solitary combat.

"Hi! Hi there! Wait a bit! I'm coming, fast as ever I can!" cried Jimmy, halfway down the ladder. There was no answer; so he hunted up his javelin and went back to the cartop.

"'Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?'" he caroled.

A headlight slid swift and shining across the void; a wedge of trembling radiance cut across the pit-dark; a sparkling spiderweb of tracks grew magically from nothingness. An engine purred by, warm and palpitating; it backed and coupled an old and dingy passenger coach to Jimmy's train, to serve as waycar, and ambled away on other errands. A jar from in front told that the road engine had been coupled on; lanterns waved ahead; with heave and clank and groan the train started. Jimmy climbed down to the waycar.

It was lighted but unoccupied. Jimmy draped himself luxuriously along two cushioned seats. As the train gathered headway voices floated in from the platform. Entered a cap, the conductor; a slouch hat, which was a brakeman; and a billycock, Jimmy's friend of the undershot jaw, who in passing shot a sharp glance at Jimmy. A step or so along the aisle he paused and observed:

"I bet I fix them Kansas City guys so they don't send up any more bums with the cattletrains. By ——, they'd better send a nigger!"

With an effort Jimmy sat up, yawning.

"Ah-o-ah!-ugh! Are you the gentleman who was swearing at me back yonder in the yards?" he asked sleepily.

Billycock half turned, twisting, and rested his undershot jaw upon his left shoulder. "Yes!" he snarled, and added the word of insult. At the same time he crumpled up and pitched forward, his head striking the leg of the seat down the aisle. This act was not voluntary. Trained to cat-quickness among flashing hoofs and horns, the cowboy had swung all his lithe body into one crashing blow against that conspicuous jaw.

Billycock rose, a gash cut into his sleek, black head by the iron leg of the car-seat. He spat blood, paused to ascertain with precision which way was up and which down; he crouched and rushed.

Things happened then to Jimmy. A broncho pawed him; a steer hooked him; a mule kicked him; a house fell upon him; a bear hugged him; an automobile ran him down. He was a book-agent—an indignant householder kicked him downstairs; he was an umpire—several thousand fans beat him with bats and pop-bottles; he was married, and his wives rebuked him with hot flatirons; he was a forest—the lightning struck thick and fast; he was a ten-wheeled freight engine that had jumped the track on a foggy mountainside and bounded riotously over the boulders, fire streaming from every wheel.

The fog cleared; he was himself—Jimmy McClosky, of Black River—dizzily taking a glorious licking. Fairly matched as to inches and age, he was all but helpless under the onslaught of a skilled boxer. Good stock, strong hearted, the blood royal, years of clean living and hard work, befriended him now. Wearied with his fruitless labors, Billycock relaxed for a moment and mauled less savagely, waiting until Jimmy's instinctive covering up should waver and leave an opening for a finishing touch—and in that moment Jimmy's head cleared; he felt his feet touch ground again; he felt strength come back to him.

He had staggered and reeled from weakness; he reeled now with purpose, his eyes half shut—to all seeming helpless and spent; in reality watchful, strong, desperate and

The Squire of Abingdon, Saying Harsh Things, Shook His Fist at a Receding Dustcloud

dangerous. He swerved as a smashing blow shot by his head, missing by a hair. Unbalanced, Billycock's body followed the missed blow; Jimmy's fist flashed up, caught squarely on the undershot jaw—and the fight was over. Jimmy had landed two good blows, the first and the last. Billycock, who had landed fifty good ones, lay senseless in the aisle.

The victor was in scarce better case. Dizzily he dropped into a seat, bruised, battered and breathless, holding the seatback for steadiness, and received the congratulations of the traincrew—even in his shaken condition conscious of a depressing idea that those gratulations might have been equally fervid had the battle gone otherwise. His foeman, Madden by name, had been a third-rate prizefighter in the city of New York, the trainmen informed him. Employed by the Continental Beef Company, it was his task to meet and inspect Western cattle at Buffalo. Madden made it his custom to beat up some one every trip, trainman or shipper. Always picking quarrels—surly brute.

"Some scrapper," said Jimmy. "He had me going—going—and almost gone. I was whipped good and plenty, only for a fluke. Bring him to."

So Madden was haled forth from his blackness, none too gently, by means of water and other revivifiers. Then Jimmy, tenderly bathing his damaged face—his own damaged face, not Madden's—paused to observe:

"You'll do to take along, son. You're all right. If I hadn't got in that first sockdolager whilst you was expecting just big, brave talk, and one chance blow afterward just in the right place—and I didn't know it was going to be right place either—why, I'd be on the floor now instead o' you." Jimmy's eyes twinkled. "Now, if we're goin' to be joint guardians of these steers, you just think over that last remark of yours. If you find you was anyways mistaken you and me's goin' to get along fine. And if you don't, why, when you get rested up—say, soon after breakfast—we'll have another little spasm. No he-person can say that to me and get off with it."

Madden shot him a sullen and malignant glance, but vouchsafed no answer. Jimmy patiently shrugged his shoulders.

"Take your time; think it over," he advised serenely. "Don't pay to have trouble. Gets your clothes all rumpled up. I think it's a four-to-one shot that you put me to sleep next time, and a safe bet at that; but I'd rather folks didn't talk that way to me. I didn't abuse you. Just revise that statement, and when we get to New York I'll buy you a pink lemonade at the grocery store."

Madden rose.

"Let me be—I'm all right!" he snapped. Then, to Jimmy: "I'm going to the engine. First time this train stops I'm coming back with an officer."

"Say, just bring along a coroner, will you?" said Jimmy gayly.

Madden took up his lantern and went out, slamming the door.

Jimmy proceeded with his repairs, aided by the enthusiastic railroaders. Subject to daily risk of injury, they carried a little cupboard well stocked with liniments, salves, bandages and other medicaments. They gladly proffered the use of "the hospital" to Jimmy, loud in congratulation the while.

Jimmy needed the hospital.

"A little more," he said sagely, "and there wouldn't 'a' been nothing left of me but a few baskets of fragments." In the course of his ministrations he removed his vest, revealing a forty-five, snugly nestling under his left armpit butt-end forward, in a shoulder-scabbard cunningly adjusted by experience for ease and convenience. Wadded in the toe of this scabbard, in large bills, were the proceeds of the hook-and-ladder steers, together with certain other moneys he had drawn from the bank. "Because I may want to buy a farm or a railroad or something," he had explained to the Toyah banker. "They do say that's a fine country back yon."

"It's a wonder you didn't shoot that guy when he was beating you up!" said the conductor when he saw the forty-five. "Betcher I wouldn't let no prizefighter knock my block off if I had a good gun handy. He begun it all too."

"Oh, shucks! No gunplay in a fist fight! Why, that'd be plumb lowdown," declared Jimmy, shocked. "I wouldn't 'a' gone after my gun if he'd knocked my silly head clean off. That gun now—I just wear that so's to feel dressed—and for gunmen and such. I can't see a mite o' harm in takin' a good lickin' if the play comes right; but a one-man gunplay—oh, pshaw!—that isn't done. My stars alive, but my ribs are sore! I'm about all in. That lad was sure a beaut!"

"See here, young fellow," said the brakey, "you roll over and take a sleep. You're pretty badly jarred up. I'll keep an eye on your calves over this division—me and the head shack—and wake you up when the crews is changed."

"Go you once!" said Jimmy.

. . . . . .

At Waverly the train was to stop some minutes for breakfast. Jimmy walked briskly along beside the cars to see whether aught was amiss with his charges; they were to be fed and watered at Wilkes-Barre. As he passed the freight depot a lounger rose and approached him with a request for a match. Jimmy fumbled in his vest; the other made a quick step, his arm throttled Jimmy's neck from behind. The throttler shouted; simultaneously he "frisked" his struggling captive for weapons. But he knew not the mystery of shoulder-scabbards. Madden appeared from between two cars. Cursing, he sprang forward and swung a savage blow to Jimmy's face as the first assailant, choking him, dragged him backward. As Madden struck again, Jimmy's hand flew up and clutched at the gun under his armpit. In one motion the gun was drawn, cocked, thrust forward against Madden's very body, fired; with another, Jimmy threw the barrel up and shot backward at the throttler, just missing that dismayed person's head. Jimmy was jerked up and hurled heavily to the ground, trampled upon, breathless, his neck all but broken. He rolled over, propped himself shakingly on his elbow, and fired twice as the flying thug rounded the depot corner. Splinters flew from the wall; he had missed.

Weakly Jimmy rose and turned to Madden. Brief examination sufficed—the man had not an hour to live. He was conscious; he flashed a look of hatred at Jimmy. "You'll swing for this—damn you!" he groaned.

Jimmy felt scant compassion and no remorse—his ethics being, in truth, merely bovine; but he had no mind to bandy reproaches with a conquered and dying foe. "Then perhaps I had better go," he said.

He thrust the gun into his waistband, turned his back upon his orphaned steers, scrambled under a string of freight cars on a sidetrack, then another. Straightening up, he was aware of an automobile waiting before a hotel. He limped that way, paused with his hand on the tonneau door, shoved his gun into the chauffeur's ribs and said pleasantly:

"Let's go!"

"Wh-where?" gasped the chauffeur.

Jimmy stepped in and waved his hand largely.

"Away!" he said—"the shortest route!"

They went away.

II

ANSON DODGE, the old squire, had been dead fifteen years—Adelbert Wakelin reigned as squire of Abingdon.

Anson Dodge had owned the general store, the gristmill, sawmill, tavern and stageline; he had been postmaster for a quarter of a century; he had acted, in a private and profitable way, as the banker of Abingdon—an austere man; a grim, big, bushy-browed, masterful old man. He had been Captain Dodge in his grim, hard youth; he had carried certain leaden slugs in his body from Malvern Hill to his grave, bearing that great body something awry for those causes. The Dodges in 1808 founded Abingdon.

Adelbert Wakelin was postmaster now, justice of the peace, orator on Decoration Day and the Fourth—a dapper, pink, plump man of forty, crisp, brisk, brusk, indefatigable. The tavern was no more, Abingdon being a no-license town, and the stageline had fallen into other hands; but Wakelin owned the gristmill, the sawmill and the largest of the three general stores. He was sole agent for all manner of farming machinery, engines and fertilizers. In a corner of the store was a door bearing the legend:

A. WAKELIN, BANKER
PRIVATE OFFICE

For all his bruskness the squire was polite and ingratiating; active in church-work, lodge-work, politics. He had a neat and orderly mind; he discounted his bills regularly; he collected promptly, or promptly sued; he had never committed a criminal action nor a generous one. The Wakelins came to Abingdon in 1815.

Squire Dodge left to his young wife a daughter, five farms and the great house of Abingdon, still known as the Dodge Homestead. It stood deep in a grove of tall maples, far back from the street, reached by winding, shady roads—a spacious and rather handsome wooden building, broad-verandahed, three stories and attic, relic of the days when lumber was cheap. Behind stood the great stables, all but empty, all but unused.

The homestead was well kept still, retaining its old supremacy; but the five farms were running down, the buildings slowly falling to decay, though the yearly repairs cut deep into the rentals. Further, those rentals dwindled; under the hands of tenants the farms were being skinned; the soil grew poorer, the crops lighter, year by year.

Squire Wakelin owned two farms that gave better returns with each year—worked by hired hands driven hard by overseers, who were driven, in turn, by the tireless supervision of the squire himself. Let us be just: brains went to enrich that soil.

He lived with his mother in a modest home adjoining the store. He had liens upon other farms; and for years he had kept a watchful eye upon the five Dodge farms, the great house of the Dodge Homestead and upon Marian Dodge. Let us be just once more: the squire liked Marian Dodge better than any woman he had known, quite apart from the five farms and the money in the Wilkes-Barre bank.

Abingdon looked upon the alliance between the two great houses as already made. The girl's mother, keenly conscious that the Dodge estate was falling to ruin under her incompetent hands, was keen for the match, as was the Widow Wakelin.

Marian had refused the squire once, at twenty—reluctantly; she scarcely knew why herself. She liked him well enough; she had known him from childhood; she recognized his ability, thrift and industry. In her secret heart Marian had a wholesome, girlish longing for an irresistible fairy prince, endowed with qualities less solid and respectable than these; but the fairy prince did not come. Eligible fairy princes of Abingdon went early to the city of New York, to the dim, golden West—or, at worst, to the smaller towns near by.

But constant dropping will wear away a stone, even if it is not a very hard stone; and Marian had been carefully brought up. It was tacitly understood, when Marian stepped into the basket-phaeton with Doctor Wakelin on this the afternoon of the longest day of the year, that when he should ask again she should give him a wise answer.

The squire-doctor—thrifty soul—stopped at his valley farm to give orders. The question was still unasked as they topped the hill and turned down the white turnpike. Doctor Wakelin chatted briskly of crops, prices and his plans for future intensive farming; also of the Crouch farm, which matched with his and upon which he held a mortgage.

"I'll have to foreclose before long, I'm afraid," observed the doctor. "Crouch's wife was sick a long time and he got 'way behind. The farm is not a bad farm and he might pay up if he was a mind to scrabble. I urged him to put in more potatoes this spring—that's the money crop—but he wouldn't. Not a shiftless man exactly, Gil Crouch, but stiffnecked, just like his father was before him—resents advice; claims he can't tend to any more than the one lot on account of his wife. She's not strong at all, even yet. And Crouch hangs round the house too much, helping her, neglecting his crops and leaving most of the work to the hired man. He can't do farming that way—can't make a living, to say nothing of paying off old debts. Good buildings; soil in fair shape. I'll make it pay me if I have to take it over."

As they topped the hill and the mare fell into her stride down the white turnpike, she spied a man lying under an oak by the roadside and shied promptly. The squire reined up with a heavy hand.

"Hi! What are you doing there?"

"Oh, jus' sleepin'. What you doin'?"

The answer came cheerfully; the man opened his eyes, yawned, rolled over, sat up and stretched himself luxuriously. For the first time he saw the lady and promptly

swept off his cap, revealing a tousled mat of black hair that would have been better for a trimming. He clasped his knees and smiled warmly—a smallish, slender man with twinkling black eyes and a smooth, brown face that somehow looked oddly old and poised—the tuned look and tense, though Wakelin did not know it, that comes from danger and responsibility. Some sailormen wear that look, miners, sheriffs, outlaws and others of perilous walk. Let us say at once that to fare under threat of death for years is a monumental education. There is no literature explaining the expansion of mental grip from this cause. Those whom it has developed do little writing.

Over the lean, brown face were scattered half a dozen spots where the skin glistened faintly red, speaking of recent cuts and bruises. For indeed this cheerful brown person was Jimmy McClosky, who, carefully leaving for pursuit a plain trail leading to New York, had plunged into this unrailroaded hinterland from prudence and had remained through curiosity and delight. It was pleasant!

In his wanderings he had made several discreet changes of costume. He now wore a faded suit of corduroys, with a soft gray shirt and a cap that he despised—the coat, in a neat roll, having been but now doing service for a pillow. He fumbled in his vest for tobacco.

Doctor Wakelin frowned. He was not accustomed to pert replies from any one, much less from roadside idlers.

"Come out of that! You're trespassing!" he ordered sharply.

Jimmy rolled a cigarette with deliberation and care and smiled more sweetly than ever.

"Your place, I suppose?" he said, and shielded a matchflame in his brown hands.

Wakelin flushed. "I have enough interest in it to order vagabonds off anyway. Get out of that, I tell you!"

Jimmy's face puckered doubtfully.

"Well, seeing's how you have a lady with you I don't know but I will. Le's see—this tree's right on the line, I judge." He reached for his coat, shifted himself to the side of the tree next to the road, clasped his hands behind his back, and looked down at the squire with serene and innocent eyes—looking down, because the turnpike was here a "dug road" and Jimmy's tree was on the uphill side. "There; I guess I'm in the highway now, all right, and when I get drowsy I'll find a sleeping place out o' sight from the road, so's not to scare any more horses. Old as I am, I ought to 'a' known better than to 'a' gone to sleep here. Excuse me for bein' a fool."

"Clear out! Do you hear?"

"Oh, do you own the road too?" inquired Jimmy, respectful and round-eyed.

The squire's face swelled pinkly.

"I'm justice of the peace," he spluttered. "Move on or I'll have you arrested."

"Do," said Jimmy. "I'll be here. Hike along, old top! Good day!"

"I'll telephone for an officer. I'll run you out of this town! Impudent loafer!"

Jimmy's smile grew so brilliant that Marian lost her self-control and broke into bubbling laughter. The squire's whip cut the mare sharply—she sprang forward in a cloud of dust. Marian, clinging to the seat, looked over her shoulder. Jimmy waved his gay farewell; and Marian, loosing her clutch on her imperiled hat, waved back at him—to her own vast surprise.

Came presently Crouch himself, a middle-aged and older-looking farmer. He sat himself down by Jimmy and twiddled at a twig.

"See here, friend—sorry, but I'll have to ask you to go, I guess. Hate to; you ain't doin' a mite o' harm, far as I see, but you got the squire all roiled up and he wants you should go." His gnarled and knotty fingers twisted his wisp of gray beard. "I hate to do this. Fact is—h'm!—well, you see, the squire, he holds a mortgage on my place and I got to renew. So I dassent to mad him. You see how 'tis."

"On my way! Sure, I'll go," said Jimmy good-naturedly. "Wouldn't make you any trouble. Or—hold on! How much is your mortgage? If it isn't too much I'll take it up."

"Damn likely—ain't it now! Be you J. P. Morgan, mebbe?" jeered the farmer; but Jimmy checked him with a lifted and reassuring hand.

"Now never mind my old clothes. You look here!" He brought forth a new billbook and shook out before the farmer's fascinated gaze a sheaf of bright and beautiful bills. "If your mortgage don't call for too much and you can show me that everything's all right I'll fix you out, if only to have a little sport with the old rooster. How about it? How much do you want? How much land have you got? Any other debts or incumbrances? How'd you happen to get mortgaged anyway? Buyin' the farm on time or how? Tell it to me!"

"You—you'll lift the mortgage for—for a stranger, right off like this?" stammered the farmer. "Why, what sort of way o' doing business is that?"

"This isn't business to me—this is pleasure. What do you want me to do—hem and haw, and look down my nose, and pay a lawyer to tell me if I'm willing to loan the money to you or not? And I'm not going to lift a mortgage exactly. You're going to be free of a mortgage to a man that's in a hurry for his money—or your farm—and give another to a man that's in no hurry for his money and don't want your farm as a gracious gift. Why shouldn't I lend you the money if I take a fool notion to? Ain't your farm good security for it? Tell it to me!"

Crouch told it to him. The farm contained a hundred and thirty acres; the mortgage was for two thousand dollars, of which twelve hundred remained unpaid. There were no other debts of moment.

"Half o't was Hetty's doctor bill—nearly half—the squire's the doctor, too, you see. She was sick nigh on to a year. What with nussin' her and all, I fell behind dretful, and I borrowed from the squire to get straightened up—and give him a mortgage for the hull o't. I had a verbal agreement with him that it was to run on so long as I paid the interest and two hundred a year on the principal; but the writin's say it's all due the next month and the squire's been hintin' that he'd like to have his money. Gosh, I believe that's the main reason Hetty don't get no better—worryin' over that blamed mortgage! She has never been real well since."

"Looks like you'd 'a' fixed it so your payments would come due after harvest," suggested Jimmy.

"I did want to; but the squire ——"

"I see. Look here, Mr. What's-Your-Name, tell you what I'll do. If I let you have what money you need it'll leave me so near strapped that you couldn't tell the difference; but I'll let you have it if you'll pay me back—oh, say, two hundred and fifty dollars—when you sell your crops, and let me board with you till then. I sorter like this place. Or I'll work for you if you want me to, and you can pay me what you think it's worth."

"Ever farm any?"

"Not a hate; but I'm a hustler just the same," said Jimmy. "Now see here—just so you'll know I'm not stringin' you—you take these"—he extracted two fifty-dollar bills from the sheaf and handed them over—"and come down to fix up the papers tomorrow. That's your town down the valley, I guess? Say, what's the name of it?"

"That's Abingdon," said Crouch. "Sure you're not joking? And won't you come up to supper with my wife and me?"

"Can't afford any hundred-dollar jokes. No; I'm going downtown to stay tonight—after the old top comes back. Is there more'n one hotel?"

"Only one. Say, I ought to thank you ——"

"You needn't. I'm doing this strictly to please myself. Just as lief stay in this country a while as not. Seems like a nice place. Interestin' people too. You'll find me at the hotel. We'll fix up the papers tomorrow."

"You're forgetting something," said Crouch. He hesitated then. "I don't know what your name is," he blurted out.

"Well, what of it? I don't know yours either. So that's all right."

"My name's Crouch—Gil Crouch. What's yourn?"

Jimmy scratched his head.

"Why, I don't know. H'm! . . . What would you advise?" he said.

Crouch grinned joyously.

"Smith, Thompson, Hawkins, Jones, Tracy, Goodenow ——"

Jimmy selected a name with care.

"Jones—Jerry Jones. Happy to meet you, Mr. Crouch!"

"Well! I never see the beat o' you! But I got to be a-gettin' on to work. No; I vum I'm goin' up and tell Hetty the news. She'll be tickled to death! She jaloused all along the squire allowed to take up that mortgage when it come due. Say, come on up and see her, Mr. ——"

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Jones firmly. "I got a date with your squire for today. He's goin' to arrest me for bein' alive. You give your wife my respects—Jerry Jones' respects—and tell her not to worry no more; that you can take as much time as you want to pay me. Money wasn't doin' me any good nohow. I just use it to spend. So-long!"

Marian Felt Herself Encircled Roughly by a Strong Arm and Swept Unceremoniously to the Ground

III

IT WAS a long hour before the squire-doctor and Miss Marian returned. The question was still unasked. Miss Marian's behavior had been frivolous and unpleasing, and when Wakelin saw the vagabond still sprawling by the wayside in defiance of his orders he felt a distinct inclination to gobble like a turkey. He would have driven by, but Marian touched his arm.

"That man wants to speak to you," she said.

"I am disappointed in you," said Jimmy gravely as the mare came to a halt. "You promised to have me arrested. I told you I'd be here, and here I am. Why didn't you keep your word?"

The squire of Abingdon fought his gobbling tendency until the effort crimsoned his wattles.

"I strictly charged that shiftless Crouch to run this fellow away," he said to Marian. "I'll show him how to let me in for such insolence as this!"

"Oh, I guess you won't bother Crouch any," said Jimmy. "His mortgage isn't coming due, as it happens, if that's what you mean. I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

The squire slashed the mare viciously and jerked her cruelly as she lunged forward. She reared high in the air, came down, and backed madly until the hind wheel slipped below the "dug road." The phaeton balanced, teetered precariously, and had just determined to overturn down the steep hill as Jimmy reached it. Standing on the lower side of the road, he caught the wheel barely in time and raised it shoulder-high, backing as the mare backed.

"Jump, miss! Jump, I tell you! Don't wait!" he cried. Marian hesitated; he hooked arm and shoulder in the wheel, leaving one hand free. Marian felt herself encircled roughly by a strong arm and swept unceremoniously to the ground, grazing the wheel on the way; she felt herself crushed to Jimmy's side until she found her footing on the steep slope. Then he released her and she scrambled out of harm's way, while the rescuer turned his attention to the squire.

"Now then, old top, easy with those reins!" he commanded. "Give the mare her head, and I'll try to ease your wheel back into the road."

The squire obeyed. As the wheel gained the roadway Jimmy sprang to the mare's head. She was trembling. The squire clambered out.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Mare scared to death—ruined likely. We can't drive her home. Now see what comes of wayside loafers scaring highstrung, nervous horses out o' their heads!"

This was palpably unjust—and nothing is more natural to womankind than justice.

"Now see what comes of losing your temper and striking a nervous mare with a whip, you mean!" observed Marian tartly. "And it seems to me that you have forgotten to thank this gentleman for saving your—property."

She flashed a grateful glance toward the silent Jimmy, who was soothing the quivering mare with honeyed remarks.

"There, there! Never mind! Nice girl! Good girl! Forget it!" said Jimmy, stroking the mare's nose gently.

The squire snorted with indignation.

"Gentleman! There's no gentleman here!"

"When I am an Old, Old Lady, Perhaps I Shall Remember You ——"

Marian looked over her shoulder at Wakelin—a slow and thoughtful gaze, newly observant. Then she and Jimmy spoke simultaneously to this effect:

"Perhaps you are right!" said Marian icily; and "Best guess you ever made!" said Jimmy. She turned to Jimmy; their eyes met, dancing.

"Philopena!" cried Jimmy gleefully, and extended his left hand with the little finger crooked invitingly. The girl hesitated, dimpling adorably; and then with a wicked twinkle in her eyes she hooked her finger in his and bent her hand until their thumbs met.

"Did you wish?" said Marian.

"Sure!" said Jimmy as their hands fell apart. "Couldn't help it!"

"Marian!" roared the squire.

"We should have spoken each other's names to make sure our wishes come true," observed the girl regretfully. "That's my name—Marian." She nodded her head in the squire's direction. The squire was still speaking her name very distinctly.

"Mine's Jimmy. And my wishes mostly always come true, 'cause I help 'em. Excuse me, but I think your father is speaking to you, Marian."

"Father! Father!" shouted the baited squire of Abingdon. "This lady is to be my wife!"

Jimmy glanced at the girl and arched his brows.

"She doesn't look it!" he said dryly.

She did not look it. The iron blood of her grim old father stirred in her veins, woke and swelled to rebellion against such shameful treason to her own warm youth. This fierce and careless stranger—bold, reckless, violent, the insolent bravery of him—this were better mate for a soldier's daughter. The thought flamed to her face; no speech had made it more clear.

The squire was visibly cowed by her silent anger; he spoke prudent conciliation.

"Come, come, Marian; I shouldn't have spoken so roughly. I was excited; you must overlook it. See here, fellow, we can't drive that mare home; it isn't safe. I'll give you a dollar to drive her down to Abingdon. It's only three miles. Leave her at my store—Wakelin's store. Marian, we'll go back on the stage. It will be along soon."

"Can't do it for a dollar, nor even for a dollar and a half," said Jimmy reflectively. "That will cost you—oh, say, three and a half—no, four million dollars gold, cash in advance. Or I'll do it for nothing if you'll come along with me and let the young lady ——"

(Continued on Page 62)

Who Takes the Ninety-Seven?

The Fight for the Votes of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WE HAVE it on high authority that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and in the state of New York they are planning to make the indictment stick for a Progressive also.

The principal ambition of the machine Republicans of New York is to make the greatest possible showing on election day against Roosevelt. They want to defeat him in his own state—and defeat him as decisively as they can. Of course they would be pleased to have the vote so fall out that they might regain control of the state offices and defeat Roosevelt at one and the same time; but, if that cannot be arranged, they intend to devote all their efforts to snowing The Colonel under—eliminating him, as they say.

They eliminated him in 1910—so it was exulted—killed him politically when they defeated his candidate for governor—Stimson—by some 67,000 votes after they had given Taft 202,000 plurality two years before. They gave The Colonel a few lessons in machine politics on that Stimson occasion. Apparently Barnes and the rest of them made a last-ditch fight to defeat the nomination of Stimson, but in reality they fixed it, in the matter of delegates, so Roosevelt couldn't lose in the convention. Along in the last days before the convention, when it seemed as though they might win in spite of all, the bosses threw a few counties to Stimson and then went to Saratoga and proceeded to fight to the finish with great fuss and fury; but The Colonel won. He nominated Stimson. Whereupon the machine, not caring a hoot about Stimson and having arranged that he should be nominated, went out and slaughtered Roosevelt.

The only flaw in the affair was that Roosevelt didn't stay slaughtered. He revived. He came back to life in a most astonishing manner! Hence the men who were at such great pains to slaughter Roosevelt in 1910, in the Stimson campaign for governor, are once more facing a job of political annihilation. They are compelled to kill Roosevelt all over again. So, being earnest little political killers and wedded to the task, they are now preparing to reëliminate him—this time, they say, for keeps.

New York state politics is reasonably complicated, as state politics runs; but when you strip it down to the bones you find the skeleton is not different from the framework of Indiana politics, or Oregon politics, or Maine politics, or Arizona politics. The New Yorkers have a bigger field and more votes for manipulation, but there is no other difference. They try to work in units of thousands, where the politicians of smaller states work in units of hundreds or tens; but they are all working for the ultimate benefit of the same persons—themselves. The rewards are bigger in New York; and for this reason the selfishness may be more acute—but it is the same brand of selfishness, and practically the same methods of getting theirs are used in one place as are used in another.

Mr. Murphy and Mr. Barnes may differ in means, but Mr. Murphy and Mr. Barnes have exactly the same ends in view. Nor are they the only persons who have their eyes fixed on that end. The Roosevelt leaders are not without full appreciation of what control of the state of New York affords in the way of political sustenance. They have accurate information and adequate conception.

Mr. Murphy desires to continue a man of his choice as governor. Mr. Barnes desires a governor of his own. And even Tim Woodruff has an ambition to have his advice and counsel heeded at Albany. However, if Mr. Barnes cannot have a governor of his own it is not his intention that any Progressive shall have a governor who will jump through Progressive hoops at command. Mr. Barnes would observe a governor of Mr. Murphy's selection with much greater complacence.

Neither the development of Mr. Barnes as a state boss nor the development of Mr. Murphy as a state boss has been spectacular. Both arrived after years of patient, plodding effort. Barnes began in Albany County, where he had and still has a newspaper, and served for years in the Republican State Committee under Platt and Odell. He grew in strength and the other bosses either died or passed out. Now he is the recognized Republican boss of the state, and was one of the most forceful and efficient of the group of politicians who accomplished Taft's renomination at Chicago.

Murphy came up through the Tammany organization from the humblest beginnings. After he had secured the Tammany leadership he began working to get state control. No other Tammany leader ever became a state boss, but Murphy did. He made skillful combinations upstate with strong men in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and in other centers of population. He never was able to do much with the rural districts, but he obtained support in the cities. This support, with his solid Tammany delegations, gives him the right to consider himself the state boss, though he is not the undisputed boss by any means, and there is a large upstate protest against him among the rural Democrats. However, he is boss to all intents and purposes.

The Roosevelt-Barnes-regular row in 1910 gave Murphy his chance, and Dix, the governor, has been all Murphy could desire in the way of a governor. He has suited Murphy's purposes. Murphy did not cut much of a figure as a national factor at Baltimore. He was against Wilson, and what William Jennings Bryan did to him makes all Tammany men shudder when they think of the humiliating details! Still, Murphy is a plodder. He isn't easily discouraged. Failing in his national ambitions, he has turned doggedly to the state, and hopes to retain his control there, at least.

All the jockeying, manipulating, scheming, plotting, counter-plotting, maneuvering and backing and filling in New York, from the time the campaign for governor began to get warm, has nothing behind it except Murphy's

desire to remain in control of the state machinery and Barnes' desire to get control of it, with the added ambition on the part of Barnes to defeat Roosevelt as decisively as possible. Murphy is undoubtedly well aware that in the nature of things there cannot be much national nourishment for him in case Wilson is elected. Murphy would be complaisant enough if Wilson were defeated and a Democrat elected governor of New York—his Democrat; not, of course, that Murphy will not support Wilson, but that both Wilson and Murphy must know, if Wilson is elected, there cannot be much in common between them, because the Democrats out in the country, to say nothing of a large number in the state of New York, will not stand for such a combination.

In the remote contingency of Mr. Taft's reelection Barnes would be—or should be—a most powerful factor in politics; but Barnes isn't banking much on that. He hopes to get more votes for Taft in New York than Roosevelt shall get—a great many more; and he will have a lot of assistance in that endeavor. It may come about that Barnes will realize that the Republican candidate for governor will have a poor chance or no chance for election, and will turn his attention to making a showing that shall be complimentary to Taft, and thus give evidence of the power of Barnes and his machine in exceptional political circumstances, and shall be decisive as to New York Republican sentiment concerning Roosevelt. That is all to develop after this is written. And it may be that Murphy, seeking to save his governor—if he gets the right nominee—will do a little trading on his own account. The main point is that state control in New York is the dominating motive with both Murphy and Barnes, and that both view with alarm the possible advent of Oscar Straus as governor.

Things That May Happen in New York

THE Republican and Democratic state conventions had not been held when this was written. Still, what will happen after those conventions can just as well be written now as at any other time. It is an open-and-shut proposition. If the Republicans at Saratoga nominate a man who can be tagged as Barnes' man, and if the Democrats at Syracuse nominate a man who can be tagged as Murphy's man, Oscar S. Straus, the Progressive candidate for governor, will get many more votes than he will if men reasonably free from boss selection are named—and when I say many I mean thousands, not hundreds. There is just as active a protest against the continued domination of bosses in New York as there is elsewhere. It takes time to wake up New York folks, but when they do wake up they are remarkably effective performers at the polls.

In case the conventions do their own picking, or in case it can be claimed with reasonable assumption of truth that the conventions picked the men, the Democrat should get a fairly complete Democratic support, and will, of course, occupy the advantageous position. Still, that is a matter for the future. The state nominations undoubtedly will have more or less bearing on the national situation, but in a detailed way. Broadly speaking, the national situation in New York will not shift much between October first and November fifth, except on some personal demonstration by the candidates. The issue is reasonably well defined; and, though the state affairs may mix it to some degree, the essentials are fairly fixed.

There were more than one million six hundred thousand votes cast for president in the state of New York in 1908. Allowing for the stay-at-home element, which is likely to be somewhat numerous this year, there will be that many votes cast this year, in all probability. There may be considerably more; but, allowing for every contingency and not counting in the natural increase, let the vote stand at 1,600,000. In 1908 Taft had 870,000 votes and Bryan 667,000. Bryan had 551,000 in 1896 and 678,000 in 1900. Parker had 683,000 votes in 1904. Thus, aside from 1896, when the sound-money propaganda cut Bryan tremendously, the Democratic presidential vote should be in the neighborhood of 675,000 or 700,000. It is likely to be more than that, because since 1896 many New York Democrats have voted the Republican ticket—more than in any other state, in all probability.

Since 1896 the Republican vote for president has been over 800,000, running as high as 870,000 in 1908. Therefore, if Mr. Wilson can hold his 875,000 Democrats, and Mr. Roosevelt gets 200,000, or such a matter, Mr. Wilson should obtain New York's forty-five electoral votes. But there are several contingencies. Let me list them:

1. Mr. Wilson may not get the full Democratic vote in New York.

2. Mr. Taft may be benefited largely by Democratic votes.

3. Mr. Taft may be hurt, on the other hand, by Republican votes going to Wilson.

4. Mr. Roosevelt's candidate for governor polled 622,000 votes in 1910.

5. If Mr. Roosevelt himself cannot poll more than 200,000 votes in New York he would better have remained at Oyster Bay.

It is a three-legged situation, with each leg trying to run in a different direction. Take the Wilson end of it first: The most determined opposition to the nomination of Wilson came from New York. The men who have had a large say in the Democratic politics of that state—and in other brands of politics too—did not like him, did not want him nominated and do not like him now. Moreover, there are certain religious and foreign influences, particularly strong in the state of New York, that are against Wilson. Tammany was against Wilson at Baltimore, and Tammany isn't particularly keen for him now, though Tammany may vote the ticket. That will develop on election day. The present fact is that Wilson isn't sure of holding the entire Democratic strength in New York, but is quite sure of getting a good many Republican votes that will be cast for him as an effective protest against Roosevelt. If he can get 800,000 votes he ought to win. Probably he can win with less; for, allowing him 700,000 as a low estimate, and giving Taft and Roosevelt a million to split between them, if Roosevelt has any strength at all in his own state Wilson should get the electoral vote.

That is the apparent side of it—the outside. The inside is that Taft is stronger in New York than in almost any other state, not only because a great many Democrats who do not like Wilson will vote for him, but also because the regular Republican hatred of Roosevelt is more intense in New York than elsewhere and old-line Republicans are more solidly behind Taft. The Republicans in New York are substantial in their Republicanism. Roosevelt has more handicaps there than elsewhere, for the machinery is against him, the press is largely against him, the upstate sentiment is not so strong for him as it has been, and—to revert to the saying—the prophet is somewhat without honor in his own country.

Do not understand me as trying to show there is little Roosevelt sentiment in New York. There is a great deal of Roosevelt sentiment in New York—not only upstate, but in the city of New York. The people of New York are not so political as they are in some other states. Politics is an incident with them. Still, they occasionally get into action, and they are giving some signs of it this year. At bottom, there is just as much of a protest against conditions in New York as in any other state; but New York, being a self-sufficient commonwealth, has not given her imperial attention to the matter as yet in an inclusive and conclusive way. This may be the year. There are plenty of signs that this is the year. When I say that Mr. Taft appears stronger in New York than elsewhere I mean that Mr. Taft appears stronger in New York on the basis of comparison, apparent indications and the usual political precedents. It may work out that way. Likewise, it may work out some other way.

A Roosevelt Landslide Possible

THESE are facts: Wilson will lose some Democratic votes in New York. Wilson will gain some Republican votes in New York. Taft will get Democratic support in New York. Roosevelt will not get much Democratic support there. Roosevelt will have a large vote upstate and not an inconsiderable vote in Greater New York. Those are the elements of the situation. When those elements and their various sub-elements are put into the crucible on November fifth, ordinary political chemistry would indicate the resultant mixture as running more strongly to Wilson than to either Taft or Roosevelt. Still, ordinary political chemistry loses its application in times like these. The formulæ do not work out.

The best that can be said of New York is that it is a doubtful state. Its forty-five electoral votes hang in the balance between the number of desertions from Wilson to Taft, the strength of Roosevelt and the amount of Republican support Wilson will get. Naturally there can be no accurate computation of the strength of any of these factors, for Democrats who will vote for Taft will not talk about it any more than Republicans who will vote for Wilson—to any great extent. That is largely an individual, secret-ballot proposition. And a good many Republicans or former Republicans will vote quietly for Roosevelt. All his strength isn't on the surface. It all depends on the silent vote.

If Wilson can hold the Democratic strength, and if the thousands of Republicans who want to eliminate Roosevelt vote for him, he has the advantage; but Taft's position is strong too. As this is written, the fight is between Wilson and Taft. It will take a landslide to get New York for Roosevelt, and landslides are infrequent in political territory where there are such compact machines as the Murphy organization and the Barnes organization. Still, if there is a landslide to anybody it will be a Roosevelt landslide. That's certain enough. And put this down: Though Roosevelt may not start a landslide, he will stir up a good deal of political earth in the Empire State. Do not be under any illusions about that.

To the gentle end of eliminating Roosevelt again, however, the Barnes Republicans may decide that elimination is more likely to

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And Lived Happy Ever After

Assisted by Max Shinkberg in the Rôle of Cupid

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Say, Lookyhere, Miss Kurniker, You and Me is Known Each Other Now for Ten Years—Ain't It?"

YES, Mr. Baranow," Max Shinkberg declared to his employer, Julius Baranow, one pleasant April morning, "when my wife first opens that stationery store uptown she wants to buy from a drummer, understand me, a whole lot of books, Mr. Baranow—on account she thinks the backs looks attractive."

Baranow nodded despairingly. For a month he had listened almost daily to Shinkberg's account of his wife's new stationery store; and, though it was the height of the spring season, he was by temperament wholly incapable of stemming the flood of his foreman's conversation and sending him back to the supervision of the twenty-five operators.

"Tell me, Max," he said feebly—"how are you getting on *mit* B. Eisentrager's order?"

"The goods goes out tomorrow without fail, Mr. Baranow," Max retorted, clinging tenaciously to the theme of his discourse. "So I says to her she might just so good order garments from the paper they are wrapped up in. 'First, we would read 'em,' I says, 'and see what's into 'em,' I says. Was I right or wrong, Mr. Baranow?"

Baranow twiddled his thumbs and glanced helplessly round him, all of which Max deemed to be symptoms of interest and encouragement, for he hardly paused for breath before he proceeded with his narrative.

"And—would you believe me, Mr. Baranow?—the first book I looked at, understand me, a poor young feller by the name Tzvee Chaimowitz is in love with a daughter from a duke already, which her name is Yetta Bernstein, understand me; and, just because her father is worth his millions already, this here Chaimowitz don't want to marry her at all."

"And did he?" Baranow asked.

Shinkberg shrugged his shoulders.

"I couldn't tell you anything about it, Mr. Baranow," he said, "because I got so disgusted with the feller, understand me, that I couldn't read it no more, which is just what I told the salesman when he comes back last night. I says to him, 'What sort of an idee you got to do business with my wife?' I says—'which she is only a new beginner, understand me—when the very first bill of goods you sell her you want to ring in a proposition like this!' Well, this here salesman tries to face me down, Mr. Baranow, that people likes to read such books. I says to him, I says, 'My wife is running a store up here in the Bronix,' I says, 'which, if you are going to tell me any young feller which comes here in the place,' I says, 'would stand for such *Närrischkeit* that this here Chaimowitz is turning down Yetta Bernstein on account her father is a millionaire,' I says—'the shoe is on the other foot.'"

He drew a chair close to his employer's chair and sat down, at which Baranow emitted a groan.

"And, so sure as I am sitting here," Max continued, lowering his voice to a confidential murmur, "it wasn't half an hour later, understand me, when Wolf Kurniker comes into the store." He glanced swiftly at the glass partition which divided Baranow's office from that of his bookkeeper, Miss Miriam Kurniker. "And he says to me," he went on, 'Mr. Shinkberg,' he says, 'you are working now by Julius Baranow ten years and *meine Tochter* Miriam is also working by him ten years'—which certainly I got to admit is the truth—ain't it?"

Baranow nodded perfunctorily.

"And," Shinkberg went on, "the old man says to me that his *Tochter* ain't getting no younger; and I says to him, 'Certainly,' I says, 'thirty ain't no spring chicken no longer.' Right away he tells me she is only twenty-eight next *Shevosa s'Tammuz*, which I says I wouldn't argue with him."

"What's the difference?" Julius protested weakly. "She's anyhow a good bookkeeper, Max, and attends to her business."

He wanted to add that it was more than one could say about some people, but he actually lacked the courage.

"Sure, I know," Max agreed; "*aber* if she would be the best bookkeeper in the world, Mr. Baranow—if a girl is in her thirties, understand me—it looks pretty *schlecht* for her. Am I right or wrong, Mr. Baranow?" Julius shrugged in reply. "Whereas," Max continued, "if you could say a girl is only in her twenties, Mr. Baranow, she still stands a good show—and that's what I says to Wolf Kurniker, Mr. Baranow; *aber* the old man says in some cases yes, but in others no, on account if a girl wouldn't be good-looking, he says, she could be nineteen only, and without she would got money, understand me, what is it?"

Baranow stirred uneasily in his chair and wiped away a slight moisture from his forehead.

"Tell me, Max," he said—"what is it you are driving into?"

"That's the very question I am asking Old Man Kurniker," Max replied, "and he says to me that, with such a face like Miriam got it, Mr. Baranow, at the very least two thousand dollars ain't too much."

"What's the matter with her face?" Julius asked tartly.

"Well, in the first place," Max replied, "the nose is big."

"What d'ye mean the nose is big?" Julius cried, finding courage at last in the defense of his bookkeeper. "The nose must got to be big if the eyes is big."

"Her eyes is all right, Mr. Baranow," Max agreed, "and the hair also; but the nose is big, and also she ain't got the complexion, which young fellers nowadays likes a little red in the cheeks, Mr. Baranow."

"Say, lookyhere, Shinkberg," Baranow expostulated, "I couldn't sit here all day talking about a young lady like Miss Kurniker; so if you would excuse me, Shinkberg, I got to answer some letters here."

"So sure as I am sitting here, Mr. Baranow," Max declared, "them words is the very words I says to Kurniker last night; and he says to me he keeps me only a couple minutes longer, which he wants me I should do him something for a favor, and I should ask you if you are acquainted with a feller by the name Jake Lassowitz."

"In the raincoat business?" Baranow asked, and Max nodded. "Him and me was boys together in Kempen."

"Well, that's the *parti*," Max said with a wink.

"*Parti!*" Julius exclaimed.

"Sure," Max continued—"for Miss Kurniker."

"For Miss Kurniker!" Julius repeated, and beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Sure!" Max said calmly. "Why not?"

"*Aber* Jake Lassowitz is forty-eight if he's a day!" Julius cried.

"I wouldn't dispute it with you, Mr. Baranow," Max said; "but when a girl is thirty, Mr. Baranow, forty-eight ain't so old neither."

"But I myself am forty-eight, Max," Julius protested, and his hand trembled slightly as he lit a cigar in his effort to appear quite unmoved.

"Sure, I know, Mr. Baranow," Max said; "*aber* Jake Lassowitz is something else again. I been brother together with Jake Lassowitz for five years now in Amity Lodge, I. O. M. A.; and Jake is ——"

Here Max paused in the sudden realization that he was addressing his employer.

"And Jake ain't such a good business man like you, Mr. Baranow," Max Shinkberg went on hurriedly—"Jake Lassowitz takes more time he should wear sporty clothes, and ——"

"You mean," Baranow said with a melancholy smile, "that I am sort of a back number—ain't it?"

"Not a back number," Max declared, "*aber* you are more in a way settled down as Jake Lassowitz."

Julius made a deprecatory gesture.

"Even so," he said—"what have I to do with this?"

"I am coming to that," Max said in hurt tones. "That's just what I want to tell you, Mr. Baranow, which Kurniker says to me I shouldn't spring it too quick on you, Mr. Baranow, on account it's a whole lot to ask a feller which really ain't even a good friend that he should indorse for a thousand dollars a note—understand me."

"Me indorse a note for a thousand dollars!" Julius exclaimed, and Max nodded.

"For six months," Max replied, "on account Old Man Kurniker says in six months he would got coming due a thousand dollars second mortgage on a house on Ammerman Avenue, which it is as good as gold, understand me—only if he goes to work and sells it now, Mr. Baranow, he would got to do so at a big sacrifice, and he is just short in a thousand dollars of the twenty-five hundred dollars, which is the lowest Lassowitz would consider."

Baranow frowned disgustedly.

"Do you mean to tell me, Max," he said, "that Miss Kurniker is standing for all this?"

"She don't know about it," Max replied—"as yet."

"Why, it's like going to work and buying a husband for her already!" Julius cried.

"Maybe," Max commented; "*aber* when me and my Sarah gets married, Mr. Baranow, my father-in-law and me agrees on three hundred and twenty-five dollars, understand me, and right at the last minute he tries to stick me with for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a diamond, yellow like *Tzimmus*, understand me. I wouldn't go under the *Chuppah* at all till he makes good, Mr. Baranow; and yet, Mr. Baranow, me and my Sarah today yet we are happy like anything. And I bet yer, Mr. Baranow, that it don't make no difference if Jake Lassowitz would stand out for money, and wouldn't take no assignment of the mortgage, understand me, afterward he would be just so much in love with Miss Kurniker as me and my Sarah."

Baranow drummed on his desk with his fingertips and made no comment.

"So Wolf Kurniker says," Max continued, "if it's agreeable to you, that he would come down here tomorrow

"Kiss Her!" He Hissed, "You Big Schlemiel, You!"

morning half past seven o'clock on account I told him you are always here that early; and he says he would be gone again before his Miriam gets here at eight o'clock, which he figures, if you would indorse the note for him, the whole thing wouldn't take no more as fifteen minutes." Max rose from his chair and replaced it against the partition. "And he also says," he concluded, "that he would give you an assignment of the mortgage as security."

Julius ceased drumming and again wiped his perspiring forehead.

"Never mind the security," he said. "I ain't in the second-mortgage business, Max; so you should tell Kurniker to be here at half past seven sharp."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When Julius Baranow approached his place of business the following morning it was only quarter past seven, however, for Julius had spent a restless night in the contemplation of what he persuaded himself to be the losing of a good bookkeeper. To be sure, he had reflected as he looked in the glass that morning that forty-eight was not such an advanced age at which to seek a—well—a new bookkeeper; nevertheless, he had eaten only a sparing breakfast, and thus had found himself at his place of business a good quarter of an hour ahead of time. Early as he was, however, he found Wolf Kurniker standing in the hallway, waiting for him; and they immediately proceeded upstairs to Baranow's office.

"Well, Mr. Kurniker," Julius said, "I guess I must got to congratulate you."

Kurniker shrugged deprecatingly.

"Might it's a little early yet, maybe," he said, "because in these things you never could tell. If she would know I am coming here this morning, Mr. Baranow, I assure you not only the *Shidduch* is off, understand me, but I would be afraid for my life."

"You needn't worry that I would tell her," Julius assured him.

"Sure, I know, Mr. Baranow," Wolf replied; "but you wouldn't believe what an independence girls is got nowadays. When it comes to getting married, understand me, their own father they don't consider no more as if he would be the janitor of an orphan asylum where they was brought up in already." Julius nodded. "Yes, Mr. Baranow," Wolf went on, "if she's got an idee that Jake is kicking he wouldn't take the thousand-dollar second mortgage, y'understand, to say nothing that I am giving him any money at all, Mr. Baranow, she wouldn't got nothing more to do with him—and three times this and last week already he takes her on theayter yet!"

"Well," Julius interrupted impatiently, "I suppose, as her father, you are doing this thing for the best, which Jake Lassowitz is got a pretty good business and all; so, on account Miss Kurniker has worked for me now ten years, Mr. Kurniker, I wouldn't stand in her way if she wants to get married." He opened his desk and produced a pad of blank promissory notes.

"Max says the note should be for six months," Julius said. "Is that right?" Wolf Kurniker nodded. "Then I'll draw the note to my order," he concluded, "and you will sign it; and then I'll indorse it."

At this juncture he became aware of a face pressed against the glass partition that surrounded his office; and, as Wolf Kurniker's back was turned toward the partition, the face, which was none other than that of Max Shinkberg, indulged itself in a series of startling nods and winks that caused Julius to rise from his seat.

"Excuse me for a minute," he said; and as he started for the door Max Shinkberg beckoned confidentially and tiptoed toward the workroom, which at that hour was empty.

II

"WHAT is it you want from me now, Max?" Julius asked.

"Now listen, Mr. Baranow," Max began earnestly. "I don't want you to think it's foolish of me, y'understand, but before you indorse that note for Kurniker I would like to tell you something you should ought to know."

"Well, go ahead, Max," Julius said, "because I want to fix this thing up before Miss Kurniker comes."

"You got plenty time, Mr. Baranow," Max replied; "and even if she would be here already I must got to tell you I think you shouldn't ought to indorse that note."

"Why not?" Julius demanded.

"On account I found out something last night."

"Well, tell me what it is, Max, and let me get through with this thing," Julius implored.

"Well," Max said, "you know that young feller Chaimowitz, which I am telling you about yesterday?"

"You never told me nothing about any Chaimowitz," Julius interrupted.

"Sure I did," Max continued. "This here Chaimowitz is the poor young feller I was telling you about which he wouldn't marry the girl on account her father is a millionaire already."

For a brief interval Julius stared at his foreman.

"Are you crazy, Max!" he exclaimed.

"What d'ye mean crazy, Mr. Baranow?" Max retorted. "I am telling you only something for your own good, Mr. Baranow, which last night I thought I would give the book about Chaimowitz another chance, understand me, and so I read some more in it; and right away I seen why this feller Chaimowitz is poor, Mr. Baranow. He goes to work and indorses some notes for a feller by the name Marcus, and ——"

"*Geh weg*, Max!" Julius exclaimed, and turned on his heel.

"If you wouldn't believe me, Mr. Baranow," Max called after him, "I got the book right here, and ——"

But Baranow had returned to his office; and, as he filled out the promissory note and handed it to Kurniker, Max hung round the entrance to the workroom and looked at his employer in hurt surprise. At length the note was signed and indorsed; and, with a final handshake, Wolf Kurniker departed, at which Max proceeded immediately to his employer's desk.

"Get Out of Here, Lassowitz, Before You Get Killed Already!"

"As I told you before, Mr. Baranow," he began without further prelude, "I got the book right here."

He laid on the desk a fifty-cent reprint of a popular novel, which bore on its scarlet cover in letters of gold the title: Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship, by Harriet Lucas Moore. Max opened it at a paragraph that described the financial difficulties of the Marquis of Silchester and his friend Cyril Charmsworth.

"Take it away, Max!" Julius cried. "I ain't got no time for such *Närrischkeit*."

"It ain't *Närrischkeit* at all, Mr. Baranow," Max protested. "This young feller Chaimowitz was getting on fine till he indorses some notes for a friend by the name Marcus, understand me; and the friend goes to work and gets killed in an airyoplane, and right away the moneylender forecloses on the hall this feller is running by the name Chaimowitz Hall. I stuck a piece paper in the page where it happens already."

He indicated with his thumb a paragraph that described young Cyril Charmsworth's last visit to Charmsworth Hall, the seat of his ancestors, but Julius Baranow waved him away. "Don't bother me, Max!" Julius said.

"I ain't bothering you at all," Max declared. "Here it is in black on white, Mr. Baranow. The feller's hall gets foreclosed on him, understand me. Now of course you could say that a feller that is running a hall for a living is on the ragged edge anyhow, because running a hall is a business where you got to depend on balls and weddings, understand me, which if a man gets married twice in a lifetime, Mr. Baranow, it is a big average. Even sometimes they don't get married at all, like yourself, Mr. Baranow; and ——"

"*Koosh*, Max!" Julius bellowed. "You make me crazy with your nonsense."

"Nonsense you could call it, Mr. Baranow," Max retorted; "*aber* ——" Here Max paused, and for the first time he observed Baranow's haggard appearance. "What's the matter, Mr. Baranow?" he exclaimed. "Don't you feel so good this morning?"

Even as Max gazed at his employer's pale features they became suffused with crimson, and when the foreman looked up he saw that Miss Kurniker had entered her office and was discarding her hat and coat. Very gently he picked up the book from Baranow's desk and edged away toward the door.

"Now, Mr. Baranow," he said huskily, "I guess I would start right in this morning and finish up them goods for Eisentrager."

Julius nodded, and a moment later Max found himself in the rear of the workroom. Here he sat down on a packing case, the book still clasped in his hand, and for at least five minutes he muttered to himself the Biblical exclamation, *Shema beni!*—which has a modern slang equivalent in the phrase, "Well, what do you know about that!" At length he rose to his feet and, flinging Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship into the sweeping bin, vented his perplexed feelings on the twenty-five operators. Indeed, so fiercely did he upbraid them for talking too much and wasting their employer's time, they speeded up as one man; and by half past eleven Eisentrager's order was ready for shipment. A moment later Max entered Miss Kurniker's office, with the shipping book in his hand as an excuse. Ordinarily he visited the bookkeeper's desk at intervals of half an hour on the off chance that Miss Kurniker would have leisure for a little conversation; but today he had remained immured in the workroom during the entire morning, and now that he approached Miss Kurniker he felt as embarrassed as though he were calling upon her for the first time.

"The nose is big," he murmured to himself as he observed her profile from a distance, "but not so big as I thought already."

Miss Kurniker looked up from her ledger and observed his lips moving.

"Talking to yourself, Max?" she commented. "You must have worries in your new store."

"I should got no bigger worries as that, Miss Kurniker," he said as he laid the shipping book on her desk. "Eisentrager's order is finished."

Miss Kurniker picked up the shipping book and started to make the necessary entry, while Max cleared his throat nervously.

"You ain't going to be with us long, Miss Kurniker," he said—"so I hear." For the second time that morning Max witnessed the symptoms of a vasomotor spasm, as the doctors would say, and a flood of pink mounted to Miss Kurniker's cheeks.

"Who told you?" she demanded; but Max made no reply. Indeed, he stared interestedly at Miss Kurniker and again he revised his impressions of her personal appearance.

"The complexion ain't so bad neither," he said to himself, and when Miss Kurniker repeated her question he started visibly.

"Oh, I just heard it from somebody," he stammered as he reflected that he might get Wolf Kurniker into trouble if he disclosed the sources of his information; and then he added mysteriously—"from a feller that works in a raincoat business."

Miss Kurniker's cheeks grew from pink to scarlet.

"Well, you can tell him that he's just a little previous!" she said, and her eyes flashed indignantly, whereat Max could not restrain an admiring glance. Simultaneously and on the spur of the moment he made a bold resolve.

"Say, lookyhere, Miss Kurniker," he began, "you and me is known each other now for ten years—ain't it?"

"Well, what of it?" Miss Kurniker retorted almost snappishly.

"Nothing at all," Max hastened to assure her—"only I wanted to ask you something a simple question."

He lost courage for the moment and, instead of inquiring pointblank if she knew that Baranow's feelings toward her were not altogether those of an employer toward his bookkeeper, he determined to temporize.

"I want to ask you," he said, "if—excuse me—why you don't got your hair a little not so much straight up and down. You ain't so old as you couldn't afford to fix it *mit a Brenneisen* already."

Miss Kurniker gasped and sat down suddenly.

"Why, whatever put that idea in your head!" she exclaimed; and Max shrugged his shoulders.

"I was just thinking," he said, and he drew a deep breath and brought his imagination into play. "And, besides," he went on, "me and Mr. Baranow was talking the other day about how long we was all working here together, and he says, 'Max,' he says, 'ten years now Miss Kurniker is in my place now; and if it wouldn't be for the way she fixes her hair, understand me,' he says, 'she don't look a minute older as the first day she comes here,' he says; and I says ——"

Miss Kurniker's cheeks flamed a fiery red.

"That'll do, Max!" she said. "I've heard enough of your lies."

"I should never stir from this here spot," Max declared solemnly, "if them ain't his very words!"

Miss Kurniker seized the shipping book and closed it with a bang.

"Here's your book," she said, "and you've fooled away enough time round here!"

"*Aber*, Miss Kurniker ——" Max began.

"That'll be all for you, Max," she broke in, and Max backed away.

"All right, Miss Kurniker," he said, "you don't got to believe me if you don't want to—but what object would I got in lying to you?"

Miss Kurniker seized a pen and plunged it viciously into the inkwell.

"I've got work to do, Max," she said coldly; and Max, after a moment's hesitation, started for the workroom.

For the remainder of the afternoon Julius Baranow wandered aimlessly in and out of his place of business, and it was not until Miss Kurniker departed at half past five that he finally seated himself in his office. There Max sought him a quarter of an hour later, with a pretext that he had devised only after long cogitation.

"Well, Mr. Baranow," he said, "I suppose you are worrying yourself you wouldn't be able to find another bookkeeper so quick."

"I didn't think about it yet, Max," he said as he tried unsuccessfully to suppress a sigh.

"Because my wife's sister's a daughter is just graduated from Maskoff's Conservatory of Music and Business College, on Grand Street, Mr. Baranow; and ——"

"I'll talk to you about it later, Max," Baranow interrupted. "There ain't no hurry as I can see."

"There is and there isn't, Mr. Baranow," Max rejoined. "A feller sits round, understand me, trying to make up his mind, Mr. Baranow; and the first thing you know, Mr. Baranow, some other feller steps in *und fertig*."

For a moment Baranow glanced at his foreman.

"What are you talking about, Max?" he blurted out.

"Bookkeepers," Max said blandly. "Did you think I meant something else, Mr. Baranow?"

Baranow made no reply as he plunged his hands into his pockets in an attitude of complete dejection.

"Because, if you did, Mr. Baranow," Max went on gently, "it ain't too late even yet."

"What d'ye mean it ain't too late, Max?" Baranow inquired hoarsely.

"I mean," Max replied, "what I say, Mr. Baranow; and if I would be you, Mr. Baranow, I wouldn't give up."

Baranow stared helplessly at his foreman.

"What makes you think, Max, that I ——" he began, and Max smiled involuntarily.

"I ain't blind," he said; "and so, as I was saying, if I would be you I would make a fight for it already."

Baranow shook his head. "Tonight yet," he replied, "they would settle it all up."

"Sure, I know," Max agreed; "*aber* if you would go up to Kurniker's house, understand me, and hang round there, Mr. Baranow, they couldn't do nothing—ain't it?"

Baranow grew red at the very idea of the thing.

"Why, I was never in the girl's house in my life, Max," he said.

"And you never would be," Max added, "unless you get up there before eight o'clock."

Again Baranow shook his head.

"I couldn't do it, Max," he said—"and that's all there is to it."

There ensued a silence of some minutes' duration, which was broken at length by Max.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Baranow," he said, "would you consider it—now—butting in on my part if I would postpone this here thing?"

Julius smiled in spite of himself.

"What makes you take it so particular all of a sudden, Max?" he said. "And, anyhow, Max, how do I know if Miss Kurniker would care about me at all?"

"For that matter, Jake Lassowitz don't know neither," Max retorted; "and, furthermore, you never would know, Mr. Baranow, except you would ask her. So, if you are agreeable, Mr. Baranow, I would butt in there tonight."

"If you make up your mind to do it, Max, how could I help it?" Julius said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Tomorrow morning you could help it a whole lot," Max concluded—"if you only got the nerve."

With this ultimatum Max returned to the workroom and proceeded to close up for the night, while one by one the operators departed. At length he put on his hat and coat and started for the stairway. With his hand on the doorknob, however, he paused, and after a minute's hesitation he retraced his steps. Stealthily he glanced toward Baranow's office, where Julius still lingered, and then, plunging his right arm into the sweeping bin, he drew out a red-covered volume and thrust it carefully under his coat. It was Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship.

III

WHEN Max opened Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship in the subway that evening he found ample confirmation of his disgust at the hero's procedure; for no sooner had Mr. Charmsworth abandoned his courtship of Lady Etta, at Chapter XV, than one Godfrey Aikenhead became her suitor in Chapter XVI. It appeared, further, that Aikenhead had laid waste a promising diplomatic career with high play and midnight suppers; and, though it is a far cry from the career of diplomacy to that of the raincoat business, Max unhesitatingly recognized in Jake Lassowitz the Aikenhead type. Forthwith he began to remember certain auction-pinocle stories that had circulated among the members of Amity Lodge, I. O. M. A.

Indeed the longer he pondered the matter the more it seemed to him that Lassowitz was the hero of those stories; and, though before supper he wavered in this belief, after supper he was convinced of it, and the raincoat manufacturer's reputation as a midnight reveler and a gambler became firmly lodged in Max's mind.

He therefore set out for Miss Kurniker's house fortified with Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship in his hip pocket, and by that token fully convinced that, aside from Julius Baranow's situation, it was his solemn duty to acquaint Kurniker with the true character of his prospective son-in-law. It was not until he had his finger within two inches of the doorbell, however, that he wavered.

He looked at his watch. It was barely half past seven; and unless Lassowitz were even then dining with the Kurniker family—in which event his visit would be of no avail—Max reflected that he would have a good half hour to spare before Lassowitz' arrival. Accordingly he determined to give himself ten minutes' reflection, and a moment later he was seated in the rear room of an adjacent café and aided his mental process with a glass of what under the Pure Food and Drugs Act is known as Würzburger style.

After one or two sips he drew Mr. Charmsworth from his pocket and again inspected its pages. He had left off at Chapter XVIII, up to which point the character of Godfrey Aikenhead had been so blackened that only the exigencies of the plot had prevented the heroine from severing her engagement to marry him. As the volume contained only twenty-nine chapters in all, it became necessary to expunge Aikenhead with one final sin, and hence Max had read only a couple of paragraphs when Aikenhead struck Lady Etta's greyhound with a hunting crop.

That settled it. Shinkberg abandoned the remainder of his beer; and, replacing the book in his hip pocket, he fairly ran to the Kurniker residence and pressed the electric button. Wolf Kurniker himself responded.

"You're an early bird, Jake," Wolf said, and Max breathed a sigh of relief.

"*Gott sei Dank* he ain't here yet!" Max muttered, and Wolf Kurniker peered carefully at his visitor.

"Why, it's Shinkberg!" he exclaimed.

Max laid a finger to his lips.

"Sh!" he hissed; and as he backed down the stoop he beckoned mysteriously to Kurniker, who followed him to the sidewalk.

"*Na*, Shinkberg," he said, "what's the trouble?"

"Mr. Kurniker," Max began earnestly, "you know I am a respectable married man, and certainly also I love my wife—ain't it?"

Kurniker sniffed the air and detected a faint odor of Würzburger style.

"Do you got to drag me out on the sidewalk, without my hat at all, just to tell me that, Shinkberg?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Well, nowadays," Max answered him, "even married men don't take it so particular that they get stuck on some one which ain't their wife at all." Kurniker retreated toward the front door and safety, but Shinkberg caught him by the sleeve. "So you shouldn't think I got any interest one way or another, Mr. Kurniker," he continued, "when I am telling you this about Lassowitz."

Kurniker ceased his struggle to escape.

"Do you mean to say," he cried, "that Lassowitz is a married man?"

This crowning deception had not been imputed to Godfrey Aikenhead by the author of Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship, but on the spur of the moment Max did not put it beyond him, and he shrugged enigmatically.

"That I couldn't tell you, Mr. Kurniker," Max declared, "because when a man is a lowlife, a gambler, like Lassowitz, understand me, nothing would surprise me less as he is also a married man."

"What d'ye mean a lowlife, a gambler?" Kurniker asked.

"The sidewalk is no place to talk about such things, Mr. Kurniker," Max said. "If you would want to hear about Lassowitz, Mr. Kurniker, come on in the house."

"We couldn't Miriam would hear us," Kurniker replied.

"*Schon gut*, Mr. Kurniker," Max rejoined; "then you should come on Mr. Baranow's place tomorrow afternoon, understand me, and I would tell you the whole story."

"What are you talking about tomorrow afternoon?" Kurniker exclaimed impatiently. "Lassowitz and me settles the whole thing up tonight, Shinkberg; so if you got something to say about him, Shinkberg, you should tell me right now, otherwise you should shut up your mouth."

"Well," Max began, "before I begin at all, Mr. Kurniker, I would like to ask you, Does Miss Kurniker know you got the *Shidduch* all *gefixed mit* Lassowitz?"

"She ain't a fool exactly," Kurniker retorted, "*aber* she don't know that it goes so quick as all that."

"Then what is the harm you should postpone it till tomorrow night?"

"Say, lookyhere, Shinkberg," Kurniker cried, "*mach mir kein* nonsense! Why should I postpone it till tomorrow?"

"Well," Shinkberg said desperately, "when it comes to a case where a feller is such a lowlife, a drinker and a gambler, understand me, that he goes to work and takes a dog, understand me, which it costs ——"

"S'nough, Shinkberg!" Kurniker roared. "I ain't got no time to fool away on you."

"You ain't fooling away any time on me," Max retorted. "I am telling you, Mr. Kurniker, that never mind the dawg part, if Lassowitz is so short for money, understand me, that he wouldn't consider that second mortgage of yours, Mr. Kurniker, you could take it from me he is so near *Meshullah*, understand me, that twenty-five hundred dollars wouldn't be a drop in the ocean; and ——"

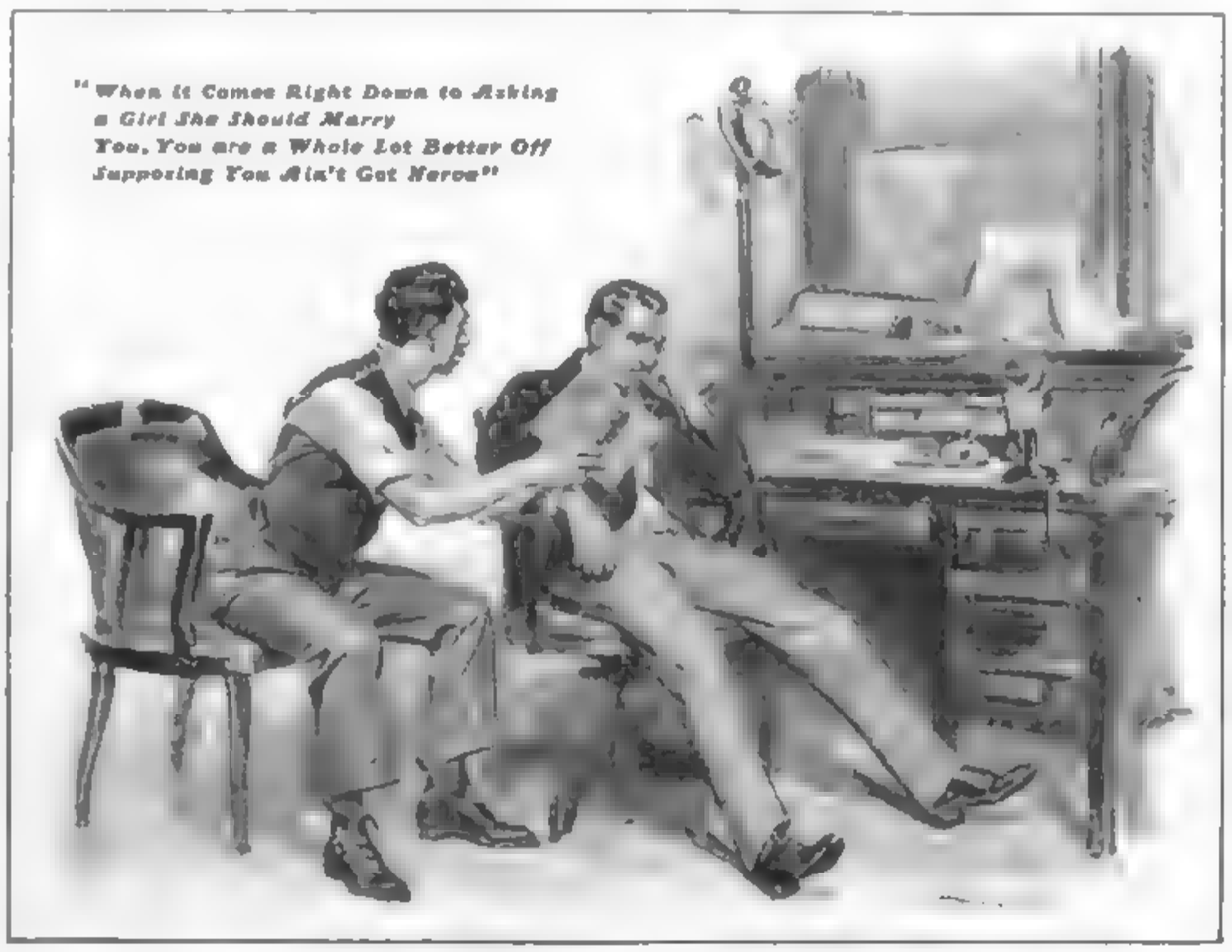
"Have you heard some rumors?" Kurniker asked anxiously.

"Rumors!" Max repeated. "If you would come down to Mr. Baranow's place tomorrow afternoon, three o'clock, Mr. Kurniker, I wouldn't tell you no rumors at all—I would tell you straight goods about the feller; so all I am asking you is you should postpone this here till tomorrow night."

Kurniker hesitated for a moment.

"Lay for him on the stoop," Max urged, "and tell him you couldn't let him know about the money till tomorrow night. He will wait."

(Continued on Page 69)



"When It Comes Right Down to Asking a Girl She Should Marry You, You are a Whole Lot Better Off Supposing You Ain't Got Nerve"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REMITTANCE MAN

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

IF YOU have traveled in the Western states of America or the English Colonies you are familiar with the term "remittance man." Usually it is spoken in contempt—"He is one of those remittance men," or "He's only a remittance man"—and in a way implying that he's not worth another thought. Being one myself I have felt this keenly. During my stay in the States I have spent quite a lot of time reflecting on life and things in general, and I have come to the conclusion that the remittance man is one of the most curious phenomena of civilization.

Actually, the remittance man is often the best product of the education and the ideals that are the pride of England and America. He comes usually from intelligent and cultured people; he is almost always a university man, sometimes an honor man; he has been raised in the usages and customs of good society and knows how to conduct himself with perfection in the drawing room; he has come from a home with every comfort, possibly with every luxury; he has been waited on by numerous servants; he is what the world calls a gentleman. To this add that he, his father, his schools, tutors and masters have spent years of time and thousands of pounds making him what he is, only that he may find out when he comes to the age of two or three and twenty that there is no place for him in his world, no position on his social level in which he can make a living.

In England "a gentleman" cannot go in for business, much less for anything like menial or manual labor, without losing caste; so, unless he is independently wealthy—and few of us are—there is nothing for him to do but go off to some remote spot—Canada, the States, Australia—and do what he can as best he may, receiving money from home to keep him going. When all is said and done, being a remittance man means doing in a foreign country things you weren't raised to do, never knew anything about and wouldn't be allowed to do at home and still associate with your family and friends.

Thus Attired and Provided I Had Driven More Than Fifty Miles Across the Plains

I was born of devoted, intelligent parents. My father owned and operated a large brewery, which he had raised from small beginnings to a great establishment known all over England. He had always been ambitious for the success and standing of his family, and with the growth of his wealth he purchased a beautiful historical country seat whose grounds, gardens, hothouses and stables were kept up to the top notch of perfection by a small army of dependents. There he still lives with my mother and two sisters and youngest brother. I, as one of the younger children, was born there and reared amidst these ideal surroundings, living the ordinary healthy life of boys of my station and passing through the ordinary course of school and university, as had my brothers before me. My father supplied us liberally with spending money that we might do as the rest did and mix with young men, many of whom had resources and position far greater than our own. But though his income was a large one it was not equal to the strain of setting us up in separate establishments with families and at the same time maintaining his own, which I fancy cost him a pretty penny. Indeed, as the fourth son came up my father found himself a good deal strained to supply us with the funds to keep the pace he himself had started us on, and it was necessary that we boys look out for ourselves, to some extent at least.

My father provided for my eldest brother by taking him into the business, and the second one went into the army and saw service in India. The brother next to me was destined for the medical profession, and I, the fourth son, was delegated for the church.

My father's hopes in these last directions came to naught—we detested the professions he had chosen for us and would have none of them. I am free to confess we detested anything that meant steady employment, application and responsibility. We were enamored of the leisurely lives we were living.

I had taken the classical course at the 'varsity and had gone through it creditably enough, with no care for the future. I had spent the year following graduation having a good time and looking round for something to do, when, without warning, my father called me to the library one evening and literally sprung it on me that he could no longer keep me as he had been doing, and that within a year I must be prepared to look out for myself. He had been thinking this over for some time, and through several years the conviction had been growing upon him that I was not making much of myself or likely to. I remembered now his numerous hints and admonitions as to my future, to all of which I had turned a deaf ear. He told me quite pointedly that he could not discover any leaning in me toward any profession, or any particular aptitude for anything but a good time.

It was true, I had none; but I doubt if he ever took any of the blame on himself or put any on the foolish social conventions that had driven me through the university; nor did he blame the education that had there been administered to me. He simply put it kindly and plainly that I was becoming a gentleman loafer, and he thought a post-graduate course in roughing it was what I needed to give me my bearings and make a man of me.

I was gamey enough to say to my father: "I think you're quite right, sir; it's high time I was showing what sort of stuff is in me."

My father beamed in satisfaction, and I have since learned that the brave reply won me better terms than he had intended to offer and more consideration later. When we came to talk it over my courage revived and I soon felt this was my chance to show my metal, or, as my father said, "carry old England's standards to a remote corner of the earth."

And remote it was—more remote in reality than in imagination, as I learned by bitter experience. My father had decided to send me to the States, there to learn ranching—this was the occupation that he had found for me!

The idea had come to him from an advertisement in a periodical that enjoys great confidence in England. The advertisement, put in by "an experienced ranchman," offered to teach "ranching in all its branches" to sons of English gentlemen; to prepare them to run ranches of their own "on which fortunes can be cleared in a few years." It claimed, among other inducements, that big game abounded in the neighborhood—bear, wildcat, deer, elk, antelope—besides bird-shooting and magnificent fishing.

The fee asked was one hundred pounds—not quite five hundred dollars—and included board, washing and "all the comforts of an English country house," besides the instruction by means of which the young would-be rancher was later to make his fortune.

Just how bad things were on the Western ranch my father had selected as the scene of my preparation for winning a future I soon enough found out; for having made up my mind to put my metal to the test, I delayed only enough to get the outfit I thought necessary and sailed for America.

There had been an interchange of letters between the "experienced ranchman" and my father before he broached the subject to me at all, and a contract was drawn and signed as soon as I agreed. The gentleman had been thoughtful enough to forward a package of photographs; views showing a beautiful home—one might almost call it a mansion—marked "Ranchhouse"; scenes in the surrounding country and snapshots of "one day's shooting"—all of which were calculated to inspire confidence and enthusiasm in the bosom of an unmitigated greenhorn.

As I look back now on the educational preparation I had, the preparations I made for roughing it and the things I did while adjusting my English ideas to the actualities of the life out here, I can understand and sympathize with the contempt in the tone when any one says, "He's one of those remittance men." I have had many a laugh at myself in later years when I think of the picture I must have presented, arriving on a ramshackle buckboard in a fashionable English traveling suit with my baggage.

I had, as nearly as I remember, one dozen pieces—two Gladstone bags, a steamer-rug roll, a canvas roll, a trunk, a hat box, three guns in cases, a large creel and fishing rod and a camera. Over my shoulder was slung the classical fieldglass and in my eye—a monocle! Packed in my bags were clothes suitable to every occasion—in England: a hunting suit of white leather breeches and fine cloth coat; evening dress, walking clothes, quantities of fine white linen shirts—"biled shirts" they call them out here—fine underclothing, silk pajamas, a monogrammed silver dressing set; boots and shoes all on trees, the best London make. Thus attired and provided I had driven more than fifty miles across the plains.

The stage drew up in the littered dooryard of a dirt-roofed, one-story cabin, squatting down in the middle of a strip of open land about eight hundred feet wide and a mile long, bottled up by almost bare rocks that rose four or five hundred feet. The driver jumped over the wheel and began unloading, flinging my belongings into the dirt. I sat still—I had no idea that this was the ranch. A man came out of the cabin—a lank, light man, in a collarless shirt and overalls; a slatternly woman and four children swarmed after him. He offered me his hand, saying graciously that he was glad to see any one from home. It was the "experienced ranchman," Kershaw.

I may say here that the mansion of the photograph marked "Ranchhouse" was the residence of the governor of the state. Some time later when I accused Kershaw of deception in the matter he denied it, saying he had sent the photograph merely to show the sort of houses people could build out there, and that there wasn't a word on his

part to indicate that it belonged to him—which was true if not consoling. As for the "delightful neighbors" he had been at pains to mention to my father, we had passed two houses on our way out, one in the middle of the plains, the other seven miles back in the foothills -these were our neighbors! Such was the reality of my hopes and dreams when put to the test. But if the ranch and its surroundings were disappointing, the people, the conditions, the food, the whole thing from end to end transcended anything I could have imagined with the help of a nightmare.

Kershaw himself was a 'varsity man. He had been a remittance man in his day, but the remittance had suddenly stopped, and the rôle of teacher was his solution to his financial difficulties. The "kind and motherly housekeeper," Mrs. Potts, her four children and two common laborers or ranchhands—one of them a Swede—constituted the ménage, besides two young Englishmen, ranch pupils like myself. The family occupied the cabin. We ate there, but for sleeping and living quarters we young men were consigned to the bunkhouse, which we shared with the ranchhands and any peddler or bum who happened along.

Into this hole, as soon as the greetings were over, the ranchhands carried and dumped my luggage, and I was ordered by the "kind and motherly housekeeper" to "wash up for supper an' be quick about it"—which meal consisted of tainted bacon with potatoes fried in the bacon grease, yellow soda biscuits and tea. I like to forget that first night in the bunkhouse as one of six men, for the stagedriver slept with us that night; and how I shared the bunk with two other young men, though I had never since my infancy roomed with anybody.

In honor of my arrival Dick Ellis, one of the ranch pupils, had provided a dozen bottles of beer, which we drank out of three cracked cups and a toothmug passed about. Dick Ellis sang foolish songs and told the story of his life—a yarn that grew in embellishment and bloodthirsty adventure as the night wore on—a habit of Dick's, as I learned by experience, for he was, when sober, one of the most kind-hearted and amiable fellows I ever knew. His one fault lay in his love of the bottle, and for this "natural devotion," he told us with tears, he had been consigned by his wealthy mother to "stay in this hole, with only Pottsie to inspire him to righteous living and noble deeds."

At the time I thought him a driveling idiot, but in my years out here I have come to know the feeling myself. Ashford, the other ranch pupil, scarcely opened his lips. I never saw so sad a fellow in my life. Why he had come out none of us ever knew. His remittance was a hundred dollars a month, and but for that he never received a letter from home that I know of.

We talked and drank till midnight, when we turned in for the night. The stifling air of the cabin was soon a-shudder with snores. I lay on the hay beside my two companions, one of them too drunk to take his boots off. Finally I got up and went out under the stars—and cried. I have never been ashamed of those tears as I suppose I ought. They were as much of rage and disappointment as of sheer misery. We'd been tricked and swindled, my father and I; but there I was and there I had to stay. My father had paid for me in advance; he'd given me twice as much for my outfit; and with my passage and fare and what he'd allowed me in cash to start with he had put out about twenty-two hundred dollars for me, part of which he had to raise from the sale of some securities. I felt I was honor-bound for his sake to prove myself the man, to stick it out without whimpering if it killed me. I thought on that first night I should soon die, but youth is not so easily laid in the grave. Morning found me aching from my drive, hungry and disgusted, but with a vivid interest in the new life and ready to do my best to make good.

I Was Obliged to Send My Shirts by Mail to a City Laundry or Do Them Myself

II

KERSHAW had a great deal to say about his plan of instructing us in ranch work. He had written to my father—and to all the other fathers for that matter—that by it we should become proficient in a year, half the time it would otherwise take us to learn all the peculiarities and intricacies he claimed existed in the business. But the only plan of his we ever discovered was to work us nearly to death in the hayfield—thereby saving himself the cost of hired labor -and then get rid of us, of course keeping our tuition money, which he always got in advance. He pretended he was doing his best for us, and at the same time he and his "kind and motherly housekeeper" treated us in a way no self-respecting man could endure. Even if one could stand the people the general conditions were such as to threaten one's health.

The food was uniformly poor. My first supper was a sample of the meals we had three times a day and seven days a week. Almost the only variation in this régime was what we ourselves provided with our guns and rods, or out of our remittances, and the beeves and sheep Kershaw slaughtered. But of this more later. We ranch pupils were expected to contribute fish and game to the family table as a part of our regular work—of course paying for our cartridges ourselves.

As I have said, the ranch pupils lived in the bunkhouse, the cabin being reserved for the family, and Mrs. Potts told me quite flatly the second day, on the occasion of my remaining in the cabin to roll and light a cigarette, that we were to keep to ourselves unless especially invited to stay in the cabin when company came. This arrangement of keeping us at a distance allowed the family to run a separate table for itself—supposedly without our knowledge. But the appetizing odors that filled the bunkhouse when the wind was right told us who was getting the board for which we had paid.

Dishwashing was another thing we ranch pupils were expected to "learn by doing"—for the benefit of Kershaw and Company—but it was one of the few things that I positively refused to do. When he had had a little too much poor old Dick used to beg me in tears to do my share of this work; but since I had paid to learn ranching, not housekeeping, I never saw how I had any share in that particular work. The way the operation was performed would, I think, have made our old butler's hair stand on end. For wiping towels Mrs. Potts used anything that happened to be about. She used old floursacks generally, but if they were not handy would tear off the tail of an old shirt out of the ragbag. The dishes were clean only by accident. The cups always had greasy mouthmarks on their rims, and the knives and forks showed the remains of the last meal.

When you're roughing it you're not supposed to notice these trifles—and compared to some things we went through they were trifles. But you must take into consideration that at home it would have sickened any one of us fellows to eat such food with such service and in such company. I fancy I should have taken to my bed had I had to do it just once!

I often wondered how Kershaw, who had been raised as well as I had, had come down to it—to sit at the oilcloth-covered table with the ranchhands and watch them guzzle, shoveling their food into their mouths with their knives, washing it down with tea and wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands—and these in turn on their overalls. If they wanted anything they shouted to the company in general: "Pass the bread," "Pass the 'tates," and so forth. Their idea of keen humor was to call the bacon venison.

Kershaw never seemed to notice. He sat through a meal with his eyes on his plate, picking up bits of potato which he seemed to have difficulty in swallowing. His real meal came later when we were disposed of. "Y' see there's no use kicking against the pricks," he once told me when I spoke rather indignantly to him about it.

Perhaps I have gone too much into detail about this side of the life, and the reader is anxious to have me tell my adventures in the wild and woolly country and to hear a tale of romance. But I had only one adventure—which will come in its place—and there was no romance. I am writing facts. These things are part of the disillusionment real life on a ranch brings to the remittance man. He must put up with them or quit ranching, at least till he gets his own ranch. You must remember that all of us chaps had come from well-appointed, not to say luxurious homes, and when you have to sit down three times a day to such a table and in such a company—with people one never even sees at home, much less associates with on terms of equality—this sort of thing looms up large in a man's life. To me it was from first to last a periodically recurring horror.

The reader asks: "Why did he stand it? Why didn't he do something?" And I ask: "What could I or any of us do under the circumstances?"

We were all in the same boat, we ranch pupils. Our fathers were successful men who had made their place in the world with not one-half or one-quarter the advantages lavished on us. They had toiled early and late to give us what they had lacked. And every one of us knew in his heart that he hadn't half to show for it his father had. We hadn't made good at home and were bound to here. Besides that, our fathers—in Dick's case it was his mother—had let us in for this through kindness and ignorance. Could we squeal? No man with any decency would. I know I'd have died first, and to this day my father has no real appreciation of the case, though he knows I did not find it quite all I anticipated.

But what always strikes me as the irony of fate is this: We had had more of luxury, education and what the world calls advantages than our fathers had ever thought of in their youth; then without preparation, through no crime, sin or even fault of ours, we were suddenly flung down to the level of the day laborer and to conditions and associates our fathers never could have dreamed of. Yet we felt honor-bound to stick it out and show our metal.

Looking back on what we went through with Kershaw I think they were false notions of pride and honor; but it was just these notions—knowing the breed as he did—that Kershaw traded on. He stung our pride to get work out of us and keep us quiet; he held us by the fear that he would write home how we had failed.

His art in managing us and using us for his purposes was consummate. He sent bimonthly Reports of Progress home to our fathers—documents we never saw, but the contents of which echoed back to us across the sea in hints

and questions and fervent admonitions to show ourselves "the equals of the best," and little sermons on the value of hard work in developing character. On the day that I received one of these from my dear mother I had taken up my belt three notches as a substitute for food and my hands were skinned and bleeding from the manure fork. I had scraped and shoveled for hours, with aching back and smarting hands, cleaning the corrals—a job Kershaw had set me to do. He came up to see how I was getting on and asked if I were tired, looking me over in a pitying way. On my replying that I was fearfully tired his lip curled and he said: "You play out pretty easily."

"I've taken out fifty loads of this muck," I retorted. "I should think any man might be tired—played out too."

He laughed; and he had the most poisoned laugh I ever heard. "Ole took out two hundred loads without feeling it," he said.

He called Ole, who was a short distance away putting new teeth in the rake, and appealed to him. I saw the look that passed between them. Ole answered: "Two hundred loads? Sure. That bahn't nothin' to tire a man"; and he, too, laughed in a way that said, "But you're not a man."

"He's played out," Kershaw told him, indicating me—"fifty loads!"

"Sure," said Ole; "what you expect?"

Kershaw shrugged and turning to me said: "I'm afraid I expected too much of you. Better go to the bunkhouse now and lie down."

For a minute I could have run him through with the fork. Instead, I gritted my teeth and pitched dung into a cart till it was too dark to see. I meant to show him he could expect as much of me as of a common laborer! And to pay me for it, the creature wrote home to my father that I seemed to take very little interest in ranch work—possibly because I was not strong—and played out very easily. My father returned the letter to me with a request for an explanation.

But I am running ahead of my story. As a matter of fact, I was strong, willing and determined, with much more endurance than either of the ranchhands, and Kershaw knew this and meant to get the most out of me in work and money while he could, feeling that I would soon have my eyes opened and leave.

The day after I arrived he tapped me for a hundred and sixty-five dollars for a mare and saddle, and did it so adroitly that he had my cash in his pocket before Dick got a chance to warn me. As soon as breakfast was over Kershaw took me up to the corrals to look at a mare, which he told me Dick wanted if I did not. He said that as my father had commissioned him to find me a good cow-pony—a lie—and as this was one of the best he had ever seen and the only good cow-pony for sale in the neighborhood, I had better buy it at once, as I might not get another such chance for months. He said he had beaten the owner down from his asking price—a hundred and seventy-five—to a hundred and thirty-five, and I could have the saddle for thirty. He pointed out the advantages of my having a mare to breed and start my bunch of horses with.

She was certainly a good looker, and I knew I had to have a horse of my own or be virtually a prisoner. I reminded Kershaw how he had written my father that we ranch pupils could use his horses. This he explained away by saying he had meant we could use them for work; he had no good saddle-horse and no horse suitable for roping and branding work, one of the exciting things I eagerly looked forward to learning. Knowing only what such an animal would fetch in England and supposing cow-ponies to be rare in the West, I bought her on the spot and gave Kershaw the money before we left the shed. It is part of the psychology of my case that I did not suspect him of deceiving me.

The mare proved to be barren—a fact known to the entire community and commented on thus everywhere

I Had the Presence of Mind to Smash Out the Light on a Post

I went: "That new remittance man of Kershaw's is riding that old mare." She was the slyest, trickiest creature in the country. The only thing she had learned about cattle was hooking. When she could not reach me with her heels she flattened her ears and bunted me in the ribs. She toppled me over twice, till I learned her signal and beat her in the face. One of her pranks was to lie down and roll as soon as her saddle was on, breaking the high pommel off on one occasion. Another was to take flying leaps over imaginary fences when you were quietly trotting along with her.

Kershaw had bought her from a cowpuncher who could do nothing with her and in disgust had sold her the year previous for forty dollars, saddle and all. Kershaw had sold her to a ranch pupil who left, for a hundred and seventy-five; bought her back for fifty and resold her to me for a hundred and sixty-five. Truly a profitable animal—and absolutely worthless. To cap it all I soon learned that, as horses were then selling, I could buy first-class cow-ponies by the carload for forty or fifty dollars a head, and second-hand saddles for ten or fifteen!

This is just an instance of the innumerable extras we had to pay or find ourselves in a fix. I was obliged to send my shirts by mail to a city laundry or do them myself.

All these things were trifles compared with the way Kershaw worked me. He had made me clean the corrals of a season's accumulation. The job was one the hired men detested. Ole's boast about the two hundred loads was a lie. He told me long afterward, in a moment of softness and admiration, how mean he had felt seeing me take out the two hundred loads myself.

I not only took out two hundred loads, but dumped and spread all the manure. Very little of it went on the fields, however, as the hay was almost ready to cut. So I used it—under Kershaw's direction—to fill washouts or piled it along the irrigation ditches where the laterals carried an infinitesimal portion of it to the grass it should have been fertilizing. As I had lived on a large estate at home I knew enough of agriculture to know that this work I was doing should have been done months before—that the manure should have been spread early enough for the snows and spring rains to carry it into the soil to nourish the roots before the grass came up. And this is a sample of the management, the principles of agriculture that Kershaw taught us and that my father had paid to have me learn. And I may add that everything else on his ranch was in keeping.

III

I HAVE said nothing about the country in which my fates had placed me to win my fortune. The ranch was situated in the heart of the Rockies at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. The mountains well deserve their name, for they rise bare and desolate in that part of the country with only a few scrubby pines in their crevices.

The ranches occupy the stream bottoms, some wide, some narrow, about which the rocks tower on every side. Here and there you find ledges among the rocks with good grass that the sheep can reach. These bottom lands and the plains over which I drove for a day to reach my destination are covered with sagebrush which must be grubbed off, bush by bush, with an ax, the land plowed and the roots gathered and burned before anything can be planted. But the land—particularly where the sage is tall—is generally very rich. It is virgin soil and produces for years before needing artificial fertilization. Some of it grows excellent potatoes, and I have always believed that much more could be done with vegetables, in spite of the early frosts and the high altitude, if the ranchers made any effort to do so and find suitable varieties. Kershaw told me it was impossible to raise a garden of any sort, and this was one of his excuses for our food; but our nearest neighbor had successfully raised beans, peas, carrots, parsnips and beets.

Ranching I found, when I came right down to it, meant cutting hay, keeping stock—cattle, sheep and horses—and looking after them, on horseback mostly. The cattle were raised entirely for beef and shipped East. There was nothing that could be called dairying. The ranchers I knew kept only enough milch cows to supply themselves with milk and butter; they had nothing left over to sell. Kershaw kept four animals of such poor quality as milkers that we had barely enough for our tea after the children had drunk their share. Mrs. Potts made a little butter in the summer, but most of what we used was bought—another illustration of the sort of management we were learning from our experienced ranchman. It cost him as much to feed and look after four poor animals as it would have cost him to keep four good ones, and he had nothing to show for his work. The difference in price of four good milch cows as against four poor ones would have been about one

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The Everlasting Blatting of the Sheep Was My Only Company

Five Hundred Dollars Reward!

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Young Jim Faxon Was Just Coming Out of the Pawnbroker's Door

WE HAD a feud once down in our country—not one of those sanguinary feuds of the mountains, involving a whole county and forcing constant enlargements of little hillside burying-grounds; nor yet a feud handed down as a deadly legacy from one generation to another, until its cause is forgotten and its legatees only know how they hate without knowing why; but a shabby, small-neighborhood vendetta affecting two families only, and those in a far corner of the county the Flemings and the Faxons.

Nevertheless this feud, such as it was, persisted in a sluggish, intermittent kind of way for twenty years or so. It started in a dispute over a boundary line away back in war times, when a Faxon shot a Fleming and was, in turn, shot by another Fleming; and it lasted until the Faxons tired of fence-corner, brier-patch warfare and moved down into Tennessee—all but one branch of them, who came into town and settled, leaving the Flemings dominant in the Gum Spring precinct. So the feud ceased to be an institution after that and became a memory, living only in certain smoldering animosities which manifested themselves at precinct elections, and the like, until it flared up momentarily in the taking-off of old Rance Fleming at the hands of young Jim Faxon; and then it died —and died for good!

It is the manner of the taking-off of this one of the Flemings that makes material for the story I am telling here. By all accounts it would appear that the Faxons had been rather a weak-spined race, who fought mostly on the defensive and were lacking in that grim and ferocious persistency that made old Rance Fleming's name one to scare bad children with in the unsettled days following the Surrender. I remember how we boys used to watch him, half fearsomely and half admiringly, when he came to town on a Court Monday or on a Saturday and swaggered about unkempt and mud-crusted, and often half drunk. Late in the afternoon he would mount unsteadily to the tilted seat of his springwagon and go back home to Gum Spring, lashing at his team until they danced with terror and split the big road right down the middle. And that night there would be tales to tell of those troubled mid-sixties when old Rance wore the turncoat of a guerrilla, preying first on one side and then on the other.

Now young Jim Faxon, last male survivor of his clan and direct in the line of the original fighting Faxons, was a different sort of person altogether—a quiet, undersized, decent-spoken young chap who minded well his own business, which was the keeping of a truck-stand in the market. He lived with his aunt, old Miss Puss Whitley—certain women were still called Miss in our town even though they had been married for twenty years and widowed for as many more, as was the case in this instance—and he was her main support and her standby. It was the common rumor that when young Jim came of age and had a little money saved up on his own account he meant to marry the little Hardin girl—Emmy Hardin; and this was a romance nearly everybody in town knew about and favored most heartily. She was his distant cousin and an orphan; and she lived with Miss Puss too. Sometimes in good weather she would come in with him and help out at the truck-stand. She was a little quail-like creature, quick in her movements and shy as a bunny, with pretty, irregular features and a skin so clear and white that when she blushed, which was a hundred times a day, the color would drench her face to the temples and make her prettier than ever. All Jim's regular customers approved his choice of a sweetheart and wished him mighty well. He was regarded as about the pick of the thinned-out Faxon breed.

During the years young Jim was growing up his tribal enemy left him alone; perhaps old Rance regarded the lank sapling of a boy as being not worth the attention of an insult. Probably in crowds they had rubbed elbows a dozen times with no engendering of friction; but when young Jim had passed his twentieth birthday and was almost a man grown, then, all without warning, Rance Fleming set to work, as with malice aforethought, to pick a quarrel with him. It was as deliberate and as brutal as anything could be. Of a sudden, it seemed, a flood of long-submerged hate came spuming up from some deep back eddy in his muddied, fuddled mind, making an evil whirlpool of passion.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in November that old Rance came, swollen up with his venom, to spew it out on the son of his dead-and-gone enemy. It happened in the market; and if old Rance wanted to add full measure to the humiliation of the boy he couldn't have chosen a fitter time and place. The greengrocer wasn't known then; everybody went to market in person on weekday mornings, and particularly everybody went of a Saturday afternoon. In the market square town aristocrat and town commoner met on the same footing, a market basket over every arm, with this distinction only—that ordinary folks toted their own loaded baskets back home and the well-to-do and wealthy paid to have theirs sent. There were at least twenty darkies who picked up a living by packing market baskets home. They all had their regular patrons and regarded them with jealous eyes. You took a customer away from a market-basket darky and you had him to fight.

There's a new market house now on the site of the old one—a pretentious brick market, with concrete floors and screened window openings, and provisions for steam heat in the winter; but then, and for many years before that, the market was a decrepit, shedlike thing, closed in the middle and open at the ends, with a shingle roof that sagged in on itself and had hollows in it like the sunken jaws of a toothless old hag; and there were cracks in the side walls that you could throw a dog through—almost. In the middle, under halfway shelter, were the stalls of the butchers, which were handed down from father to son, so that one stall would remain in a family for generations; and here one bought the beefsteaks of the period—long, bib-shaped segments of pale red meat, cut miraculously long and marvelously thin, like apron patterns. This thinness facilitated the beating process: the cooks would pound them with tools devised for that purpose, and then they were fried through and through and drenched with thick flour gravy. Such, among us, was the accustomed way of treating a beefsteak. Persons with good teeth could eat them so, and for the others the brown flour gravy provided a sustenance. But the spring chickens were marvels of plumpness and freshness and cheapness; and in the early spring the smoked hogjowls hung in rows, fairly begging people to carry them off and boil them with salad greens; and in the fall, when the hog-killing season was at hand, the country sausage and the chines and backbones and spareribs made racks of richness.

Up at the far end of the square stood the public scales, and round it haygrowers and cordwood choppers, and old man Brimm, the official charcoal-burner of the county, waited for trade alongside their high-piled wagons. Next to them was the appointed place of the fish hucksters, which was an odorous place; and channel cats and river perch and lake crappie were piled on the benches—some still alive and feebly flapping. Along there the darkies flocked thickest. Down our way there is an unsung but none the less authentic affinity existing between a fresh-caught fish and an old negro man.

Down at the other end was the domain of the gardeners and the truck-patch people—an unwritten law as old as the market itself had ordained these apportionments; and here you might find, in their seasons, all manner of native edibles, wild and tame, for the country boys and girls ranged the woods and the fields for sellable things to go along with the product of orchard and garden and berry patch. In the spring, when herb teas and home-brewed tonics were needed for the thinning of the blood there would be yellow-red sassafras root tied up in fragrant, pungent bunches, all ready for steeping, and strings of fresh-shot robins for potpies displayed side by side with clumps of turnip greens and mustard greens. In summer there would be all manner of wild berries and sickish-smelling May apples; and later, after the first light frost, ripe papaws and baskets of wild fox-grapes, like blue shoebuttons; and, still later on, scaly bark hickory nuts and fresh-brewed persimmon beer in kegs, and piggins and crocks of lye hominy, with the big blue grains of the corn all asmoke like slaking lime; and birds -which meant quail always — and shot rabbits, stretched out stark and stiff; and the native red-skinned yams; and often possums, either alive and "sulling" in small wooden cages, or else dead and dressed, with the layers of dark kidney fat coating their immodestly exposed interiors.

As I was saying, it was on a Saturday in November, and getting along toward Thanksgiving, when old Rance Fleming came to the market to shame young Jim Faxon before the crowd. And when he came you could tell by his look, and by the way he shouldered through the press of people between the doubled row of stands, that all the soured animosities of his nature were swelled to bursting under the yeasty ferment of an unstable, hair-triggered temper. The liquor he had drunk might have had something to do with it too. He came up, with a barely perceptible lurch in his gait, and stopped at Jim Faxon's stall, which was the third from the lower end of the shed. With his head down between his shoulders and his legs spraddled he stared into the face of young Jim. Deadly offense can be carried just as well in a look as in the spoken word if you only know how to do it — and Rance Fleming knew. There was outright blasphemy in his glower.

Instantly, so it seemed, everybody at that end of the market square sensed what was impending. Sellers and buyers ceased trafficking and faced all the same way. Those in the rear were standing on tiptoe, the better to see over the heads of those nearer. Some climbed up on the wheelhubs of the wagons that were backed up in rows alongside the open shed, and balanced themselves there. The silence grew electric and tingled with the feeling of a coming clash.

Young Jim wanted no trouble—that was plain enough to be seen. The first darting realization that his tribal foe had forced a meeting on him seemed to leave him dazed and at a loss for the proper course to follow. He bent his face away from the obscene, insistent glare of the old man and made a poor, fumbling pretense at straightening up his wares upon the bench in front of him; but his hands trembled so he overturned a little wooden measure that held a nickel's worth of dried lady-peas. The little round lady-peas rolled along a sunken place in the wood and began spattering off in a steady stream, like buckshot spilling from a canister. A dark red flush came up the back of the boy's neck. He was only twenty anyhow; and those who looked on were sorry for him and for his youth and helplessness.

It was a long half-minute that old Rance, without speaking, stood there, soaking his soul in the sight of young Faxon's discomfiture; and when he spoke he grated the words out as though he had grit in his mouth.

"Lookyhere, you!" he ordered; and the boy, as though forced to obey by a will stronger than his own, lifted his head and looked at him.

"Mister Fleming," he answered, "what—what is it you want with me, Mister Fleming?"

"Mister Fleming—Mister Fleming!" mimicked the older man, catching at his words. "Mister Fleming, huh? Well, you know mighty good and well, I reckin, what it is I want with you. I want to see if you're as white-livered as the rest of your lowflung, hound-dawg, chicken-hearted breed used to be. And I reckin you are.

"Mister Fleming, huh? Well, from now on that's what it better be; and don't you fail to call me by them entitlements neither. The next time I come by I reckin you better take off your hat to me too. Do you hear me, plain—what I'm a-sayin'? You ——"

He called him the unforgivable, unatonable name—the fighting word; than which, by the standards of that community, no blow with a clenched fist could be in one-twentieth part so grievous an injury. Yes, it was worse than a hundred blows of a fist; so the onlookers gave back a little, making way for the expected rush and grapple—but there was no rush by the younger man, no grapple.

Young Jim Faxon took it—he just stood and took it without a word or a forward move. Old Rance looked at him and laughed out his contempt in a derisive chuckle, and then turned and slouched off without looking back, as though disdaining to guard against a rear attack from so puny and spineless an enemy. It all started and happened and was over in a minute or less. The last of the spilled lady-peas were still spattering down upon the rough bricks of the market and running away and hiding themselves in cracks. Young Jim, his head on his breast and his eyes cast down, was fumbling again with his wares, and Rance Fleming's hunched shoulders were vanishing out of the end of the shed.

People talked about it that night and for days after. It was not a thing to forget—a man near grown who lacked the sand to resent such an insult! A fist fight might have been forgotten, even a fist fight between these two heritors of a feud instinct—but not this. Some of the younger fellows didn't see, they said, how Jim Faxon could hold his head up again and look people in the eye. And Jim didn't hold his head up—not so high as he had held it before this thing happened. Broody-eyed and glum and tight-lipped, he tended Miss Puss Whitley's truck-patch and brought his products to market every morning. He had always been sparing of speech; now he was quiet almost to the point of dumbness.

A month and more went by, and old Rance didn't ride in from Gum Spring; and then the Christmas came. Christmas Day fell on a Monday, so that the Christmas itself got properly started on the Saturday before. It was a warm and green Christmas, as most of them are in that climate, mild enough at midday for folks to sit on their front porches and just cold enough at night to beard the grass with a silver gray frost rime. Languid-looking houseflies crawled out in the afternoon and cleaned their gummy wings while they sunned themselves on the sheltered sides of the stables. Yet the Christmas feeling was in the air. At the wharfboat lay the Clyde, deep-laden, for her annual jug trip, with thousands of bottles and jugs and demijohns for the dry towns up the river. There was a big sidewalk trade going on in firecrackers and rockets, the Christmas and not the Fourth being the time for the squibbing of crackers in the South. The market was the busiest place of all. It milled with people. Every huckster needed four hands, and then he wouldn't have had enough.

Jimmy Faxon had little Emmy Hardin helping him through the hours when the pressure was greatest and customers came fastest. She kept close to him, with little nesting motions, and there was something protecting in her attitude as though she would stand between him and danger and hostile criticism. The looks she darted at him were fairly caressing.

Through the jam appeared Rance Fleming, elbowing his way roughly. His face above his straggly whiskers was red with temper and liquor. His cotton shirt was open at the throat so his hairy chest showed. His shapeless gray jean trousers—gray originally, but now faded and stained to a mud color—were both beltless and suspenderless, and were girthed tightly about his middle by the strap at the back; but from much ramming of his hands into the pockets they were now crowded far down upon his hips, showing an unwontedly long expanse of shirt; and this gave him an abnormally short-legged, long-waisted look.

A lot of those little fuzzy parasitic pods called beggar-lice were stuck thick upon his bagged knees—so thick they formed irregular patterns in grayish green there. He wore no coat and no waistcoat; but his old, mud-stiffened overcoat was swung over his shoulders, with the arms tied loosely round his neck and the skirts dangling in folds behind him. Cockleburs clung to a tear in the lining. He was a fit model of unclean viciousness.

Before young Jim or little Emmy Hardin saw him he was right upon them—just the width of the bench separating him from them. He leaned across it and called Jim by that name again and slapped him in the face with a wide-armed, sweeping stroke of his open hand. The boy flinched back from the coming blow, so that only the ends of old Rance's flailing fingers touched his cheek; but the intent was there. Before the eyes of his sweetheart he had been slapped in the face! The girl gave a startled, choking gasp and tried to put her arms about young Jim. She started crying.

Well content with his job, old Rance fell back, all the time watching young Jim. People gave way for him involuntarily. When he was clear of the shed he turned and made for one of the saloons that lined the square on its western side. He had a choice of several—the whole row was given over to saloons, barring a couple of cheap-John clothing stores, a lunchroom, a harness store and two or three small, dingy pawnshops. Pistol stores these last were in the vernacular of the darkies, because the owners kept revolvers and springback knives on display in their show windows, along with musical instruments and watches.

The spectators followed old Rance's figure with their eyes until the swinging doors of the nearest bar closed behind him; and when they looked back again to Stall Number Three young Jim was gone too. He had vanished entirely, and Emmy Hardin was alone, with her face buried in her arms and her arms stretched across the counter, crying as though she would never leave off.

From the next stall there came to her, comfortingly, a middle-aged market woman, a motherly figure in a gray shawl, with puckered, broad, red hands. She lifted Emmy up and led her away, calling out to her nearest neighbor to watch her stall and the Faxon stall.

"There's liable to be trouble," she added as she passed him, speaking in a side whisper so Emmy would not hear.

"I reckin not," said the man. "It looks to me like Jimmy Faxon is plumb cowed down and afeared of that there old bushwhacker; it looks like he ain't got the sperrit of a rabbit left in him. But you take her on away somewheres, Mizz Futrell—me and my boys will tend stand for both of you, and you needn't worry."

Under such merciful guardianship little Emmy Hardin was taken away, and so she was spared the sight of what was to follow.

Old Rance stayed in the nearest saloon about long enough to take one drink and then he came out and headed for the next saloon along the row. To reach it he had to pass one of the pawnbrokers' shops. He had just passed it when a sort of smothered warning cry went up from behind him, and he swung round to look his finish square in the face.

Young Jim Faxon was just coming out of the pawnbroker's door. He was crying so that the tears streamed down his face. His right arm was down at his side stiffly, and the hand held clenched a weapon which the Daily Evening News subsequently described as "a thirty-eight-caliber, nickel-plated, single-action revolver, with a black rubber handle."

Old Rance made no move toward his own hip pocket. It came out afterward that he was not carrying so much as a penknife. He half crouched and began stumbling backward toward the front of the building, with his arms out wide and his hands making empty, pawing clutches behind him, as though he was feeling for some solid support to hold him up in his peril. Before he had gone three steps young Jim brought the pistol up and fired—just once.

Once was enough. If you had never seen a man shot you would have known instinctively that this one was mortally stricken. Some who were near and looking right at him told afterward how the loose end of one overcoat sleeve, dangling down on his breast, flipped up a little. A puzzled, querulous look came into his face, and he brought his arms round and folded them tightly across his stomach as though taken with sudden cramps. Then he walked, steadily enough, to the edge of the sidewalk and half squatted, as though he meant to sit on the curbing with his feet in the gutter. He was halfway down when death took him in his vitals. He pitched forward and outward upon his face, with his whiskers flattening in the street. Two men ran to him and turned him over on his back. Already his face had faded from its angry red to the yellowish white of old tallow. He breathed hard once or twice and some thought they saw his eyelids bat once; then his chest fell inward and stayed in, and he seemed to shrink up to less than his real length and bulk.

Young Jim stood still ten feet away, looking at his handiwork. He had stopped crying and had dropped his pistol, and was wiping both hands flatly against the breast of his sweater as though to cleanse them of some stain. Allard Jones, the market-master, who had police powers and wore a blue coat and a German-silver star to prove it, came plowing through the ring of onlookers, head tilt, and laid hands upon him. Allard Jones fumbled in his pocket and produced a pair of steel nippers and made as if to wrap the chain round the boy's right wrist.

"You don't need to be putting those things on me, Mister Jones," said his prisoner. "I'll go all right—I'll go with you. It's all over now—everything's over!"

Part of the crowd stayed behind, forming a scrouging, shoving ring round that spot in front of Benny Michelson's pawnshop where old Rance lay, face upward, across the gutter, with the stiffening legs on the sidewalk and the oddly foreshortened trunk out in the dust of the road; and the rest followed Allard Jones and young Jim Faxon as they walked side by side up Market Square to Court Street, and along Court Street a short block to the lockup.

The sympathy of the community was with young Jim; and the law of the land was dead against him

Before the Eyes of His Sweetheart He Had Been Slapped in the Face!

on all counts. He had not fired in sudden heat and passion; there had been time, as the statutes measure time, for all due deliberation. However great the provocation had been—and by our local standards the provocation had been great enough and pressing hard to the breaking point—he could not claim self-defense. Even though Fleming's purpose had been ultimately to bring things to a violent issue, he was retreating actually at the moment itself. As a bar to punishment for an act of homicide the plea of temporary insanity had never yet been set up in the courts. Jim Faxon was fast in the snarl of the laws.

From the lockup he went to the county jail; the charge willful and premeditated murder. Doctor Lake, Mr. Herman Felsburg and Major Covington, all customers of his and all persons of property, stood ready to go bail for him in any sum namable; but murder was not bailable. In time a grand jury buttressed the warrant with an indictment—"murder in the first degree," the true bill read—and young Jim stayed on in jail awaiting trial when court should open in the spring.

Nobody, to be sure, believed that any jury, when it came to a trial, would vote the extreme penalty. The dead man's probable intentions and his overt acts and past reputation, taken with the prisoner's youth and his good name, would stand as bars against that, no matter how the letter of the law might read; but it was generally agreed that young Jim would be found guilty of manslaughter. He might get four years for killing old Rance, or six, or even ten—these were possibilities and matters for discussion. There was no way out of it for him. People were sorrier than ever for Jim and for his aunt, and for the pretty little Hardin girl.

All through the short, changeable winter, with its alternate days of snow flurry and sunshine, Emmy Hardin and Miss Puss Whitley, a crushed and broken pair, together minded the stall in the market, accepting gratefully the silent sympathy which some offered them and the awkward words of good cheer that came from others. Miss Puss put a mortgage of five hundred dollars on her little place out on the outskirts of the town. With the money she hired Dabney Prentiss, the most silver-tongued orator of all the silver tongues at the county bar, to defend her nephew. And every day, when market hours were over, come rain or snow or shine, the two women would drive in their truckwagon up to the county jail to be with young Jim and to sit with him in his cell until dark.

Spring came earlier than common that year. The robins came back from the Gulf States in February on the wind of a wet, warm thaw. The fruit trees bloomed in March. By the beginning of April nearly everything was green and the trees were clumped with new leaves. Court opened the first Monday of April.

On the Sunday night before the first Monday Judge William Pitman Priest, our circuit judge, sat on his porch as dusk came on, laving in the balm of the young spring night. In the grass below the front steps the bull-cricket that wintered under Judge Priest's house porch was tuning his fairy fiddle at regular half-minute intervals. Bull-bats, questing for midges and gnats, were flickering overhead, showing white patches on the under sides of their long wings. A flying squirrel, the only night-rider of the whole squirrel tribe, flipped out of his hole in a honey locust, cocked his head high, then spread the furry gray membranes along his sides and sailed in a graceful downward swoop to the butt of a silver-leaf poplar fifty feet away, where he clung against the smooth bark so closely and so flatly that he looked like a little pelt stretched and nailed up there to dry.

The front gate clicked and creaked. The flying squirrel flipped round to the safe side of the tree and fled up the trunk to the shelter of the branches like a little gray shadow; and Judge Priest, looking down the aisle of shade trees, saw two women coming up the walk toward him, their feet crunching slowly on the gravel. He laid his pipe aside and pulled chairs forward for his callers, whoever they might be. They were right up at the steps before he made them out—Miss Puss Whitley and little Emmy Hardin.

"Howdy-do, ladies?" said the old judge with his homely courtesy. "Howdy, Miss Puss? Emmy, how are you? Won't you come up and set down and rest yourselves?"

For these two, this was no time for small civilities. The weight of trouble at their hearts knocked for utterance at their lips—or, at least, it was so with the elder one of the pair.

"Jedge Priest," she began with a desperate, driven eagerness, "we've come here tonight to speak in private with you about my boy—about Jimmy."

In the darkness they could not see, perhaps, that the old judge's round figure was stiffening.

"Did Mister Dabney Prentiss—did any one, send you here to see me on this business?" he asked quickly.

"No, suh; nobody at all," answered the old woman. "We just come on our own accord—we felt like as if we jest had to come and see you. Court opens in the mornin'; and Jimmy's case, as you know, comes up the first thing. And oh, Jedge Priest, we are in so much trouble, Emmy and me—and you've got the name of bein' kind-hearted to them that's borne down and in distress. And so we come to you."

He raised his hand as though to break in on her; but the old woman was not to be stopped. She poured out the burden of her lament:

"Jedge Priest, you knowed my husband when he was alive, and you've knowed me these many years. And you know, in them old days that are gone, how the Flemings was forever and a day fightin' with my people and pushin' trouble on 'em, until finally they hunted 'em plumb out of the county and out of the state—away from the place where they was born and raised. And you know Jimmy, too, and know what a hard time he had growin' up; and how he's always stood by me and helped me out jest the same as if he was my own son. And I reckin you know about him—and Emmy here."

She broke off to wipe her eyes. Had it been a man who came on such an errand the judge would have sent him packing he would have been at no loss to put his exact meaning into exact words; for old Judge Priest held his place in a high and Scriptural sanctity. Here, however, in the presence of these two woful figures, their faces drenched and steeped with sorrow, he hesitated, trying to choose words that would not bruise their wounds.

"Miss Puss," he said very gently, almost as though he were speaking to a child, "whatever my private feelin's may be toward you and yours, it is not proper for me, as the judge upon the bench, to express them in advance of the trial. It is my sworn duty to enforce the law as it is written and laid down in the books. And the law—it is merciful and is just to all."

The old woman's angular, slatty form straightened. In the failing light her pinched and withered face showed as a white patch, with deep, grayish creases in it.

"The law!" she flared out. "The law, you say, Jedge Priest! Well, you kin talk mighty big about the law; but what kind of a law is it that lets a fightin', swearin', drunken bully like Rance Fleming plague a poor boy and call him out of his name with vile words, and berate him before this child here—and yit not do nothin' to him for it? And what kind of a law is it that'll send my boy up yonder to that there state prison and wreck his life and Emmy's life, and leave me alone in my old age, ashamed to lift my head among my neighbors ever again?"

"Madam," said the judge with kindliness in his tone, "it is not for me to discuss these matters with you now. It's not even proper that I should let you say these things."

"Oh, but, Jedge," she said, "you must listen to me, please! You oughter know the truth and there ain't no way for you to know it without I tell it to you. Jimmy didn't want no quarrel with that man—it wasn't none of his choosin'. He didn't bear no grudge for what had gone before; he jest craved to be let alone and not pestered. Why, when Rance Fleming cussed him out that first time, last fall, he come home to me cryin' like his heart would break. He said he'd been insulted, and that he'd have to take it up and fight it out with Rance Fleming—he felt like as if he jest had to; but we begged him on our bended knees, mighty nigh, me and Emmy did, not to do nothin' for our sakes—and for our sakes he promised to let it go and say nothin'. Even after that, if Rance Fleming had just let him be all this turrible trouble wouldn't 'a' come on us! But Rance Fleming he come back again, as you well know, and slapped Jimmy's face for him; and Jimmy knowed then that sooner or later he'd have to kill Rance Fleming or be killed hisself there wasn't no other way.

"Jedge Priest, he's been the best prop a lone woman ever had to lean on he's been like a son to me. My own son couldn't 'a' been more faithful or more lovin'. And I ask you to bear all these things in mind tomorrow."

"I will, madam," said the old judge compassionately. "I promise you that I will. Your nephew shall have a fair trial and all his rights shall be safeguarded; but that is all I can say to you now."

Emmy Hardin, who had not spoken at all, plucked Miss Puss Whitley by the arm and sought to lead her away. Shaking her head weakly, as though spent and tired out, the old woman turned away from the steps.

"Jest one minute, please, Miss Puss," said Judge Priest; "I'd like to ask you a question. I don't want you to think I'm pryin' into your private and personal affairs; but is it true what I hear—that you've mortgaged your home place to raise money for this boy's defense?"

"I ain't begredgin' the money," she protested. "'Tain't the thought of that brought me here tonight. I'd work my fingers to the bone if 'twould help Jimmy any; and so would Emmy here. We'd both of us be willin' and ready to go to the porehouse if it would do him any good."

"I feel sure of that," answered the old judge patiently; "but is it true about this mortgage?"

"Yes, suh," she answered; and at that she began to cry again. "It's true; but please, suh, don't never let Jimmy know. He thinks I had money saved up from the marketin' to hire Mr. Prentiss with, and I don't never want him to know no better. No matter how his case goes, I don't never want him to know."

They had moved off down the gravel walk perhaps twenty feet when suddenly the smoldering feud hate stirred to hot life in the old woman's blood and spread through her meager frame; and she quivered as if from an ague. The words came from her with a hiss of feeling.

"Jedge Priest, that plague-taken scoundrel deserved killin'! He was black-hearted from the day he came into the world—and black-hearted he went out of it. You don't remember, maybe—you was off soldierin' then—when he was jayhawkin' back and forth along the state line, burnin' folks' houses down over their heads, and mistreatin' the wimmin and children of them that was off fightin' in the army. I tell you, durin' that last year before you all got back home there was soldiers out after him—out with guns in their hands and orders to shoot him down on sight, like a sheep-killin' dog. He was plumb outside the law—the murderin' hound!"

The girl got her quieted somehow and she was sobbing brokenly as they went away. For minutes after the gate clicked behind the forlorn pair Judge Priest stood on his porch in the attitude of one who had been pulled up short by the awakening memory of some long-forgotten thing. After a bit he reached for his hat and closed the front door. He trod heavily down the steps and disappeared in the aisle of the maples and the silver-leaf trees.

Half an hour later, over on the other side of town, two windows of the old courthouse flashed up as rectangles of light set into a block of opaque blackness; and passers-by, idling homeward under the shade trees of the square, wondered why lights should be burning in the judge's chambers. Had any one of them been moved to investigate the whys and wherefores of this phenomenon he would have seen Judge Priest at his desk, with his steel-bowed spectacles balanced precariously on the tip of his pudgy pink nose and his plump face pulled into a pucker of intenseness as he dug through one sheaf after another of musty, snuffy-smelling documents. The broad plane of the desk in front of him was piled with windrows of these ancient papers, which were gray along their creases with the pigeonhole dust of years, and crumbly and buffed with age. Set in the wall behind him was a vault, and a door of the vault was open, and within was a gap of emptiness on an upper shelf to show where all these papers had come from; and for further proof that they were matters of court record there was a litter of many seamed manila envelopes, bearing inscriptions in faded ink, scattered about over the desk, and on the floor as well.

(Continued on Page 73)

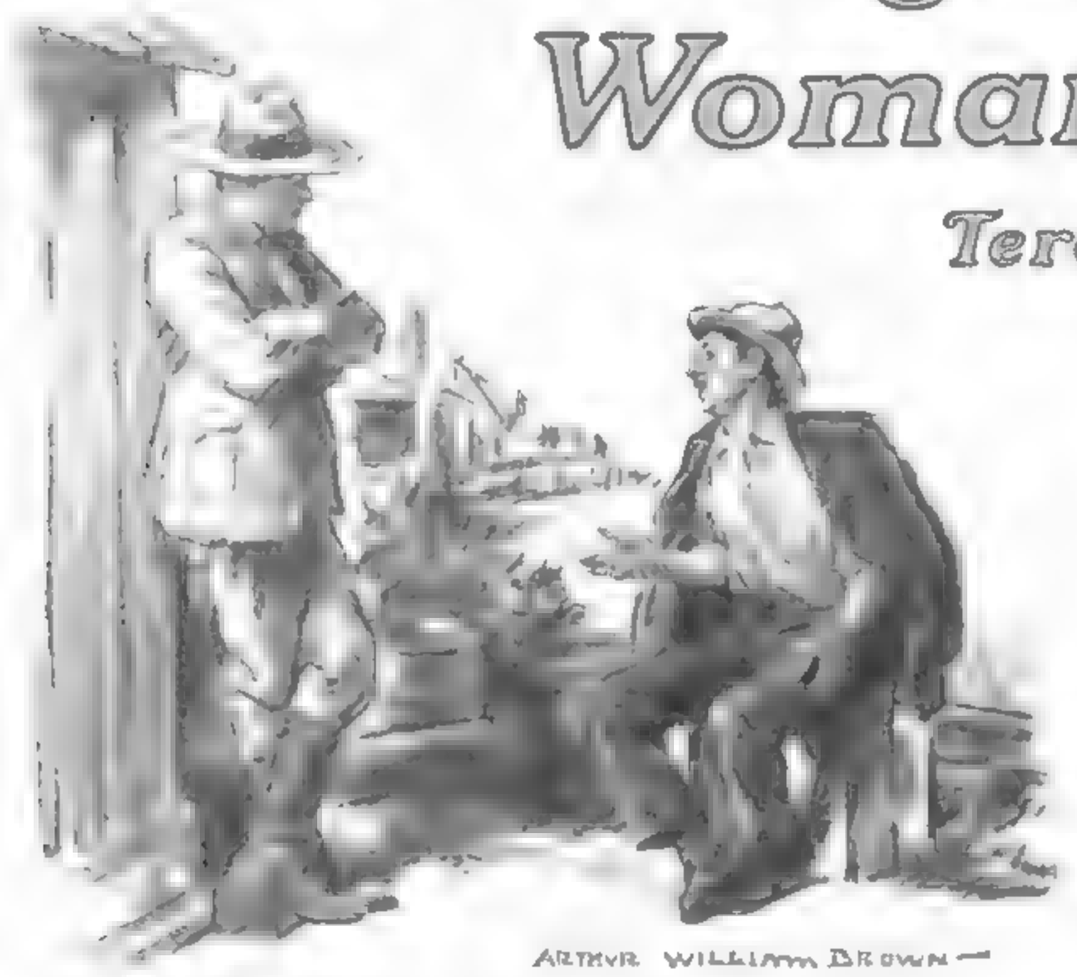
Every Day, Rain or Snow or Shine, the Two Women Would Drive Up to the Jail to be With Young Jim

The Making of an American Woman

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Teresa Soriano, the Laggard



The Engineer Told Him Bluntly That He Would Never be Able to Get On in America Unless He Learned English

WHEN Teresa Soriano came to America she had no idea of the statistical importance of her coming. She was quite ignorant of the facts and ratios to which she was contributing and which make some alarmists nervous. She would have been none the wiser if she had been told this country had been accustomed to assimilating Teutonic and Celtic stock; but of late years the character of the immigration has been changing and now we are receiving some sixty-five per cent from the peoples of Southern and Eastern Europe and Western Asia.

If she had been informed that from twenty-one to twenty-three per cent of the incomers were Italians it would have meant nothing to her; for Teresa came from the country where the peasant women are treated as if they had no minds and where they do two people's work—or rather the work of a beast and of a person. They toil in the fields like animals; they walk beside or behind their unburdened husbands, carrying huge bundles on their heads—and many of them have a baby a year.

Teresa laughed and cried herself up from babyhood until she was fourteen and very beautiful. Then her father married her to Tomaso Soriano, aged eighteen, whose uncle promised him an acre of land. The land did not materialize, but at the end of ten months arrived their big-eyed Angelo. They received him with joy—and also the one who came the next year, whose death they took with passionate tears. The third one, who came the third year, also died, and they grieved equally at his loss. When the fourth was expected Tomaso grew serious—not that he was not delighted, but work was very scarce and there was very little bread to be had. He left his wife with her mother and went to find work in Naples. When he came back he found twins—Raffaeluccio and Carmela. This fact clinched a determination that Tomaso had been subconsciously making. Children were sent by the good God and were a joy; the good God had sent him twins—what if He sent triplets next time! Assuredly all these little mouths must be fed—and in Naples there were great tales about America. He would emigrate; and soon he would send for Teresa and the little ones.

In the Shadow of Liberty

SO THE wife, who at nineteen had already borne five children, stayed at home and worked in the fields of Southern Italy; but she had faith in her Tomaso and waited his bidding patiently and wistfully. Tomaso went away in the big ship tearfully; he was ill and groaned when the weather was bad; he sang and laughed when the sun shone—for he was an Italian. All the way over he dreamed of what he should do when he became rich in America. Was there not Rossa? His father had bought land from the baron; and after many years, when he had not paid all the money, the baron took it away. Then the family had gone to America; and Rossa, with a long memory for his father's tears, had come back in fifteen years, had bought property next to the baron's and built a saloon. So the baron had to sell his land and move away. Had not Capelli come back and bought a little shop and prospered? And were there not many who were prospering too well in America to trouble to return, but who were sending money to keep their old parents and to bring over their brothers and sisters?

When he arrived in America Tomaso could have wept from pure terror and loneliness at the sound of the strange tongue and the hustling about he received from impatient officials because he was stupefied by all the confusion. When he stood on the ferryboat, free, clutching his bundle with one hand, pressing down hard on the right shoe in which his money was concealed, he felt none of the joy of being in free, generous America. No friend was meeting him; he did not know where to go or what to do.

It is little wonder, then, that he trusted himself to an Americanized Italian who offered him advice and sympathy. This was a boarding-house runner, the first of a long line of his own countrymen who exploited Tomaso to their own profit. It was as well for Teresa, working hard in the orchards in the old home, that she did not know how in the new home her beloved husband was being taken in. Tomaso's simple philosophy was that if he could not trust a fellow countryman, whom could he trust?

It was some years before he understood that in the great cities, such as New York and Chicago, some intelligent Italians are banded together, not to help Americanize the ignorant Italian immigrant, but to keep him untutored for their own profit. Among them are some bankers, steamship agents, saloonkeepers—and perhaps other business men—all more or less united to exploit the weak. An Italian banker is approached by a contractor who wants labor at a low wage. The banker, through agents in Italy, gets the necessary number of laborers and brings them to America on prepaid tickets, upon which he receives a commission. On landing, the men are taken in hand by the agent, distributed in boarding houses under his control and charged heavily for board. The banker hands them over to the contractor, from whom he receives a commission. While employed they pay their board and lodging to the banker.

Nearly all the Italians belong to lodges, there being one for each province—an arrangement isolating the Italians into groups, which often enough have little sympathy one for the other. The crafty leaders hold the offices in these lodges, and dispose of the business, the money, and the votes of their ignorant and credulous fellows. When a man can neither read nor write Italian, nor read, write or speak English, much misfortune may befall him in America. The Italian and the Jewish people have great difficulty in getting the proper kind of work and in making a fairly decent wage—not always because they are unskilled, but because they are often cheated in the amount they are paid and because they work at first for little or nothing in order to learn American methods. They are often shifted into occupations not in keeping with their work abroad, so that many a good worker is wasted; and their long, slack seasons have a bad effect generally on their mode of living.

Tomaso's boarding-house runner took him to a place where he was charged an exorbitant sum for board. Later, as the boarding house became overcrowded, even for an Italian establishment, he was led to an employment agent, who took five dollars from him and gave him a contract to sign which he said specified that Tomaso was to work in a nice, warm province, in an orchard, for a dollar and a half a day. It was well for Teresa, nursing her little twins, that she did not know the "nice, warm province" was West Virginia, and that instead of work with the trees poor Tomaso had to work on railroad tracks. The men, a rough lot, lived crowded together in freight cars. They had to pay the company four dollars a week for their food, which an Italian cooked for them. Nor did Tomaso know he would have to work out the price of his railroad ticket. He only saw, from examples round him, that it did no good to run away—for you were brought back and roughly treated.

Tomaso's first piece of good luck was that the engineer noticed this velvet-eyed boy; saw he was sad and that he kept away from the others. Soon this master was in possession of Tomaso's story and had heard the plan to bring over Teresa and Angelo and Carmela and Raffaeluccio. The engineer told him bluntly that he would never be able to get on in America unless he learned English—not only to speak it but to read and write it. So, for the six months during which the construction work lasted, the engineer gave Tomaso lessons and found him a docile and diligent pupil, though he showed only average intelligence. The engineer further wrote a letter to Teresa's priest, asking him to say Tomaso was well and would send her a little money soon; and that she must put the children in school as soon as they were able to go. Tomaso said "the boys"—but the engineer pointed out that in America girls also were educated; so Tomaso included Carmela in the command.

An All-the-Year-Round Job

THE next winter Tomaso lived with an Italian family in New York and "sewed pants" with the women and the children, who were supporting the men of the family. Tomaso saw that unless Italian men were barbers, or in some such business, they could work only in the summer; and then, when they got home, the money was soon gone—and what was left but for the women and children to help? Teresa was not there to work for him, so he worked with the women.

Sometimes he looked at them, bent and yellow, and thought of Teresa's soft eyes and rosy cheeks—and worked the harder to bring her nearer. In the evening he went to night school, where his progress was slow. He trusted an

Italian banker to send money to Teresa—in all, some sixty dollars; and it never reached her. The man said it had been lost going over, but that if Tomaso would register the letter its contents would be safe. Tomaso had a vision of Teresa in need, for during his year in America he had learned lessons of poverty, illness and accident which are more bitter than in Italy. During the second year he sent the same sum, by what his Italian friend said was a registered letter. Long afterward the priest wrote him that no money had come and Teresa had had a sad year, for the crops had failed.

Tomaso, in despair, determined to borrow money, buy a ticket and bring his family over at once. He paid for the ticket, which he was sure was a ticket because it had a ship printed on it. It was printed in Italian, which he could not read; but the agent read it to him. He sent the ticket to their priest, the agent addressing the envelope for him. When he left the agent's office he went to a banker and asked him to read the envelope. It was wrongly addressed, and Tomaso asked politely to have the blunder corrected. The banker rewrote it for him; and Tomaso went to a third man—and this time he found there was no mistake. He put the ticket and an Italian bill, worth about twenty dollars, in the envelope and waited eagerly to hear that his Teresa had started.

After a long time the priest wrote him that the ticket was no ticket, but merely an order for a ticket on a steamship company in Naples. When Teresa, after selling her possessions, had gone to Naples the company had refused to honor the order, saying that no money had come to them from America for it. Fortunately the money in the envelope had arrived safely; and so Teresa had not starved, but had got back to the village. God was good, the priest added, and would show Tomaso a way out of his troubles.

The way out did not come at once. During the fourth and fifth years Tomaso was busy paying back the money he had borrowed at ruinous interest to get the worthless ticket. Meantime he had acquired more English; though he had always spent his summers in some construction camp where nothing but his own language was spoken, in the winters he kept up his night-school work—not only that, but he learned to read and write Italian. At the end of his sixth year Tomaso really began to feel at home in the country. He was beginning to wear better clothes and he had joined a class at the settlement. Also, he had seventy-five dollars saved and carefully hidden in his trunk, which he had nailed to the floor of the room he shared with three other men. His plan was to add to this money, then go back to Italy and get his family; he felt that he could trust nobody but himself.

At the end of the seventh year, however, he had learned that he could trust the people at the settlement. One of these persuaded him that there were banks in New York which were safe—she showed him her own bankbook; and at last he deposited his savings. She went with him to a steamship agency and bought the tickets for Teresa and the children; and the obliging agent signed a note saying he would give back the money if the tickets proved no good. They were sent by registered mail to the priest—and so, at last, Teresa started for America.

A Woman Discovers Courtesy and America

TERESA had known dimly that the Tomaso who left her was not the Tomaso she would see. He had learned to write letters to the priest, he had sent a picture postcard of himself, and she was a little in awe of this familiar stranger staring up at her in a silk hat! He did not tell her it had been borrowed. In the only way she knew she tried to be worthy of him. Before starting, in Naples she bought some resplendent coral earrings, a heavy neckchain and a gay scarlet waist. Teresa was twenty-six, but to an American eye she would have seemed something over thirty. She was plump and rather shapeless; but if time had brought lines to her face it had not dimmed her fresh color and her clear eyes.

She felt safe in going to Tomaso, but terrified in every other way; for he had overpowered the priest with warnings and admonitions. She was to hold tight to her money; she was to trust nobody; she was never to let the children, especially Carmela, leave her for one instant. Teresa obeyed as well as she could. As he had commanded, she gazed long and earnestly at the Statue of Liberty, telling the three children that it was a figure in honor of the country where they were all to be so happy. She let herself be put through all the processes of admission into the country, and at last she stood in a small inclosure, waiting for her husband to claim her.

When he came in and passed before the inspector's desk she felt an awe of this well-dressed man, who spoke the strange language so boldly to the gentleman—and then she felt a pride in him. He was the father of her children. He had loved her, and had beaten her when he was angry; and now he would love her, and beat her again, and there would be more babies and laughter and joy. She lifted up Carmela and pointed out her father, while Angelo whispered that he remembered. Then Tomaso came from in front of the inspector's desk and stood before his own.

She Had Faith in Her Tomaso and Waited His Bidding Patiently and Wistfully

He did not kiss Teresa, but he smiled at her. She was very "greeny," and he disapproved of that; but her eyes were not bloodshot and she was not yellow like the women who sewed pants.

"*I bambini!*" cried Teresa, pointing to the children.

Then Tomaso stooped and kissed the children and cried a little, for it was strange to have his dream realized and to hold in his arms the three little strangers for whom he had toiled. Tomaso was no analyst and he did not grasp the real elements of pathos and poignancy in his situation; and, being a practical person, he wasted no time in mourning over the years when he could have been watching his family grow up had it not been for the fact that no one had protected him from exploitation. He wanted to get his family settled before dark.

As they started to go Teresa received her first lesson as an American. She stooped, lifted the heavy bundle which held most of her clothes and put it on her head. Tomaso snatched it from her.

"No, no!" he said. "American women do not carry burdens on their heads."

"In their arms, then?" asked Teresa meekly.

"The husbands carry in this country, and not in bundles—in leather cases. Angelo, carry the smaller bundle—you and Raffaeluccio; not Carmela!"

Tomaso took the huge bundle in his right hand. Teresa saw that he carried a great box in his left hand; she wondered what was in it and why it was a law that she could not carry anything. She wondered whether men in this country thought Italian women were not strong. On the ferryboat Tomaso displayed the contents of the box. They were American clothes for her, and he ordered her to go to the dressing room and put them on. She did not know what to make of the corset and objected to it; but Tomaso spoke to her so fiercely that she said she would try to wear it.

Her struggles with the garments lasted until the boat reached The Battery. Tomaso had to help her when the passengers were disembarking. She had the hat on wrong, with the feathers at the back; she had tied the veil round her neck and held the belt helplessly in her hand. Tomaso adjusted these for her and showed her how to use the hatpins; then he looked at her with so much satisfaction that she smiled in spite of her discomfort. The corset cramped her and she had never worn a belt in her life. She did not like the clothes and she planned not to wear them when Tomaso was not in the house. Putting on the garments did not change Teresa's psychology in the least; Americanizing her would be a long, dragging process.

Cowed—and yet safe in his proximity—Teresa followed her husband along The Battery, trembling at her entrance into the cosmopolitan city, which has half as many Italians as Naples, more Germans than Hamburg, twice as many Irish as Dublin, and two and a half times as many Jews as Warsaw; where sixty-six languages are spoken and forty-nine foreign newspapers published, and where at least one school houses twenty-six different nationalities.

The tall buildings round the park interested and delighted the children, but Teresa was afraid they would fall on her; it did not seem natural that walls could stay so tall and straight! She was afraid of the Elevated; but she toiled up the steps after Tomaso and entered the long cars that ran above the heads of people with no animal to pull them. When they got off at Bleecker Street Teresa felt still more oppressed. There were so many people; and even though she recognized that they were Italians, and could hear them speak, they were strangers to her.

Tomaso led the way to two rented back rooms on the top floor of a four-story tenement. He was very proud of the fact that he had two rooms, and he assured Teresa that he was very much looked up to by the tenants on account of this and for other reasons. Like all Italian rooms, these were crowded with boxes and bottles and unnecessary things. Tomaso showed Teresa how to use the stove and laid out the materials for supper, which she was soon preparing. Having something to do made her feel less strange and her work was not confined to the meal, for, after it was cleared away, Tomaso brought out a huge bundle of pants and gave her and little Carmela a lesson in "finishing." Teresa learned at once that the wife of the workingman in America has a distinct economic value to her husband.

Tomaso's plans for the immediate future were all laid. His general ambition was to be, some day, foreman of a construction gang, and he knew that his knowledge of English would bring this about sometime. On account of the arrival of his family, however, he had not been able to go out with the construction campers in April; and so he meant to spend two or three weeks in the city until a Maryland canning factory opened in which he had been promised work, and then move there with the family.

The short stay in the city would familiarize Teresa and the children with the neighborhood and get the children broken in to school; for Tomaso had never forgotten what the engineer had told him of the value of English to Italians. The very next morning he took the children to school, where they were all put in the same class, much to the disgust of Angelo, who felt very much superior to his brother and sister. In the evenings Tomaso himself talked English to them, sometimes in moments of impatience slapping them and Teresa, too, if they were stupid. To Teresa, whatever Tomaso said or did was right. She thought he was very good not to beat her often, as women were beaten in Italy—and, indeed, as some of them were beaten in that very house in New York. Teresa dimly realized that her husband was more of an American than many of the other Italians in the street.

Very slowly she became accustomed to her surroundings. She knew by instinct the difference between Sicilians and Neapolitans, Piedmontese and Calabrians; yet these neighbors all seemed very different from those in Italy. She did not realize how different they were from native-born Americans also. She accepted the conventions about her—that men should be idle in winter while women worked at finishing pants or at picking nuts. The children could help; and when Teresa discovered that the work of a child from five to ten years old would add from fifty cents to a dollar and a half a week to the family purse, she wondered why Tomaso let his little ones go to school; the officer would come to get them soon enough and they would have to go back; meantime a boy as quick as Angelo might earn a lira a day. Tomaso patiently explained that the longer the children went to school the more money they would earn later on. It was like planting your seed in the ground in the spring; for a long time you got nothing, and then in the harvest season you got a great deal!

How the Womenfolk Help Out

IT SEEMED natural to Teresa that the Italian women should want to work at home, even when she found that some of them earned twice as much by going to factories candy factories and box factories and tailoring establishments. She found that young girls went into shops and factories, though to the regret of their mothers who, however, preferred that their daughters should go into places producing textiles and foodstuffs rather than into those producing wood and metal. Doubtless the women felt that the former continued woman's traditional work, though under changed conditions. Teresa was shocked because these girls were allowed to depart from under the eyes of their parents. Of what use was it to beat a girl half to death if she showed signs in school of boldness in conduct? Of what use was it to keep her in always at night if she went to work away from home?

"But how can it be otherwise?" cried Tomaso, talking to her in Italian as he always did when he was interested or excited. "When a man can he keeps his daughter at

home, and he does not let her go anywhere alone. She learns to read and write English and Italian, and then if he can give her enough dowry he marries her to a great man—perhaps a banker or an agent. But if that man comes over alone, and if he has to send back money to his family, what happens? When his daughter comes over here he cannot support her in New York while he goes working on the tracks. He must send her into the factory; she makes more money, but she does not marry so well. Love is love; and if a young Italian loves he chooses his wife where he pleases, from the factory or from the home. But when money enters, and sensible arrangement, he wants to take his wife from a father who has been looking after her in the home."

Teresa saw that girls married later in America and dowries were just as necessary. The young man, or his father and the girl's father, settled the match. The girl's father asked to see the young man's bankbook and provided his daughter with a dowry in accordance with the bridegroom's financial standing. Yet, for all the business part of it, there was a good deal of romance too. The young bridegroom loved his bride just as in Italy—at first, at least. And occasionally Teresa would see a young man standing under a tenement window playing a guitar to some girl whom perhaps he had never spoken to, but whose face moved him to a longing for expression about it. The girls were glad to marry, partly to free themselves from the tyranny of close parental supervision and partly to realize their dreams of love.

The Pride of Posterity

MARRIAGE and the bearing and rearing of children made up a woman's life in America, too, Teresa saw. If no man wanted a girl it was almost as great a disgrace as in Italy. A girl of twenty-five was a pitiable creature if she were unwed, even if she were making good money and looked much younger than a married woman of the same age. She thought the women very ugly; she did not know they became so from trying to finish three dozen pairs of pants a day—at thirty cents—in a bad light. She did not know that she would soon become like them if she worked indoors all day with no air or exercise. She did not know that the deathrate of the Italian women from phthisis is much higher than that of the men. She was as ignorant of all this as she was that there were Italian benefit societies in New York to help the immigrant, or that there was an Italian woman's club, founded by the Woman's Trade-Union League to get hold of the mothers, and so to be sure of the daughters. Nor did she know that the Italians are the underbidders in labor.

Any large implications were lost on Teresa. She only thought, as she looked at Carmela, when they all sat round the dish of spaghetti, dipping into it their various forks, that her daughter should not go into a factory or store unless Tomaso beat them both very hard. Yet she realized that Italian girls in America are much better off than in Italy. If any one but their relatives mistreated them they could get justice if they knew how to go about it. And if the sun was not so bright and it was colder in America, still food was more plentiful.

In the course of a month Teresa got used to the corset, for the reason that Tomaso slapped her if she laid it off—and his hand was not light! He took her to the five-cent shows and moving-picture shows to let her see how American women dressed; and once he took her to a department store and was cross to her because she clung to his arm and cringed. Tomaso did not want Teresa to be like the Italian women who had no figures and never learned English. He would not have dreamed of letting her go to night school or to any of the settlement classes or entertainments; only the second generation of Italian women did that—those who had gone through the public schools. There was no need for her to learn anything more than she already knew; all he wanted was that she should do him credit. Going to the settlement and learning to cook new dishes would not do him any credit, but looking like an American lady would.

Tomaso knew very well that many Italians have one wife in Italy and another in America, deserting the former because she is so far away and because the latter is prettier. He knew, too, that some Italians desert their wives because they have too many babies and one man cannot support them all. Tomaso did not mean to desert Teresa, no matter how many babies she had; but, as a progressive Italian, he meant that she should—on her lower plane, of course—rise with him.

Of his children he was inordinately proud. They were beautiful and attractive and quick. Already Angelo was selling papers after school and had picked up sufficient English for business; and he could readily count change. Raffaeluccio, and Carmela too, knew a little English; and they could pick basting threads at night very fast, much faster than the other children of the tenements. Before so very long they would be able to support him.

By the first week in May Teresa knew her way up and down the street, and even as far as Washington Square, where the family sometimes went in the evening and listened under the young green of the trees to the street pianos, or looked at the splendid lines of light on the tall buildings towering above the north side of the square. She was no longer terrified by strange sights and sounds; and Tomaso could even trust her to do shopping on her own account in the shops where they spoke Italian. Teresa's English was still a minus quantity.

Early in May Tomaso took the family to the canning factory in Maryland. When she saw the open country Teresa was filled with joy. This would be like her own beloved province; but she found that her work was not to be in the fields. She was shut up in a long shed with people of various nationalities, who worked in family groups. The men and women and older children cut and pared and peeled and packed; the younger children ran up and down bringing supplies or emptying baskets of prepared vegetables and fruit. The sheds were unsanitary in the extreme; but Teresa was not critical of that fact, nor did she mind the querulous crying of the little children, tired out by the confinement and by work beyond their strength. The hours were very long; some who prepared the vegetables and fruits began at four or five in the morning and went on perhaps until six o'clock, or at least as long as the supply lasted. The packers began at seven and worked in the rush seasons until ten or eleven. They were paid by the quantity they prepared; and the Soriano family worked so fast and so well that Tomaso was constantly smiling or breaking into bits of song.

He made three dollars a day, and Teresa two—very good for a woman. He did not reflect that Teresa might have made more if, in addition to being a woman, she had not also been obliged to supply energy in being wife and mother. It was she who prepared their meals on the rusty stove Tomaso had installed in the one-room shack they occupied, and she who washed the clothes. However, no other woman made more than two dollars, and so Tomaso was well content with his Teresa. Angelo made eighty-five cents, and Raffaeluccio and Carmelo fifty cents.

Tomaso was constantly praising his children. They should have been in school; but none of the Maryland authorities considered it their business to see that the foreigners in the canning factory were making their children into American citizens by that quickest possible route, the public schools. Tomaso himself would have objected. School in the winter was all very well, when there was little money to be made by the children and the work they could do after school would be enough; but in the summer it was time to stop and earn all this money to be had so easily. All he regretted was that there would be an off season of three or four weeks in July.

Teresa was tired and the red of her cheeks had begun to fade. In spite of the corset, which she was allowing to gape wide, her back had begun to curve a little. Angelo did not seem tired, but often in the afternoon the twins grew fretful and had to be scolded and promised beatings in order to be kept at work. Tomaso had brought them here; so they must work and get money to put in the little brown bankbook which was Tomaso's chief treasure.

One evening an American lady entered the shed—a trim, middle-aged, alert person with a notebook. She walked quickly through the place as if she was afraid of being interrupted, and yet as if she had some moral right to be there.

"She looka like settlement lady," whispered Tomaso in English to Teresa.

The lady came to a full stop before Carmela and wrung her hands softly, a gesture quite at variance with her businesslike appearance. Carmela was lying on her back with a swinging, unshaded electric light glaring full on her face. She was frowning, even in her sleep, and one little hand clutched tightly a bean she had been cutting as she had dropped down, too exhausted to continue the work.

Tomaso was two or three centuries ahead of Teresa, but he did not understand the lady's face; and Teresa, in a vague way, did. When the lady lifted the child and carried her into the shadow, smoothed her forehead and unclenched the little hand, Teresa remembered a child she had seen on Sunday playing in a white dress among flowers.

"It is God's will that there should be rich and poor in Italy," thought Teresa; "but in America men who were poor in Italy may become rich. It was so with the banker. My Tomaso is getting rich now. My Carmela shall some day wear a white dress and play among the flowers."

Teresa did not know it, but that little scene had done far more to Americanize her than anything that had happened to her since her immigration.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

ABOUT the middle of November they returned to New York. Tomaso, feeling prosperous, made no attempt at finishing pants; that was a woman's work and Teresa could do it. He rented three rooms instead of two and took in three boarders—young men, not long over from Italy—who paid ten dollars a month each for food and lodging. This also increased Teresa's work, but she did not dream of feeling aggrieved; she was only glad they could make the money. Another baby was coming; and that, too, she took as a matter of course. In Italy it was easy to bear children; Teresa supposed it was so in America.

She came back to the dirty, noisy street with something of the feeling of home, and the children returned to school with nothing of the feeling of strangeness with which they had begun in the spring. As the autumn went on, Teresa, rarely going out, sleeping in an unventilated room and working hard all day by poor light, began to lose still more of her color and prettiness. If Tomaso had been given to prophesying he would have seen she was on the way to becoming like the withered yellow women about her. In January she was in wretched health, and she began to realize that it was harder to have babies in America than in Italy. The baby was born at last—tiny Annunciata—and an Italian neighbor trussed her up in the Italian style; but two days later a visiting nurse came in and dressed her in the American way.

"Little American *bambina!*" said the boarders. "Where her citizen papers, eh?"

The new baby did something to Americanize Teresa, for the nurse gave her good advice about caring for it, herself and the other children. She made her impression by telling Teresa that, if she

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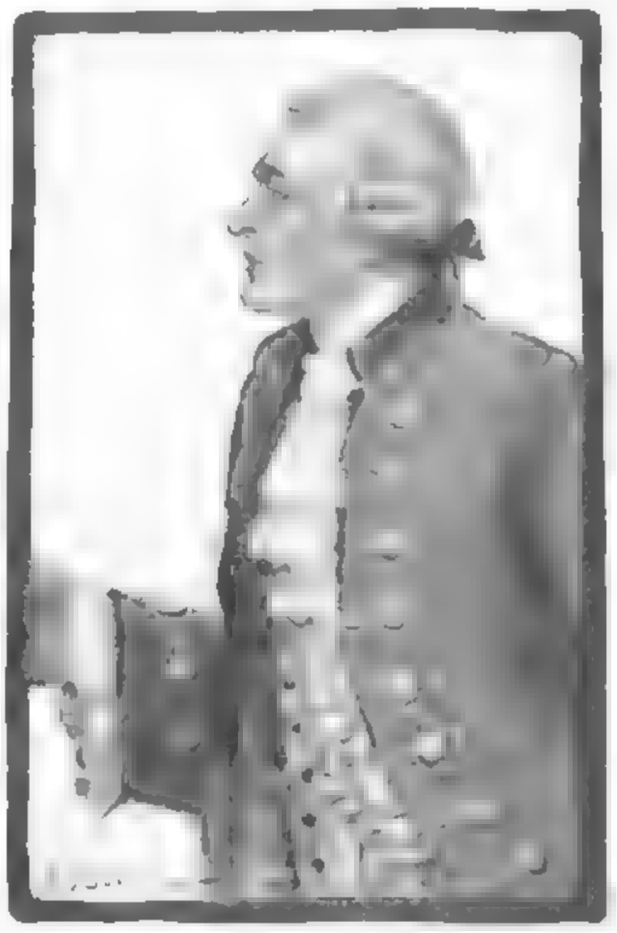
She Did Not Like the Clothes and She Planned Not to Wear Them When Tomaso Was Not In the House

THE BENCH AND THE PEOPLE



By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY HENRY J. JOULEN

IT IS the theory of a republican form of government that the people are no less a source of justice than a source of power.

This theory includes the idea that the general conception of justice shall be that of the majority of the electorate. Justice cannot be seized upon as an abstract idea. There is a certain trend of opinion obtaining among the whole people with respect to it. This changes as civilization changes, and it differs with races and the vicissitudes of national fortune.

A republic follows the idea that all law shall reflect the will of the people, and it also follows the idea that the administration of justice shall reflect that general conception of justice obtaining among the people. It is, therefore, of the first importance in a republic that all systems for the administration of justice shall be established upon this basic idea, that the conception of justice to be carried forward and administered shall be that common to the whole people—in order that all the people shall be the source of justice as they are the source of authority. This is a postulate of the first order in the theory of a democracy. It excludes the idea that any one man or any fixed number of men can be the exclusive repository of either authority or justice. The whole people must be the common source of both.

The same evils that would follow lodging sovereign power in the hands of one man or a select body of men, instead of in the body of the whole people, would also follow lodging the administration of justice in the hands of any one man or any particular class of men.

The danger would at once arise that these persons might come to be influenced by powerful interests, or that their idea or conception of justice would be favorable to the few as against the interests of the whole people. Even if they were persons always of the highest integrity, their education and environment would come unconsciously to influence their conception of justice. And if they came from a particular class the ideas and opinions of that class would be enforced in the law, rather than the ideas and opinions of the whole people.

Life Tenure of Office

IT IS, therefore, a consideration of the very first magnitude that the people shall retain the administration of justice in their own hands, and that those who administer it shall represent them and shall be in some form or manner responsible to them. If this were not true there would grow up a sort of patriciate apart from the people, which would take over the administration of justice, and which would enforce its own ideas, its own peculiar conceptions of justice, its own economic theories, and so forth, instead of those of the whole people—a condition antagonistic to a democracy and destructive to its theories.

These considerations being essential to the existence of our republican form of government, it is to be expected that the people would come to consider with very great concern any exercise of executive power on the part of the judiciary or the rise of conditions which would indicate that our system of justice was acquiring a tendency to exist as a thing apart from the authority of the whole people.

One of the prime difficulties with a system for the administration of justice that would be in accord with the theory of republican government is life tenures in office. It is a grave question. The most potent arguments can be advanced for and against it. There have always been a great number of people who resisted such a plan; but, on the whole, it was deemed advisable so far as the Federal judiciary was concerned, and such a plan has been adopted.

There seems to come a time in the progress of national life when the people, as upon a common impulse, undertake to look over the machinery of a government they have set up, and to inquire how efficient it is and how responsive it is to their necessities. These periods of inquiry used to be accompanied by violence. When the people concluded that their form of government had ceased to reflect their will there was revolution.

As civilization advanced the resort to violence has become less frequent, but the will of the people to correct or amend their method of government so as to make it conform more nearly to their ideas is none the less determined. The United States is at this time entering one of these cycles of inquiry. It is, therefore, important to give attention to the charges that are brought against certain departments of the Government. One of these indictments, directed against the Federal judiciary, ought to be considered.

It is asserted that, as matters now stand, a president of the United States is considered to be the head and directing authority of the political party to which he belongs; that it shall be his duty to build up and establish the supremacy of that political party; that all his official acts shall be in accord with this idea; and that all his appointments shall be directed toward the formation of a political machine which shall have for its object the perpetuation of the political party that has elevated him to his office. It is charged that his appointment of judges to the Federal bench is also within this idea. And it is asserted the appointments are so quickly made and so hurriedly confirmed that the people have not an opportunity to know who the judges are before they are seated for life upon the Federal bench.

This criticism has a tendency to move the people against the idea of life tenures in office, and if the plan is to be preserved a change of method seems inevitably to be indicated. It is admitted by everybody that, under the present method of impeachment, it is difficult for the people to get rid of an unfit judge. The frequent resort to such a method brings the whole system into disrepute, and it is far better that the people shall have ample opportunity to consider the fitness of the judge before his appointment. It is not likely that the able and patriotic man, whose life and official acts have been responsive to the needs of the whole people, will prove to be an unfit or unworthy justice, no matter how long he may sit on the bench; and if the people were satisfied with him before he was appointed it is likely they would continue to be, because if he were true to the welfare of the whole people before his appointment it is not likely he would assume the interests or adopt the ideas of any particular class to the detriment of the interests of the whole people after he entered upon a life tenure in office.

It is, therefore, certain that, if we are to be rid of the discontent this criticism reflects, the appointment of the Federal judge must not be made immediately upon the arising of a vacancy. The people must be given the fullest opportunity to investigate the candidate for the Federal bench. The president, before making the appointments, must give the people the names of the judges whom he has under consideration.

Not only must he give the names, but he must make public all the information he has with respect to these men. If any influences appear to support the candidate whom he contemplates he must make known to the people what these influences are. He must have no information that he is not willing freely to extend to the whole people. He must say who recommends the appointment of these men, who it is that brings them to his attention, and what information he may possess with respect to their qualifications. Fairly, frankly and fully must he put before the whole people everything he knows and every consideration that would influence him with respect to the candidates whom he has under consideration.

And why not?

As chief executive of the nation, is he not acting for the benefit of the whole people? Is he not the servant of the whole people? Does he serve any one else? Is he not appointing judges for the benefit of the whole people, and to the offices the people themselves have created, and to administer their laws?

Should Presidents Know No Party?

UPON what ground, then, can an executive be justified in not laying before the people all the information he may have with respect to those whom he has under consideration for the bench, together with his reasons for considering them? Not only must the executive do this, if the discontent of the people is to be removed, but he must do something more than this. He must give the people time in which to investigate these candidates for themselves. Why should there be any haste in appointment?

It will, of course, be suggested that, as a vacancy on the Federal bench arises only at death, resignation or removal, the seat is vacant, and that it cannot remain vacant. But such a situation can be always met. On the circuits other judges can be assigned to do the work, as is done in case of the illness of a judge, which sometimes continues for a long period. No serious result follows. It is possible to manage this difficulty and to make some temporary arrangements by which the business of the circuit goes forward. But, at the very worst, it would be better that the business of the circuit ceased for a certain time than that a judge should be appointed who afterward proved himself to be unfit, or whose ideas of justice were not those of a majority of the electorate.

Innovations in methods are always, at first, depreciated and resisted; but when all the people begin to move along certain lines it is idle and futile to resist them. It is certain that, if reasonable reforms which they require are not met in an institution as it exists, a new institution is likely to be set up. It is clear, then, that if the judiciary is to enjoy the benefits of life tenures in office this reform in the method of appointment must be made agreeable to the people.

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HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

THE courts havin' decided," continued Breede, in staccato explosions, "that the 'quipment is nes'ry part of road, without which road would be tot'ly crippled, you will note these first-mortgage 'quipment bonds take pri'rty over first-mortgage bonds, an' gov'n y'sef 'cordingly yours ver' truly."

He glanced up at Bean, contracted his brows to a black menace and emitted a final detonation:

"'S all for 's aft'noon!"

He bit savagely into his unlighted cigar and began to riffle through a new sheaf of documents. Bean deftly effaced himself, with a parting glare at the unlighted cigar. It was a feature of Breede that no reporter ever neglected to mention, but Bean thought you might as well chew tobacco and be done with it. Moreover, the cigars were not such as one would have expected to find between the lips of a man whose present wealth was estimated at a round hundred million. Bulger, in the outer office, had given up trying to smoke them. He declared them to be the very worst that could be had for any money.

Before beginning the transcription of his notes Bean had to learn the latest telephone news from the ballground. During the last half-hour he had inwardly raged more than usual at Breede for keeping him from this information. Bulger always managed to get it on time, beginning with the third inning, even when he took dictation from Breede's confidential secretary or from Tully, the chief clerk.

Bean looked inquiringly at Bulger now. Bulger nodded and presently strolled from his own desk to Bean's, where he left a slip of paper bearing the words: "Cubs 3 Giants 2 1st ½ 4th."

Bean had envied Bulger from the first for this man-of-the-world ease. In actual person not superior to Bean, he had a temperament of daring. In every detail he was an advanced dresser, specializing in flamboyant cravats. He would have been Bean's model if Bean had been less a coward. Bulger was nearly all that Bean wished to be. He condescended to his tasks with an air of elegant and detached leisure that raised them to the dignity of sports. He had quite the air of a wealthy amateur with a passion for typewriting.

He had once done Breede's personal work, but had been banished to the outer office after Bean's first try-out. Breede had found some mysterious objection to him. Perhaps it was because Bulger would always look up with pleased sagacity, as if he were helping to compose Breede's letters. It may have been simple envy in Breede for his advanced dressing. Bulger had felt no unkindness toward Bean for thus supplanting him in a desirable post. But he did confide to his successor that if he, Bulger, ever found Breede under his heel, Breede could expect no mercy. Bulger would grind him—just like that!

Bean dramatized this as he wrote his letters—Breede pleasantly disintegrating under the iron heel of Bulger; Breede, the Great Reorganizer, as he was said to be known in the Street, old "Steel and Velvet," meeting a just fate! So nearly mechanical was his typewriting that he spoiled one sheet of paper by transcribing two lines of shorthand not meant to be a part of the letter. Only by chance did a certain traffic manager of lines west of Chicago escape reading a briefly worded opinion of the clothes Breede wore that would have puzzled and might have pained him, for Breede, such had come to be his confidence in Bean, always signed his letters without reading them over. Bean gasped and wisely dismissed the drama of Bulger's revenge from his mind.

At four-thirty the day's work ended and Bean was free to forget until another day the little he had been unable to avoid learning about high railroad finance; free to lead his own secret life, which was a thing apart from all that wordy foolery.

He changed from his office coat to one alleged by its maker to give him the appearance of perfect physical development, and descended to the street level in company with Bulger. Bean would have preferred to walk down; he suffered the sensations of dying each time the elevator seemed to fall, but he could not confess this to the doggish and intrepid Bulger.

There were other weaknesses that he had to cloak. Bulger had proffered cigarettes from a silver case at their first meeting. Bean had declined.

"Doctor's orders," said he.

"Nerves?" suggested Bulger expertly.

"Heart—gets me something fierce."

"Come in here to Tommy's and take a bracer," now suggested the hospitable Bulger. But again the physician had been obdurate.

"Won't let me touch a thing—liver!" said Bean. "Got to be careful of a breakdown."

"Tough," said Bulger. "Man needs a certain amount of it down here in the street. Course a guy can't sop it up like you see some do. Other night now—gang of us out, y'understand—come too fast for your Uncle Cuthbert. Say, goin' up those stairs where I live I cert'nly must 'a' sounded like a well-known clubman gettin' home from a banquet. Head next A. M.?—ask me, ask me! Nothing of the kind! Don't I show up with a toothache and con old Tully into a day off at the dentist's to have the bridge-work tooled up? Ask me was I at the dentist! Just you ask me! Wow! Not!—little old William J. Turkish bath for mine!"

Bean was moved to raw envy. But he knew himself too well. The specialist he professed to have consulted had put a ban upon the simplest recreations. Otherwise how could he with any grace have declined those repeated invitations of Bulger to come along and meet a couple of swell dames that'd like to have a good time? Bulger, considered in relation to the sex not his own, was what he himself would have termed "a smooth little piece of work." Bean was not this. Of all his terrors, women were the greatest. He looked upon such as were attractive with what he believed to be an evil eye, but he had learned not to go too close. They talked; they disconcerted him horribly. And if they didn't talk they looked dangerous, as if they knew too much. Some day, of course, he would nerve himself to it. Indeed, he very determinedly meant to marry and to have a son who should be trained from the cradle with the sole idea of making him a great left-handed pitcher—but that was far in the future. He longed tragically to go with Bulger and meet a couple of swell dames, but he knew how it would be. Right off they would find him out and laugh at him.

Bulger consumed another highball, filled his cigarette case, and the two stood a moment on Broadway. Breede, the last to leave his office, crossed the pavement to a waiting automobile.

"There's his foxy Rebates going to the arms of his family," said Bulger, disrespectfully applying to Breede a term that had more than once made him interesting to the Interstate Commerce Commission. "See the three skirts in the back—that's the missis and the two squabs. Young one's only a Flapper, but the old one's a peacherine for looks. Go on, lamp her once!"

Bean turned his diffident gaze upon the occupants of the tonneau with a sudden wild dream that he would stare insolently. But his eyes unaccountably came to rest in the eyes of the young one—the Flapper. He only saw the eyes and he felt that the eyes were seeing him. The motor chugged slowly up Broadway, nosing for a path about a slowly driven truck; the Flapper looked back.

"Not half bad that!" said Bean, recovering and speaking in what he felt was the correct Bulger tone.

"Not for mine," said Bulger firmly. "Big sister, though, not so worse. Met up with her one time out to the country place, takin' stuff for the old man the time he got kidneys in his feet. I made a hit with her, too—on the level. But say! Nothing doing there for old John W. me! I dropped the thing like it was poison ivy. Me doin' the nuptial in a family like that and bein' under pop's thumb the rest of my life? Ask me, that's all—ask me! Wake me up any time in the night and ask me!"

Again Bean was thrilled, resolving then and there that no daughter of Breede's should ever wed him. Bulger was entirely right. It wouldn't do. Bulger looked at his watch.

"Well, s'long—got a date down in the next block. She's out at five. Say, I want you to get a flash at her some day. Broadway car yesterday, me goin' uptown with Max, see? she lookin' at her gloves. 'Pipe the queen in black,' I says to Max—jes' so she could hear, y'understand. Say, did she gimme the eye? Not at all! Not at all! Old William H. Smoothy, I guess yes. Pretty soon a gink setting beside her beats it, and quick change for me. Had her all dated up by Fourteenth Street. Dinner and a show, if things look well. Some class to her, all right, hey? One o' the manicures in that shop down there. Well, s'long!"

Looking over his shoulder with sickish envy after the invincible Bulger, Bean left the curb for a passing car and came to a jolting stop against the biggest policeman he had ever seen. He mumbled a horrified apology, but his victim did not even turn to look down upon him. He fled into the car and found a seat, still trembling from that collision. From across the aisle a pretty girl surveyed him with veiled insolence. He furtively felt of his neutral-tinted cravat and took his hat off to see if there could be a dent in it.

The girl, having plumbed his insignificance, now unconcernedly read the signs above his head. There was bitterness in the stare he bestowed upon her trim lines. Some day Bulger would chance to be on that car with her, then she'd be taken down a bit!

Presently he was embarrassed by a stout, aggressive man who clutched a strap with one hand and some evening papers with the other—a man who clearly considered it outrageous that he should be compelled to stand in a street car. He glared at Bean with a cold, questioning indignation, shifting from one foot to the other and seeming to be on the point of having words about it. This was not long to be endured. Bean glanced out in feigned dismay, as if at a desired cross street he had carelessly passed, sprang toward the door of the car and caromed heavily against a tired workingman, who still, however, was

"I—uh—What's the Price of That Dog in the Window?"

not too tired to put his sense of injury into quick, pithy words of the street. The pretty girl tittered horribly and the stout man, already in Bean's seat, rattled his papers impatiently, implying that people in that state ought to be kept off in the first place.

Bean had meant to leave the car and try another, but there at the step was another too large policeman helping an uncertain old lady to the ground, so he slinkingly insinuated himself into the far corner of the platform, where for forty city blocks a whistling messenger boy gored his right side with the corners of an unyielding box, while a dreamy-eyed man, who, as Bulger would have said, had apparently been sopping it up like you see some do, leaned a friendly elbow on his shoulder, dented his new hat, and from time to time stepped elaborately on his natty shoes with the blue cloth uppers. Also, the conductor demanded and received a second fare from him. What was the use of saying you had paid inside? The conductor was a desperate-looking man who would probably say he knew that game and stop the car.

Something of the sort always happened to him in street cars. It was bad enough when you walked—with people jostling you and looking as if they wondered what right you had to be there anyway.

At last came the street down which he made a daily pilgrimage, and he popped from the crowd on the platform like a seed squeezed from an orange.

Reaching the curb alive—the crossing policeman having graciously halted a huge motor truck driven by a speed enthusiast—he corrected the latest dent in his hat, straightened his cravat, readjusted the shoulder-lines of the coat appertaining to America's greatest eighteen-dollar suit—"$18: No More: No Less!"—and with a fear-quickened hand discovered that his watch was gone, his gold hunting-case watch and horseshoe fob set with brilliants, which Aunt Clara had given him on his twenty-first birthday for not smoking!

A moment he stood, raging, fearing. His money was safe, but they might decide to come back for that. Or the policeman might come up and make an ugly row because he had let himself be robbed in a public conveyance. He would have to prove that the watch was his, probably have to tell why Aunt Clara had given it to him.

With a philosophy peculiarly his own, a spirit of wise submission that was more than once to serve him well, he pulled his hat sharply down, braced and squared such appearance of perfect physical development as the eighteen dollars had achieved, and walked grimly away. He had always known the watch would go. Now it was gone, no more worry. Good enough! As he walked he rehearsed an explanation to Bulger—cleverly worded intimations that the watch had been pawned to meet a certain quick demand on his resources not morally to his credit. He made the implication as sinister as he could.

And then he stood once more before the shrine of beauty. In the show-window of a bird and animal store on Sixth Avenue was a four-months-old puppy, a Boston bull that was of a certainty the most perfect thing ever born of a mother dog. Already the head was enormous, in contrast yet somehow in a maddening harmony with the clean-lined, slender body. The color scheme was golden brown on a background of pure white. On the body this golden brown was distributed with that apparent carelessness which is art. Overlying the sides and back were three patches of it about the size and somewhat the shape of maps of Africa as such are commonly to be observed. In the coloring of the noble brow and absurdly wide jaws a more tender care was evident. There was the same golden brown, beginning well back of the ears and flowing lustrously to the edge of the overhanging upper lip, where it darkened. Midway between the ears—erectly alert those ears were—a narrow strip of white descended a little way to open to a circle of white, in the midst of which was the black muzzle. At the point of each nostril was the tiniest speck of pink, beauty's last triumphant touch.

As he came to rest before the window the creature leaped forward with joyous madness, reared two clumsy white feet against the glass—those feet that seemed to have been meant for a larger dog—barked ably—Bean could hear it even above the din of an elevated train—and then fell to a frantic licking of the glass where Bean had provocatively spread a hand. Perceiving this intimacy to be thwarted by some mysterious barrier, felt but not seen, he backed away, fell forward upon his chest, the too big paws outspread, and smiled from a vast pink cavern. Between the stiffened ears could be seen the crooked tail, tinged with just enough of the brown, in unbelievably swift motion. Discovering this pose to bring no desired result, he ran mad in the sawdust, excavating it feverishly with his forepaws, sending it expertly to the rear with his others.

The fever passed; he surveyed his admirer for a moment, then began to revolve slowly upon all four feet until he had made in the sawdust a bed that suited him. Into this he sank and was instantly asleep, his slenderness coiled, the heavy head at rest on a paw, one ear drooping wearily.

For two weeks this daily visit had been almost the best of Bean's secrets. For two weeks he had known that his passion was hopeless, yet had he yearned out his heart there before the endearing thing. In the shock of his first discovery, spurred to unwonted daring, he had actually penetrated the store, meaning to hear the impossible price. But an angry-looking old man—so Bean thought—had come noisily from a back room and glowered at him threateningly over big spectacles. So he had hastily priced a convenient jar of goldfish for which he felt no affection whatever, mumbled something about the party's calling himself next day, and escaped to the street. Anyway, it would have been no good asking the price; it was bound to be a high price; and he couldn't keep a dog; and if he did a policeman would shoot it for being mad.

"The Last Time You Was Napoleon Bonopart"

But sometime —— Yet would it be this same animal? In all the world there could not be another so acceptable. He shivered with apprehension each day as he neared the place lest some connoisseur had forestalled him. He quickened to a jealous distrust of passers-by who halted beside him to look in at the window, and felt a great relief when these passed on.

Once he had feared the worst. A man beside him, holding a candy-eating child by the hand, had said: "Now, now, sir!" and "Well, well, was he a nice old doggie!" Then they had gone into the store very businesslike, and Bean had felt that he might be taking his last look at a loved one. Lawless designs throbbed in his brain, a wild plan to shadow the man to his home, to have that dog no matter how! But when they came out the child carried nothing more than a wicker cage containing two pink-eyed white rabbits that were wrinkling their noses furiously.

With a last cherishing look at most of the beauty in all the world—it still slept despite the tearing clatter of a parrot with catarrhal utterance that shrieked over and over, "Oh, what a fool!"—he turned away. What need to say that, with half the opportunity, his early infamy of the shell would have been repeated. He wondered darkly if the old man left that dog in the window nights!

He reached for his watch before he remembered its loss. Then he reminded himself bitterly that street clocks were abundant and might be looked at by simpletons who couldn't keep watches. He bought an evening paper that shrieked with hydrocephalic headlines, and turned into a dingy little restaurant advertising a "Regular Dinner de Luxe with Dessert, 35 cents."

There was gloom rather than gusto in his approach to the table. He expected little; everything had gone wrong; and he was not surprised to note that the cloth on the table must also have served that day for a "Business Men's Lunch, 35 cents," as advertised on a wall placard. Several business men seemed to have eaten there—careless men, their minds perhaps on business while they ate. A moody waiter took his order, feebly affecting to efface all stains from the tablecloth by one magic sweep of an already abused napkin.

Bean read his paper. One shriek among the headlines was for a railroad accident in which twenty-eight lives had been lost. He began to go down the list of names hopefully, but there was not one that he knew. Although he wished no evil to any person, he was yet never able to suppress a strange, perverse thrill of disappointment at this result—that there should be the name of no one he knew in all those lists of the accidentally killed. His food came and he ate, still striving—the game of childhood had become unconscious habit with him now to make his meat and potatoes "come out even." The Dinner de Luxe was too palpably a soggy residue of that Business Men's Lunch. It fittingly crowned the afternoon's catastrophes. He turned from it to his paper, and Destiny tied another knot in his bonds. There it was in bold print:

COUNTESS CASANOVA

Clairvoyante, Clairaudiente, Psychometric

Fresh From Unparalleled European Triumphs

Answers the Unasked Question

There was more of it. The countess had been "prevailed upon by eminent scientists to give a brief series of tests in this city." Evening tests might be had from eight to ten P. M. Ring third bell.

The old query came back, the old need to know what he had been before putting on this present very casual body. Was his present state a reward or a penance? Once he had bluntly put the question to a seer in Chicago, who had easily discovered that his sitter was a reincarnation of both George Washington and John the Baptist. This had been disappointing; neither name excited him. The seer had professed an ability to trace his other upheavals from the Karmic abyss, but had named an exorbitant sum as necessary to secure the complete repose needed for the difficult feat. Later he had relented and agreed to perform the entire service for ten dollars, but Bean had become timid in the matter. There was no telling what you might find. Better let it rest a while. Then, too, he had come to years when for the most part it seemed really exciting enough to live his present Bunker Bean life, regardless of that very uncertain past.

But now it came surging strongly upon him—the desire to know. From the time of leaving the office to the last item in that sketchy dinner he had been put upon by persons and circumstances. It was time to know what life meant by him.

And here was one who answered the unasked question!

Precisely at eight he rang the third bell, climbed two flights of narrow stairs and faced a door that opened noiselessly and without visible agency. He entered a small, dimly lighted room and stood there uncertainly. After a moment two heavy curtains parted at the rear of the room and the Countess Casanova stood before him. It could have been no other; her lustrous, heavy-lidded dark eyes swept him soothingly. Her hair was a marvelously piled storm-cloud above a full, well-rounded face. Her complexion was wonderful. One very plump, very white hand rested at the neck of the flowing scarlet robe she wore. A moment she posed thus, beyond doubt a being capable of expounding all wingy mysteries of any soul whatsoever.

Then she became alert and voluble. She took his hat and placed it in the hall, seated him before the table at the room's center and sat confronting him from the other side. She filled her chair. It could be seen that she was no slave to tight lacing.

Although foreign in appearance, the countess spoke with a singularly pure and homelike American accent. It was the speech he had been accustomed to hear in Chicago. It reassured him.

The countess searched his face with those wonderful eyes.

"You are intensely psychic," she announced.

Bean was aware of this. Every medium he had ever consulted had told him so.

The countess gazed dreamily above his head.

"Your spiritual aura is clouded by troubled cur'nts, as it were. I see you meetin' a great loss. But you mus' take heart, for a very powerful band on the other side is guardin' you night an' day. . . . They tell me your initials is 'B. B.' . . . you are employed somewheres in the daytime. . . . I see a big place with lots of other people employed there . . ."

The countess paused. Bean waited in silence.

"Here"—she came out of the clouds that menaced her sitter—"take this pad an' write a question on it. Don't lemme see it, mind! When you got it all wrote out, fold it up tight an' hold it against your forehead. Never leggo of it, not once!"

Bean wrote secretly, well below the table's edge: "Who was I in my last incarnation?"

He tore the small sheet from the pad, folded it tightly and, with elbows on the table, pressed it to his brow. If the countess answered that question then indeed was she a seer!

She took up the pad from which he had torn the sheet.

"Concentrate," she admonished him. "Let the whole cur'nt of your magnetism flow into that question. Excuse me! I left the slate in the nex' room. My control will answer you on the slate."

She withdrew between the curtains, but reappeared very soon. Bean was concentrating.

"That'll do," said the countess. "Here"— she presented him with a double slate and a moist sponge —"wipe it clean."

He washed the surfaces of the slate and the seer placed it upon the table between them, inclosing within its two slates a tiny fragment of slate-pencil. She placed her hands upon the slate and bade her sitter do likewise.

"You often hear skeptics say they is some times trickery in this," said the countess, "but say, hist'ry now, how could it be? I leave it to you, friend. I ain't seen your question; you held it a minute and then put it in your pocket. An' you seen the slate was clean. Now concentrate—go into the silence!"

Bean went into the silence without suspicion, believing the countess would fail. She couldn't know his question and no human power could write on the inside of that slate without detection. He waited with sympathy for the woman who had overestimated her gifts.

Then he was startled by the faintest sound of scratching, as of a pencil on a slate. It seemed to issue from beneath their hands at rest there in plain sight. The medium closed her eyes. Bean waited, his breath quickening. Little nervous crinklings began at the roots of his hair and descended his spine—that scratching, faint yet vigorous, did it come from beyond the veil?

The scratching ceased. The ensuing silence was portentous.

"Open it and look!" commanded the countess. And Bean forthwith opened it and looked a little way into his dead and dread past. Apparently upon the very surface he had washed clean were words that seemed to have been hurriedly inscribed:

"*The last time you was Napolen Bonopart.*"

He stared wonderingly at those marks made by no mortal hand. He thrilled with a vast elation; and yet instantly a suspicion formed that here was something to his discredit—something one wouldn't care to have known. He had read as little history as possible, yet there floated in his mind certain random phrases: "a Corsican upstart," "an assassin," "no gentleman!"

"I—I suppose—you're sure there can't be any doubt about this?"

He looked pleadingly at the countess. But the countess was a mere psychic instrument, it seemed, and had to be told first of the message—he produced it with a suspicion that she might doubt his honesty—and then of the astounding answer. Thus enlightened, she protested that there could be no doubt about the truth of the answer; she was ready to stake her professional reputation on its truth. She regarded Bean with an awe which she made no attempt to conceal.

"You had your day," she said significantly; "pomps and powers and principalities—and attentions!"

He Was Ashamed of His Past, Yet Read it With a Guilty Relish

Bean was excitedly piecing together what fragments of data his reading had left him.

"Emperor of France ——"

But some one else had rung the third bell; perhaps one of those scientists coming to be dumfounded.

"He was," the countess replied hurriedly, "the husban' of Mary Antonett, an' they both got arrested and gilletined in the great French Revolution."

He was pretty certain that this was incorrect, but the countess, after all, was a mere instrument of higher intelligences, and she now made no pretense of speaking otherwise than humanly.

"An' my controls say they'll leave me in a body if I take a cent less'n three dollars."

One of the controls seemed to be looking this very threat from the medium's sharpened eyes.

Bean paid hastily, thus averting what would have been a calamity to science and to all earnest students of the occult. The advertisement, it is true, had specifically mentioned one dollar as the accustomed honorarium, but this was no time to haggle.

Napoleon!

"Don't furgit the number," urged the countess; "an' if you got any friends I'd appreciate ——"

"Certainly! Sure thing!" said the palpitating one, and blindly felt his way into the dark night.

The same stars shone above the city street; the same heedless throng disregarded them—disregarded, too, the slight figure that paused a moment to survey the sky and the world beneath it through a new pair of eyes.

Napoleon!!

IV

HE WALKED buoyantly home. He had a room at the top of a house in an uptown cross street. Having locked his door and lighted a gas-jet he stood a long time before his mirror. It was a friendly young face he saw there, but troubled. The hair was pale, the eyes were pale, the nose small. The mouth was rather fine, cleanly cut and a little feminine. The chin was not a fighter's chin, yet neither chin nor mouth revealed any weakness. He scanned the features eagerly, striving to relate them with vaguely remembered portraits of Napoleon. He was about the same height, he seemed to recall, but an eagle boldness was lacking. Did he possess it latently? Could he develop it? He must have books about himself. He had early become impatient of written history, because when it says sixteen hundred and something it means the seventeenth century. If historians had but agreed to call sixteen hundred and something the sixteenth century he would have read more of them. It was annoying to have to stop to figure. Before retiring he went through certain exercises with an unusual vehemence. He was taking a course in jiu-jitsu from a correspondence school. Aforetime he had dreamed of a street encounter with some blustering bully twice his size, from which, thanks to his skill, he would emerge unruffled, perhaps flecking a bit of dust from one slight but muscular shoulder, while his late assailant lay screaming with pain.

His last waking moments were tense with inspiration. He would enter that store boldly tomorrow, give its proprietor glare for glare, and demand to be told the price of the creature in the window. Napoleon would have made nothing of it.

. . . . . .

The old man came noisily from his back room and again glowered above his spectacles. But this time he faced no weakling who made a subterfuge of undesired goldfish.

Bean gulped once, it is true, before words would come.

"I—uh—what's the price of that dog in the window?"

The old man removed his spectacles, ran a hand through upstanding white hair and regarded his questioner suspiciously.

"You vant him, hey? Vell, I tell. Fifdy dollars, you bed your life!"

The blood leaped in his veins. He had expected to hear a hundred at least. Still fifty was a difficult enough sum. He hesitated.

"Er—what's his name?"

"Naboleon."

"What?" He could not believe this thing.

"Naboleon. It come in his bedigree when I giddim. You bed your life I gif him nod such names—robber, killer, Frenchman!"

Bean felt assaulted.

"He was a fighter."

"Yah, a fider, a killer unt a sdealer. You know what?" His face lightened a little with garrulity. "My grandmutter she seen him, yah, sure she seen him, seddin' on his horse when he gone ridin' into Utrecht in eighdeen hunderd fife, with soljus. Sure she seen him; she loogs outer a winda' so she could touch him if she been glose to him, unt a soljus rides oop unt says, 'Ve gamp right here, not?' unt Naboleon he shneer awful unt say: 'Gamp here vere dey go inter dem cellus from der ganal side unt get unter us unt blow us high mit bowder, you sheepshead? No; ve gamp back in der Malibaan vere is old linden drees hunderd years old, eighd rows vun mile long; dere is vere ve gamp, you gread fool!' Sure my grandmutter seen him. He pull his nose mit t'um unt finger, so! Muddy boods, vun glofe off, seddin' oop sdraighd on a horse. Sure she seen him. Robber unt big killer—sdealer! She vas olt lady, but she remember it lige it was tomorrow."

"Me Doin' the Nuptial in a Family Like That and Bein' Under Pop's Thumb the Rest of My Life? Ask Me, That's All Ask Me!"

Excitement engendered by this reminiscence had wellnigh made Bean forget the dog. His mind reverted to him, but it was now not an entirely sane mind.

"I'll take him, but I haven't the money now. You keep him for me till I get it."

"Yah, you know vot? A olt man, lige me, say that same ofer lasd mont' ago, unt I nefer see him until yet!"

It was a time for extreme measures. Bean pressed seven dollars upon the dog's owner.

"And ten dollars every week, maybe more!"

The old man stowed the bills in a pocket under his apron and scratched the head of the parrot that was incisively remarking, "Oh! What a fool!" and giggling fatuously at its own jest.

"I guess you giddim. I guess mebbe you lige him, hey? He ias a awful glutton to eat!"

Napoleon!

And in the street car the first headline he saw in his morning paper was: "Young Napoleon of Finance Flutters Wall Street!"

The thing was getting uncanny!

. . . . . .

A Napoleon of Finance!

Something Napoleonic, at least for Bunker Bean, had to be done in finance immediately. He had reached the office penniless. He first tried Bulger, who owed him ten dollars. But this was a Waterloo.

"Too bad, old top!" sympathized Bulger. "If you'd only suggested it yesterday. But you know how it is when a man's out; he's got to make a flash, got to keep up his end."

He considered the others in the office. Most of them, he decided, would, like Bulger, have been keeping their ends up. Of course there was Breede. But Napoleon at his best would never have tried to borrow money of Breede, not even on the day of his coronation. Tully, the chief clerk, was equally impossible. Tully's thick glasses magnified his eyes so that they were terrible to look at. Tully would reach out a nerveless hand and draw forth the quivering heart of his secret. Tully would know right off that a man could have no respectable reason for borrowing five dollars on Thursday.

There remained old Metzerger, who worked silently all day over a set of giant ledgers, interminably beautifying their pages with his meticulous numerals. True, Bean had once heard Bulger fall interestingly to borrow five dollars of Metzerger until Saturday noon, but a flash of true Napoleonic genius now enabled him to see precisely why Bulger had not succeeded. Metzerger lived for figures alone. He carried thousands of them in his head and apparently little else. He could tell to the fraction of a cent what Union Pacific had opened at on any day you chose to name. He had a passion for odd sums. A flat

(Continued on Page 60)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 19, 1912

Beveridge in Indiana

THE political system in Great Britain is national as distinguished from our local one. Thus, any man whose services are notably important to the nation is quite sure to be retained in public life, irrespective of how elections may go in his own neighborhood. No doubt, in the last two hundred years, as many illustrious members of the House of Commons have been sent there by constituencies far from their places of residence as by their own districts. Under such a national system Albert J. Beveridge, of course, would never have been retired from the Senate by the mere passing chance of a close election in Indiana, for at that time there were hardly half a dozen members of the Upper House whose services to the nation were as valuable as his.

If the nation could have voted, how many Heyburns, Warrens, Tillmans, Lorimers would it not gladly have swapped for the Indianian?

Since then he has done good service—notably in delivering, at Chicago, the best political speech of recent times. We believe that speech, brilliantly summing up a broad condition and a high aspiration, will become classical. The ability it displays is not of the sort that thoughtful persons of any party would willingly see lost to our political life.

Beveridge is again before the people of Indiana as a candidate. We hope they will perform a service to the nation, as well as to themselves, by electing him.

Postal Savings Banks

THE Postal Savings Act, you may recall, was passed two years ago last June, and the first postal depositories were opened the following January. There are now thirteen thousand depositories, and they have twenty-three million dollars to the credit of two hundred and seventy thousand depositors—an average of eighty-five dollars each. The institution has justified itself; and those denunciations, begotten of selfish fear, which some timorous bankers hurled at it when the bill was pending in Congress are seen to be quite unfounded.

There is nothing "socialistic" or "un-American" or "undemocratic" about it. It is safe to say that no sound bank has been harmed to the extent of a penny, and the banks as a whole have been benefited by bringing into commercial channels money that would otherwise have gone into a stocking.

In its excessive care lest the postal depositories might at some point take a dollar's worth of business from a privately owned bank, Congress put restrictions into the act that have made the postal savings banks only half as useful as they might well be, without in the least injuring privately owned concerns. Thus no one is permitted to deposit more than a hundred dollars in any month and not more than five hundred dollars altogether will be received from any depositor. Both these limits should be raised by at least a hundred per cent. The postal savings banks, paying only two and a half per cent interest, cannot compete with other savings banks anyway. They will get deposits only where no other savings institutions are available, or from persons who would not deposit in the other banks. The great bulk of their deposits will always consist of money that would otherwise be hoarded, and in getting that money they will benefit the other banks. Congress should raise the limits.

The Newer Business Outlook

BEFORE us lies a bulky report of the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association at Detroit. It begins appropriately enough with eight columns on Banking and Currency Reform. Then come seven columns on Education and Agricultural Development, by the president of the Georgia State College of Agriculture; ten columns on Land and Agricultural Credit, by Charles A. Conant, inquiring how far the Crédit Foncier, and the coöperative agricultural credit associations of Germany, may furnish models for this country; six columns on Bankers in Their Relation to the People, by Senator Townsend; seven columns on What the Government is Doing for Agriculture, by an agent of the department at Washington.

This shows the newer business outlook, recognizing that agricultural efficiency, good roads, good schools, good wages, good housing, an open mind and a good will make for good banking, or for good railroading, good manufacturing, publishing, retailing, draying.

At the Peoria convention of the Illinois Bankers' Association, a little later, Chairman Harris outlined leading achievements and ideals of the association under such subheads as Good Citizenship, Agriculture, Public Schools, National Efficiency, Good Roads, A Blue-Sky Law, Loan Sharks. He began with the words: "No man liveth unto himself alone." Under Mr. Harris' presidency and chairmanship this bankers' association has done fine work, taking a lead in striving for improved farming, educational reform, good roads and like objects.

This, we repeat, is the newer business outlook; but the older, stupider, narrowly selfish one still obtains too. Thus Mr. Harris urged the association to put its own house in order by pressing for supervision and inspection of private banks. But the association stultified itself by rejecting the advice, thus lending its prestige to a condition under which any tramp may style himself a bank and bid for the public's money.

Political New York

FROM metropolitan dailies one gathers an extraordinary impression of politics in the Empire State. There are two old parties, it seems, both wise, virtuous and patriotic, to either of which, under slightly happier circumstances, voters might intrust the conduct of public affairs with the utmost confidence; but unfortunately, in some totally inexplicable manner, a gentleman named Murphy has seized the control of one party and a gentleman named Barnes possession of the other. Neither gentleman in the least really represents either party nor has the least legitimate excuse for interfering in its affairs. The real members of both parties abhor these alien barnacles who have attached themselves to the organizations.

This much is perfectly clear from reading what the newspapers have to say about their own party; but when we read what they have to say about the other party we find there is not the slightest reason to hope that either Murphy or Barnes can be dislodged from control of parties that are all aquiver with eagerness to repudiate them. That is the singular thing. Both parties detest the thought of being bossed by Murphy and Barnes, yet are, and will continue to be, bossed by them. We can understand how one man may do as another tells him against his own wishes, for one man can thrash another; but not how hundreds of thousands submit to a boss whom they detest.

It strikes us as a far more reasonable hypothesis that no one ever bossed any party except in the exact degree to which he actually represented the party; and that no party ever was or ever will be bossed except exactly as it was or is willing to be. For unwelcome boss-ship there is always an easy remedy.

Wisconsin's Income Tax

JUDGE KAREL won the Democratic nomination for Governor of Wisconsin largely by opposing the state income tax. It is not impossible that he will win the election upon the same issue, but that signifies nothing with respect to an intelligent national income-tax law.

The Wisconsin law, enacted in 1911, requires every one with an income exceeding five hundred dollars a year to make a return. Single persons are taxed on incomes above eight hundred a year, and married persons on anything above twelve hundred. Thus the law embraces nearly the whole breadwinning population.

That is not the trouble with it, however. The real trouble, proved by more than two generations of experience here and in England, is that a state cannot adequately enforce an income tax, because adequate enforcement means taxing the income at its source—and that no state can do. Of late years, it is true, Prussia has very satisfactorily collected an income tax without taxing at the source; but the rigorous inquisitorial methods of Prussian tax commissioners would not be tolerated in this country. Here is one among many instances quoted by Professor Seligman: A tradesman was asked whether he used a telephone for private purposes, apart from his business. He answered in the negative. But when it was found he had ordered a box at the theater by telephone he was punished by an additional assessment.

In this country we must either tax the income at its source or virtually take the taxpayer's statement—which means that persons averse to lying will pay the taxes of their neighbors who are not burdened with like scruples. A state cannot tax the income at its source, because, in a great number of cases, the source lies outside the state.

Signs of the Times

ALMOST any one would say offhand that political insurgency is the sign of these times. But who knows? To the eye of the next century something entirely different, which is now stirring among us almost unperceived, may bulk so much vaster that insurgency in politics will no more be thought of as distinguishing the year 1912 than we think of the fall of Granada as marking the year 1492. "It is a very difficult matter to distinguish the true signs of the times," writes Anatole France. "It has often happened to me to note incidents passing before my eye in which I fondly thought to discern the spirit of the period. 'This,' I would tell myself, 'was bound to happen today; it is a sign of the times.' Well, nine times out of ten I have come across the very same event with analogous circumstances in old memoirs or some historical book."

As for these resounding cries that something or other threatens the palladium of our liberties; that we stand at the brink of Niagara; that dire, irreparable injury is sure to befall if So-and-So is not elected or if So-and-So is—why, they have been uttered in exactly the same terms, with the same accent, for two thousand years at least.

Where Radicalism Pauses

THE new Ohio constitution is as significant for what it omits as for what it includes. "Probably the most thoroughly democratic framework of government in America if not in the world," Frederic C. Howe calls it in The Survey. It includes a limited initiative and referendum, of course; empowers the state to regulate hours of labor, establish a minimum wage and an industrial insurance fund; prescribes eight hours as a day's work on all public undertakings; abolishes contract labor in prisons. One very advanced and very admirable clause forbids the Supreme Court to hold a statute unconstitutional if two or more of the judges dissent.

Single-taxers in Ohio, however, had been agitating for initiative and referendum. It was feared they might initiate by popular petition and pass an act embodying single-tax principles. So the new constitution provides that initiative shall not be used to classify property for the purpose of taxation or for laying any single tax on land values.

This new constitution is, indeed, a radical and democratic document. It permits the people of Ohio to govern themselves, within certain limitations, pretty much as they may see fit—thus marking a great advance over most state constitutions; but it carefully specifies that they cannot govern themselves to the extent of taking back, for the uses of the community that created it, the unearned increment in land values, or of appropriating for the public benefit further unearned increments.

October Dividends

IN DIVIDENDS and interest one hundred and seventy-five million dollars will be disbursed to stockholders and bondholders this month by those transportation and manufacturing corporations that are of sufficient size to get counted. The true total, of course, is larger. A great part of this money goes to persons who are by no means plutocrats, and represents only a moderate return upon capital actually invested by them.

We don't see that anything worth mentioning of a remedial nature can be done with the capitalistic system after it has reached the investment stage. Not even the Socialists can build a railroad or a factory without a large initial investment—because much labor and material must go into the concern before it begins to earn anything—which investment must somehow be paid off and compensated. When a capitalist gets five per cent on money he has invested in the iron industry by way of a Steel Corporation bond, or even seven per cent by way of preferred stock, we do not believe anybody is harmed; but there was very tangible harm when Wall Street took less than five hundred million dollars' worth of steel property, gave it a nominal investment value of a billion, and pocketed the difference. About that really harmful operation, of course, the Government had not a word to say until long after the transaction was completed and the affair had been firmly planted in the investment stage.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Political Oyster

CUSTOMARILY the writing folks who have to do with Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, refer to him as laconic. Though it is true, if one should meet Mr. Murphy face to face and tell him this Mr. Murphy would probably be in grave doubt as to whether he had something for which he should take some quinine, or was contracting a further inch or so of jowl. It is also quite true Mr. Murphy isn't laconic at all.

Mr. Murphy is silent, not laconic—thereby implying a reasonable measure of sagacity on Mr. Murphy's part; for, as a general thing, Mr. Murphy has nothing to say. Nor does that exactly cover it; for Mr. Murphy has plenty to say. The point is, he doesn't say it. Broadly considered, I suppose Mr. Murphy has as much to say and could say as much about various topics of general interest as any man that can be called to mind; but his saying facilities are much congested and his power of repression is simply marvelous.

Many a man has pushed himself out of a good job by talking, but Mr. Murphy worked it the other way round. He pushed himself into a good job by not talking. I assume all will admit the leadership of Tammany Hall is a good job as jobs go. At least it is currently reported there is money in it, and most jobs are more or less held for the emoluments thereof. To be sure there isn't so much in the way of a regular salary connected with Tammany's leadership. However there is a modicum of money attached, or that can be attached thereto, which in a measure will compensate almost any person for giving his whole time to the work.

It is fair to say, so far as compensation goes, Mr. Murphy has never protested. He has been content to conduct the affairs of this well-known double-barreled organization which, on the one philanthropic hand, is a charitable and social society and, on the political other hand, has some small concern with the government of the city of New York.

The Riddle of the World

MR. MURPHY is merely the leader of the General Committee of the Tammany Democracy—or Tammany Hall—an establishment quite distinct from the Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, which has a Grand Sachem and holds a Fourth of July celebration every year, at which aspiring Democratic orators tell Great Britain where she gets off; but from time to time the two have been observed to have interests in common. The Society of Tammany lets it go with the Fourth of July, but Mr. Murphy's Tammany Hall works full time every day in the year and frequently spreads over into the nights.

Any Tammany man will set you right on the distinction between Tammany Hall and the Society of Tammany if you are interested. They make quite a point of it, and Tom Smith waxes eloquent in setting forth the well-defined line of demarcation. It's absurdly simple—almost elemental. Mr. Murphy is leader of Tammany Hall, and Daniel F. Cohalan is Grand Sachem of the Society of Tammany; and the only relation Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cohalan have is that Mr. Cohalan is the mentor, guide, philosopher—if he needs one—and general conservator of Mr. Murphy. And it's an intelligent arrangement too. While the Society of Tammany, or the Columbian Order, is pursuing its social and charitable work, Tammany Hall can be doing anything else it likes—and does; charity, as is well known, beginning at home in such instances.

It has been the custom of the editors of the New York World for many years to throw open the windows of the gold dome and ask mournfully: "Must a boss be an ass?" No public reply being forthcoming, the said editors have always answered the query themselves, in double-leads on the editorial page, to the general effect that, in the case of the boss in mind—Mr. Murphy—he must. Of course, following his usual constricted conversational custom, Mr. Murphy has never vouchsafed his personal reply to this query, though it is probable he has some ideas on the subject. And, as it seems to be a matter between Mr. Murphy and the World, it is not necessary to go into the subject extensively here. So, dropping the hasty remark that the people of the city of New York seem to favor that kind of a boss, and Mr. Murphy has realized heavily on this quality—if it is his—I pass on.

History does not record what wise old Democrat of the East Side it was who told young Murphy years ago to say nothing and saw wood; but history does record the absolute adherence to the advice by Mr. Murphy. He has said less and sawed more wood than almost any person of our time. The chronicles of our civilization are speckled with the names of persons who have attained place and power by reason of their exuberant flow of language, but there are not many who climbed up the say-nothing path. It is a political axiom that if you look wise and keep still you may go far, but Mr. Murphy got past simply by keeping still. He didn't look wise because he couldn't—not that he didn't try; and he kept still because he could. Hence his progression has been as steady as it has been silent, and men who can talk rings round him are constantly trying to get in to see him for favors.

He Was Seven Times as Silent as Croker

It is a great game. If you say nothing nobody can take you to task for what you have said. If you do anything and say nothing nine times out of ten the lack of speech in explanation will cause the public to forget in a few days what you have done. Murphy has worked it for years. Anything necessary to be done was done; and, so far as that goes, almost everything has been necessary.

Public noise predicates early public forgetfulness. Take what is needed and remain silent. Explain nothing. Excuse nothing. Keep quiet. In ten days, in a city like New York, something else has happened. Working along these lines Mr. Murphy has come to be a most important factor, not only in the politics and government of the city of New York but in the Democratic politics of the state of New York. Quite recently he essayed a little something in national politics, but silence did not obtain in that instance; in fact one of our best little talkers, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, though he did not incite Mr. Murphy to audible protest, did incite the Democratic National Convention to various anti-Murphy demonstrations that were especially effective. This exception merely proved the rule; and it proved it two ways, for Mr. Bryan was not at all reserved, and it is reported that Mr. Murphy had a few things to say about Mr. Bryan—and has yet—that indicate a well-stocked vocabulary of a certain kind.

Early Lessons in Silence

IT MUST not be thought Mr. Murphy cannot talk. He can and does on occasions, but never for public or explanatory purposes. Nor has there ever been a person in the last twenty years who has had so many opportunities presented to him for talking and explanation. As time has worn on Mr. Murphy has been deluged with questions and could have spent days and days in talking had he so desired. It is reported he can be reasonably fluent when in the inner circle, but not outside—never outside. No matter what the temptation may be, he holds his conversation in check. If he has any ideas he conceals them successfully. His affairs are his affairs, to be conducted for the ultimate benefit of Tammany Hall and such incidental increment as may fall his way or be shoved that way; and any person who wants to know about what is happening is politely requested to take it out in the wanting.

He was born on the East Side of New York and grew up over there. His first recorded line of endeavor was as driver of a street car. The street-car horses were trained to stop when the bell jangled and Mr. Murphy was not required even to say "Whoa!" Presently he opened a corner saloon. He listened to everybody and talked to nobody. And along the line of natural political progression in New York, the saloon led him into politics. He began in a small way—as a precinct captain, or in some such capacity. He obeyed orders and kept quiet. They advanced him through various jobs until he became a district leader. He did what he was told, asked no questions and volunteered no explanations. Croker took him up. He was seven times as silent as Croker and always serviceable.

A place in the Dock Department showed him how to make money. He made it and said nothing. Croker abdicated. Then came the various temporary leaderships; the triumvirate; and finally Murphy, still speechless but always taking orders and obeying them, emerged as leader of Tammany Hall. He was rich by this time, and he had not worked or talked. Nor has he worked or talked since. And he is much richer now than he was then. A quiet person in politics certainly has opportunities in the city of New York—especially if this quiet man is leader of Tammany Hall and, for the most part, in control of the whole city government.

Silence worked so well in the city he began to be silent upstate. He dickered with bosses in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany; and in due time, by reason of that dickering, he came into control of the Democratic state organization. He is the first Tammany leader who ever became a state boss. Neither Croker nor John Kelly got that far. He has had his successes and has said nothing. He has had his troubles and has said nothing. As he gets richer he gets quieter, probably for the reason that there is continuously less to say. Like Broadway and Fifth Avenue and the East Side and the police system—all uniquely New York's—Murphy is uniquely New York's also. He couldn't be a boss anywhere else in this country—not in any other hamlet, village, city or state.

The Bryan Tradition

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, of North Carolina, has been away from his home in Raleigh for a long time, inasmuch as he is actively concerned in the Wilson presidential movement, being editor in chief and national committeeman.

Josephus has in his household an old negro mammy who has been with the family for many years. A short time ago the mammy came in to Mrs. Daniels and said:

"Whar's Mistuh Joe? Why don' he come home?"

"Why," Mrs. Daniels replied, "he's up in New York trying to elect a president."

"Who-all's runnin' this year?" mammy asked.

"Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt," Mrs. Daniels told her.

"Lan' sakes!" exclaimed the old woman. "I thought Mistuh Bryan mos' inginerally run!"

Couldn't Fool Her

"IS THAT really the Rock of Gibraltar?" inquired the lady tourist of the captain as the ship from New York was entering the Mediterranean.

"It is, madam," said the captain.

"Then where is the insurance sign?" she demanded.

Japanese Hash

"SPEAKING of Wallace Irwin's Japanese Schoolboy of Thirty-Five," said a San Francisco newspaper man, "reminds me of our cook. My wife went into the kitchen the other morning and asked Togo what we were going to have for breakfast.

"'Hash, my darling,' Togo replied very solemnly.

"My wife explained that he had made a mistake in his English, but Togo was perfectly positive that he had been taught this phrase at school. Next day he brought her his song book and triumphantly showed her Hush, My Darling, Go to Sleep."

Watered Stock

TWO old cronies had been sitting in a café on Cortlandt Street one Saturday afternoon for several hours, and were pretty much the worse for their lengthy tête-à-tête.

"What is your nationality anyway, Jim?" asked one.

"Well, I'll tell you, Bob. My father came from Glasgow, so I'm half Scotch ——"

"And the other half seltzer, I guess," put in his companion.

THE REVOLT OF TEACHER

It Began to Rain Telegrams in Albany

By Rheta Childe Dorr

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE thing began modestly, with one revolter, who threw a single stone into a convention of teachers just before she walked out of the profession into a larger field of usefulness. It was some time ago—back in the late forties, in fact—and the place was a town in Western New York. The teachers' convention was addressed, during one of its sessions, by a man who deplored in eloquent terms the low distinction in which their profession was held. Why, he asked, was this the case? Why should school-teachers, whose services to the community were only less valuable than those of the clergy, be treated with scarcely veiled contempt; denied social or political preferment; and paid less for their work than bricklayers or hodcarriers?

Of course he addressed his remarks to the other men only. Conventions in those days were of the real masculine variety and women attended strictly in the rôle of spectators. They took no part in the proceedings, never raised their voices in speech and, of course, never dreamed of voting. Sitting in the back of the hall, demurely silent, poke-bonneted and green-veiled, their position was not unlike that of the latter-day ladies who are invited to sit in the gallery at a men's dinner, that they may derive profit from the after wit and eloquence of the superior male.

This particular teachers' convention, however, was destined to witness the shattering of an age-long tradition. As the speaker finished his address and sat down, one of the women was seen to rise to her feet and move quietly forward. The convention could scarcely believe its eyes—but there she was on her feet. It could scarcely believe its ears—but exactly as though she were a man the creature was speaking. What she said was drowned in a chorus of exclamations, protests, laughter and hisses. The chairman pounded his gavel for order and silence was finally achieved. The woman placidly held her ground and the embarrassed chairman gazed at her helplessly. Did the lady want anything?—he inquired. Yes, the lady did want something. She wanted to make a speech.

The First Woman Who Found Her Feet

WHEREUPON pandemonium was renewed. Shouts rose on all sides. Sit down! Let her speak! Put her out! Give her a chance! Shame! With one hand the chairman pounded his gavel and with the other he waved the woman to sit down. But she, in the midst of riot and confusion, continued to stand. Straight, in her prim shawl, as a young spruce tree; calm, under her bonnet and veil, as a summer noon, she stood there. Appeal to this amazing female proving vain, the chairman appealed to the men. After all, he urged, it wasn't a crime for a woman to want to speak in public. The thing was without precedent, perhaps, but it wasn't unthinkable. Why not take a vote on it? A very small majority conferred on the woman the right of speech.

"Well," she said simply, "I only wanted to explain to the gentleman why the teaching profession is held so low. It is because you allow women to teach, and by so doing you place yourselves in the same catalogue with beings men hold in contempt. So long as women are regarded as less honorable than men, just so long will men teachers be regarded as less honorable than other men. The teaching profession will never be respected, never be properly paid, until women are excluded from it—or until they are raised to their proper rank as the equals of men."

Just imagine springing a thing like that on an innocent little convention of country school-teachers. It was awful! The women afterward agreed that they all wanted to die on the spot, or sink through the floor, or somehow or other disappear from the shameless spectacle. They all did disappear in time, and so did the men. Of all those who attended that convention one single name survives, and that is hers who made the speech—Susan B. Anthony.

The revolt of teacher, thus auspiciously begun, made no further headway. As a matter of fact, the teaching profession has ever been celebrated for its supineness. Even after the higher education of women gave them increased confidence and self-respect; even after widened industrial opportunity gave all women a choice of vocations other than teaching; still the body of teachers remained timid and unaggressive, apparently content with the overwork, underpay and slight appreciation that have ever been their lot.

There is a perfectly good reason why the teachers have been submissive. They have never been in a position to be anything else. We have heard so much about the feminization of the American public school that we have overlooked one important fact—namely, that though the schools are mostly taught by women, they are controlled exclusively by men. The business of administering the schools, handling the school funds, making the school budget, determining the school policies, hiring the school-teachers, is now and always has been in the hands of a ruling class of men. The relatively unimportant work of teaching—unimportant from the administration standpoint—naturally fell to women. Not only were the women easier for the school boards and school superintendents to manage, they were easier to get. As long as the custom obtained whereby a loudly attired person called on the city superintendent and informed him that "Mike Grogan's gur-rul T'reesa gits a job in your school nixt Mondee," just so long was there a natural shortage in men teachers. Not that Mike Grogan lacked sons, but they preferred the policeman's job to the teacher's.

We have made a good start toward emancipating the schools from this kind of control; but we are taking education out of the coarsest variety of politics only to pass it into the control of the most sordid of business interests. The teacher is still, in most communities, a political appointee. Her boss, the city superintendent, today often bows to the commercial machine instead of, as of old, the party machine; but he and the teacher and the child in school are politically controlled just the same. They are all pawns in the business game and are treated with about as much human consideration as laborers in a street gang.

The teacher, except in a few localities, has no secure tenure of office. She is appointed from year to year; she may be dropped from the rolls at the close of a term for any reason, or for no reason at all. Small as her salary is—the average for the country is four hundred dollars or less—she has to save out of it for a long vacation. The school boards must be of the opinion that teachers hibernate in hot weather; for salaries, as a rule, are paid only during school months. Saving for the summer, however, seems to be possible, but saving for old age is obviously out of the question. Yet very few school systems have any provision for pensions. What becomes of the old teachers? Do they conveniently die on retirement or do they retreat obscurely to the almshouse? Nobody seems to know.

In these circumstances there is nothing to wonder at in the continued dearth of men teachers or in the supineness of the women. The women have had no weapon—not even the strike—with which to fight; so they have remained apparently submissive and they have reaped the reward of the submissive. The small regard in which the great public holds the school-teacher may be illustrated in a story I cut out of a Chicago paper some time ago. It was conspicuously placed on the woman's page and purported to extol the thrift of a selected schoolma'am. I quote:

Nothing to Do Till Tomorrow

"SHE earns sixty dollars a month, gives her share of fifteen dollars toward the maintenance of an invalid sister in a sanatorium, pays ten dollars a month for a well-furnished room and one dollar extra for the use of her landlady's gas-stove. By rising at six in the morning she gets a light breakfast and prepares her lunch by seven-fifteen. During the hour and a quarter she spends in the preparation and eating of her breakfast the bedroom windows are open to air the room. After putting things in order and dressing, she is ready to leave for school at eight-fifteen. On Saturday mornings she gives her room a thorough cleaning and does her washing and ironing.

"After school she gets her dinner. Her landlady boils a cauliflower for her or anything else that takes some time to cook, so that when she returns from school it is an easy matter to broil a piece of steak and make a salad. The baking and the cooking of fruits are done on Sunday morning. Yet this teacher is religious too. Every Sabbath finds her at one of the church services. Furthermore she is a member of an art class that meets three times a week. On the other evenings she does most of her sewing."

Assuming that this indefatigable creature does the minimum amount of teacher's work in the way of correcting papers, preparing lessons, reading and studying, it is plain that she labors not less than sixteen hours a day. Five or six hours a day are spent in the classroom. Authorities agree that teaching is pretty strenuous work, and that five or six hours of it constitutes a fair day's work. Yet, in addition, this ideal teacher has two hours of servant's work before and three hours of servant's work after school. In the evening she either does seamstress' work for several hours or, with toil-stiffened fingers, tries to add to her culture in an art class. On Saturdays she labors as cook, charwoman and laundress. On Sundays she goes to church, where she doubtless draws comfort from the reflection that earthly life is, after all, brief, and that eternity offers even a woman teacher a long rest.

Now honestly, aside from the suspicion that such a teacher would be incapable of earning high wages, do you

imagine that a man of similar equipment would consider such a life desirable or honorable or even thinkable? Would any trained or educated man accept a salary on which he could exist only provided he cooked and washed and ironed and cleaned and scrubbed and made all his own clothes? Certainly not. Would any school board venture to offer such a salary to a trained and educated man? Again, certainly not. There have been many explanations as to why the salaries of women teachers have been inferior to those of men teachers—inferior, for that matter, to janitors' wages. I believe that the true explanation lie in the steady refusal of men to combine wage-earning and domestic drudgery. The men teachers demanded a living wage and they got it. Therefore the school boards respected the men and exalted them over the women, and for a long period of years there were no objections from anybody.

However, when all other groups of women in the community were busily and successfully revolting, it was not to be expected that the teaching group would remain permanently unbitten by the spirit of insurgency. This is the story of the women teachers of New York and of their fight to achieve for themselves the simple justice of equal pay for equal work.

The fight began to brew in 1905, when Manhattan, having annexed Brooklyn, the Bronx, Staten Island, and the wastes of Long Island—including an assorted lot of cemeteries and a dozen commuters' paradises—burst on the world as Greater New York. The Brooklyn school system, with the others, was merged into that of Manhattan Island, and the Manhattan schedule of salaries was applied to all the schools. The newly annexed school-teachers were, in the main, delighted with the change, because it gave most of them a substantial raise of salary. But just to prove that somebody is always on hand to find fault, one Brooklyn school-teacher went round telling everybody that she wasn't delighted a bit. It was true that her salary had been advanced two hundred dollars a year—but then Mr. Smith, who taught the same grade of boys in the same building, got an increase of five hundred dollars a year. She had been teaching five years longer than Mr. Smith. So much for experience! As for discipline, any one in the building could testify that he often had to appeal to the principal—a woman—to help him quell riots in his classroom. Yet, merely because he was a man, he was given an increase of three hundred dollars more a year than she. What did she have to be grateful for?

When Women Go to War

ABOUT this time another grade teacher, on the Manhattan side of the bridge, began to make similar utterances on the subject of the salary schedules. Inevitably the two women met. After several conferences they determined to call a mass meeting of women teachers. They sent invitations to every one of the fifteen thousand women in the system; but of the whole number only twenty-three had the courage or the curiosity to respond. Undismayed the dauntless two called the meeting ceremoniously to order and proceeded to organize an interborough association of women teachers. All those present pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to the enterprise, and adopted as their slogan: Equal pay for equal work.

When the association met again its membership had grown to something like one hundred, and it had found its leader. This leader, Grace C. Strachan, was not one of the rank and file of teachers. She held the highest position a woman has yet attained in the New York school system, that of district superintendent. So far as salary was concerned, she drew five thousand dollars a year—exactly the same as a man in the same position. Yet so strong an appeal did the principle of equal pay for equal work make to her sympathies, that she went to the meeting and modestly begged the privilege of becoming a member of the association. Whatever the outcome of the struggle she had nothing to gain but the satisfaction of having assisted a good cause. This fact in itself made Miss Strachan a valuable ally, and in a very short time the association discovered that she was not only an ally but a great general. Whereupon the teachers elected her president of the association, and thenceforth followed her with a loyalty and devotion that can be commanded only by a great general. The history of the teachers' struggle thereafter is a history of tireless war waged by this woman aided by a group of able lieutenants against a solidly lined-up aggregation of men teachers, a hostile school board of forty-six members, an obstinate city administration and four or five millions of very sensitive taxpayers. The fight lasted through six years, surviving defeat after defeat and winning hands down at the end.

The women were bound to win. In the first place they had an irresistible cause. In the second place, as Mr. Dooley might say, look at the names of 'um: Strachan, Moriarty, Ennis, O'Brien, Lennihen! Every one of the leaders came of a race that would rather fight than eat—that knows the political game by inherited instinct. Only one American name figures in the catalogue of leaders; but the owner of the name, Miss Gano, came from Kansas, which is a pretty good fighting state too.

If there is no exact parallel between the first revolt of teacher in favor of free speech, and the second against sex distinction in the payrolls, at least the two revolts bear a sort of family resemblance. Both made a demand for abstract justice against senseless custom. That is the reason why they appeared to their respective publics as absurd, preposterous and impossible. The human mind, taken by and large, does not accept abstract ideas without considerable inducement. The men teachers of the forties who were aghast at the proposal of a woman's speaking in public were not ignorant louts. They were just plain, average men, and the direct ancestors, in logic, of the New York City board of education. When the teachers called on the board-members with their request for equal pay, the men returned indignation and ridicule in about equal measure.

"Why, don't you know," demanded one man, "that if women got the same salaries as men no woman would ever marry? The human race would die out in a single generation." To a woman principal who pleaded that her salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year was exactly one thousand dollars lower than that of a man in her position, another board-member exclaimed: "But, Miss Blank, what under heaven would you do with an income of thirty-five hundred dollars a year if you had it?"

The newest of the board-members looked a little like a white hope to the teachers. She was a lady of wealth and social prominence, and was appointed to the board because of her reputation as a friend of working women. The lady received the teachers' delegate, gave her tea in a priceless piece of porcelain, and listened sweetly to her exposition of the women's case. Very carefully the teacher explained that they were asking equal pay only for equal services performed. They were not seeking to raise the salaries of all the women, but were trying to establish the principle that salaries should be determined, not by the sex of the worker but by the nature and quality of the work done. When the explanation was complete the lady dropped another lump of sugar into her teacup, and replied pensively:

"Miss Strachan, I am very fond of birds. I have a large aviary at the top of my house and I spend much time there observing my birds. I cannot say that I have seen the male birds and the female birds doing quite the same work. I have to infer that men and women teachers must have different functions as well."

Politicians in Petticoats and Bosses in Bonnets

THESE highly intelligent replies to their demand for justice had a very stimulating effect on the teachers of the city of New York. Almost overnight membership in the interborough association ran up from less than two hundred to something like ten thousand. The treasurer was so swamped with incoming dues that she sat up half the night over her bookkeeping. Wherever she appeared—on the street, in the school corridor, at the church door, even in the theater—women accosted her, demanding membership cards. "Don't bother to send me a receipt," was the usual remark. "Just take the money and put my name down." In a comparatively short time the association had enrolled twelve thousand women teachers, four-fifths of the entire force. Their dues, one dollar a year, furnished the sinews of war, and provided amply for all expenses. The teachers never asked anybody for any financial assistance. They paid their own bills out of their own inadequate salaries. They did all their own campaigning too. The city superintendent had said to their committee:

"Go home and forget this fool idea of equal pay. Nobody will ever help you. You can't possibly expect the taxpaying public to stand for such extravagance. They know who would have to pay the bill."

"Good!" said the teachers. "We will appeal to the taxpaying public."

They did. They sent their leaders to the New York state legislature with a request for an equal-pay law. The women proved themselves keen politicians by making their request to no party and to no set of party bosses. The teachers have been accused of allying themselves with Tammany Hall, but in reality they allied themselves with no organization. They gratefully accepted the assistance of Tammany assemblymen, but they just as gratefully received the backing of Republicans. In fact they were careful to choose a Republican senator to introduce their bill in the upper chamber at the same time that a Democratic assemblyman was orating in their behalf to the members of the lower house.

In appealing to the legislature for relief the teachers roused the indignation of the board of education, the men teachers and, for the moment, the newspaper press. Women teachers invading politics! Unheard of and most improper! As a matter of fact, the teachers, in appealing to the legislature, simply showed their superior sagacity and knowledge of law. The schools of New York are unique in that they are governed, not by the municipality,

"So Long as Women are Regarded as Less Honorable Than Men, Just So Long Will Men Teachers be Regarded as Less Honorable Than Other Men"

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but by the state. The board of education is not a city department, and though the members are appointed by the mayor they are answerable only to the legislature. The salary schedules the teachers sought to change were fixed by the legislature of 1898, in a measure known as the Davis Law. Their salaries having been established by legislative action, the teachers felt justified in seeking to have them changed by more legislative action.

The women were wise enough to know that no legislature would pass an equal-pay bill until an immense public opinion was openly in favor of it. So they started on a campaign—nay, a crusade of education—that gave the city and state of New York an intimate acquaintance with public schools and school-teachers. They made the whole subject of schools so interesting and so popular that grave men of affairs discussed it over their luncheons, at their clubs, in subway trains. The teachers enrolled as honorary vice-presidents of their association almost every man and woman of prominence in the state. They held mass-meetings that were crowded to the doors and they commanded space in the newspapers almost equal to that of a winning baseball team. In the course of their campaign of education the teachers were careful not to overlook any opportunity for speechmaking. They went to women's clubs, trades-unions, federations of labor, Socialist branches, debating clubs, singing societies, *Turnvereine*, settlements, church guilds, political clubs and taxpayers' associations. They traveled far and they braved all kinds of weather. On one occasion two women—they usually went in pairs, these propagandists—reached their homes after midnight, in a storm that froze their skirts to their exhausted legs. One teacher died of pneumonia after such an experience, and numbers were made ill from cold and exposure—but the public had to be educated.

Embarrassing Statistics

The teachers' campaign opened up a tremendous interest and an altogether new comprehension of the whole subject of women's wages and women's relation to industry. The belief that women go into wage-earning only in a casual or makeshift fashion is still strong with the majority of men. The average man thinks of women as domestic animals, and it is his firm belief that the world of men supports, more or less in idleness, the world of women. If this were not true no woman would ever have to ask for less than equal pay for equal work. But the theory that men are heads of families, and that women work only to supply themselves with luxuries, stands as an eternal argument in favor of a sex distinction in the payroll. This was the contention stoutly held by the opposing men teachers, and most effectually disposed of by the women.

In the beginning of the equal-pay campaign the interborough association undertook to gather and present statistics to show that practically all its women members were under the necessity of sharing their salaries with others. After examining several hundred cases the undertaking was abandoned, not because the results were disappointing but because so many family skeletons were uncovered. The teachers, not unnaturally, objected to having their intemperate or shiftless male relatives placed on exhibition. However the women were able to prove that most of the men teachers were unmarried and a large number of them were law or medical students who had not the slightest intention of teaching school professionally. They were able, also, to bring forward certain cases of extreme injustice to illustrate the iniquity of the whole situation.

Teaching in one of the high schools was a young woman who, out of her salary and extra earnings in night-school work, paid most of the college expenses of her younger brother. The young man, having graduated, took the proper examinations and obtained a post as teacher in another high school. His salary—the first year—was eleven hundred dollars. His sister's salary after seven years' experience as a teacher was twelve hundred dollars, one hundred dollars more a year than that paid to a boy just out of college.

Another woman had by hard work and superior merit gained the rank of assistant principal in a large grammar school. Her duty was to supervise and direct the work of the grade teachers, men and women. Yet the highest salary this woman was able to command was sixteen hundred dollars a year. Serving under her were several men receiving over two thousand dollars, who would in time attain a maximum of twenty-four hundred. None of these men was even eligible for the job held by the sixteen-hundred-dollar woman. She was made assistant principal after eight years of work and study, and after having taken an examination so difficult that less than fifty per cent of teachers ever pass it. It was not shown that all the men in this school were married, but it is on record that the assistant principal supported a mother and two orphan nephews.

A brother and sister who entered the teaching force at the same time were assigned to the same grade—the seventh in a mixed school. There was this important difference, however, in their contracts: The young woman's beginning salary was six hundred dollars a year; the man's, nine hundred. After several years' experience the woman's salary was increased to eight hundred and forty dollars, just sixty dollars less a year than her brother received at the start! By this time his salary had grown to one thousand five hundred and thirty dollars. He married and withdrew all financial support from the family. At the end of twelve years this is the way their incomes stood:

Brother's salary . $2160
Sister's salary . . 1080

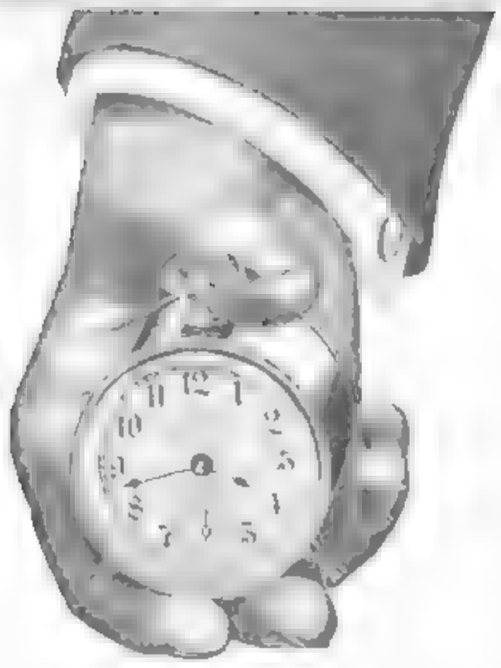
Just half pay for a woman doing identically the same work as a man. But, you ask, was she doing the same work? Is there no difference in quality between a man's and a woman's work? There is probably a difference between the work of any two individuals; but the difference is not due to sex, and comparisons between the work of men and women teachers are often embarrassing to the men. I know a grammar-school principal—a pretty good executive man, but one whose intellectual assets are about on a par with the average scow-trimmer. One day he went into a classroom to take the place of a temporarily indisposed woman teacher. An arithmetic class was in progress and the principal, who had forgotten what little arithmetic he ever knew, found himself in deep water. The man actually did not know that the Roman M stood for one thousand, and he had the children at the blackboard selling lumber by the mile. At least he knew you spelled mile with an M.

Pressure on the Legislature

It required just one public hearing to convince the legislature that in the state of New York, at any rate, the average woman teacher was of a quality superior to the average man teacher. At that legislative hearing the representatives of the men-teachers' association, an organization solidly backed up by the board of education, were, for the most part, a rather sorry group. Some spoke an English so nearly unintelligible that upstate legislators asked for an interpreter; some of the men acknowledged that they were not American citizens; a few wore soiled linen and no collars.

After that the board of education began to wilt. Offers of increased salaries, without equalization, were made; but the teachers stood pat on their principle. One or two commissions were appointed and their reports, non-committal and confusing, were waved at the teachers. Still they stood pat, relying on the legislature, which steadily grew more friendly. The board of education issued a mandate forbidding the teachers to go to Albany. The women were inconvenienced by this prohibition, but they were by no means daunted by it. They acknowledged the right of the board to govern their movements during school-hours, but not at other times. There is a very good train that leaves New York for the capital at four in the afternoon. This came to be known as the teachers' train. The tireless Miss Strachun, with her tireless lieutenants, took this train day after day, traveled the hundred and forty-three miles to Albany, worked in capitol and hotel corridors through the evening, and returned to New York on a train that left at midnight and brought them to town in time for breakfast and the opening of school.

The teachers' equal-pay bill passed the legislature almost unanimously. Then it went to a mayor who throughout the campaign had steadfastly refused to receive the teachers—the same mayor who, during



Not Much Larger Than A Watch

How different from the ordinary alarm clock!

The Junior Tattoo is hardly larger than a man's watch. Its form is graceful, its finish attractive. Its tuneful voice calls you so pleasantly that you awake cheerfully and without a shock.

But the Junior will not let you oversleep. Every twenty seconds for five minutes it repeats its call, unless you turn the silent switch.

JUNIOR TATTOO
New Haven Clock Co
FAMILY

Alarm Clocks Beautiful

The Junior Tattoo is only one of nine patterns in the Junior Tattoo Family. Their artistic design and finish prove that it's possible to make alarm clocks just as beautiful as they are useful.

There is a style for every taste and every room—bed-room, boudoir, den, library and study, as well as a handy leather-covered traveling clock.

Every Junior Tattoo Family clock has the small two-inch dial and the tuneful intermittent alarm. They are reliable, accurate time-keepers, made in our fine watch department.

Prices $1.75 to $4.50

Ask your jeweler to show you the Junior Tattoo Family clocks. If you cannot conveniently buy them in your town, we will ship prepaid upon receipt of price and jeweler's name.

An Interesting Booklet

You cannot realize how handsome and artistic an alarm clock can be until you see, in our Booklet of the Junior Tattoo Family, pictures of the different designs and finishes—rich gold, satin silver, French bronze, solid mahogany, golden oak, old brass, gun metal, leather and nickel. Write for this Booklet (giving your jeweler's name).

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
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139 Hamilton Street

Established 1853. Makers of clocks for all purposes.

the great shirtwaist strike, had publicly declared that he felt no interest in working women. He proved his words by vetoing the teachers' bill. The women expected this, but they had hoped for Governor Hughes' approval. They were disappointed. His veto message contained a manly denunciation of the discrepancies between the men's and women's salaries, but he appeared to feel that discrepancy of some kind was proper. The innovation of equalizing the pay of men and women workers seemed to him a dangerous precedent.

After that there followed for the teachers a period of waiting. Their ultimate victory was now conceded, even by the board of education, but the teachers had another year or two of work and waiting before their victory came. And this is how it happened in the end. New York wants a new charter. Twice it has paid an expensive charter-revision commission to draw up a charter, and twice has the legislature rejected the fruits of its labors. The first effort, known as the Ivins Charter, contained no specific provision for teachers' salary schedules; but the second, popularly known as the Gaynor Charter, contained an amendment making mandatory the payment of equal salaries for equal work, regardless of the sex of the worker. The board of education, as a token of complete surrender, authorized the amendment, but it lagged unconscionably in the little formality of instructing the corporation counsel to prepare it. Not until Miss Strachan made a personal appeal to Mayor Gaynor was the corporation counsel ordered to write the fateful paragraph. Miss Strachan not only stood over the reluctant official while he wrote, but she went to Albany with him and saw the amendment embodied in the charter.

A special session of the legislature had been called to deal with the charter and, after a brief consideration, it voted the charter down. Despair possessed the hearts of the teachers. This unexpected defeat was in the nature of a calamity. They were tired out. To take up their struggle anew seemed impossible, but to surrender was still more impossible. A day or two before the special session adjourned, Miss Strachan sent word to several of her trusted aides that they were to go to Albany with her that afternoon. Faithfully they obeyed the summons and, as the train rolled out of the station and the weary women found themselves once more traveling the familiar road to the capital, one of them asked:

"What are we going to do in Albany?"

Miss Strachan shook her head sadly.

"I don't know," she answered. "So far as I can see now there is nothing we can do; but when I woke this morning I just knew we had to go up today."

How Audacity Won

On the train the teachers found two assemblymen, friends of long standing. Together men and women went over the situation to all appearances so hopeless. Finally, just before the train reached Albany, they evolved a plan which, for sheer audacity and imagination, excites admiration. The special session having been called for the sole purpose of dealing with the charter, no other business could legally be brought before it. But, even after the members had rejected the charter as a whole, it was within their power to reconsider a single amendment. If the women could persuade Governor Dix to send an emergency message to the legislature, directing them to make the equal pay amendment a special order of business! A little thing like that! If the teachers had called on the governor and asked him for the spoons he probably would have been less astonished, and yet, after twelve hours of uninterrupted persuading, he gave in. The emergency message went to the legislature, and by an overwhelming majority both houses passed the equal-pay bill. Miss Strachan's intuition that sent the teachers to Albany, just once more, was justified.

New York's efforts at charter revision have cost the taxpayers about a hundred thousand dollars. They have consumed two years of hard labor on the part of the most eminent lawyers in the state. They have called for one extra session of the legislature. And the waste-basket has swallowed it all—except the women teachers' demand for equal pay—except one principle, one more recognition of the human rights of women, almost the last recognition that remains to be made.

However there was one more skirmish before the war was definitely ended.

The equal-pay measure, before it became law, had to be signed by the mayor and the governor. Mayor Gaynor was in a corner and he had very little choice about signing. The charter had been his charter and, even though it had been defeated as a whole, he was committed to any part of it that remained. But Governor Dix was under no obligation to support either the charter or any of its amendments. The New York teachers felt sure enough of the outcome to join with the woman-suffrage party in a huge celebration of the mayor's action. Miss Strachan, still in Albany watching things, came down for the occasion, made a superb speech, helped to carry the meeting through to an enthusiastic conclusion, shook hands with everybody and then called a secret conference of leaders.

"The meeting," she said, "was grand, but our bill is probably as dead as Cæsar just the same. I have heard things. The city superintendent, the president of the men-teachers' association, and the governor's own counselor have followed him up to the North Woods on purpose to persuade him not to sign. I have almost certain information that he has agreed to a veto. The governor gets back to Albany tomorrow. I get back tonight. You women have about forty-eight hours in which to work. You know what to do."

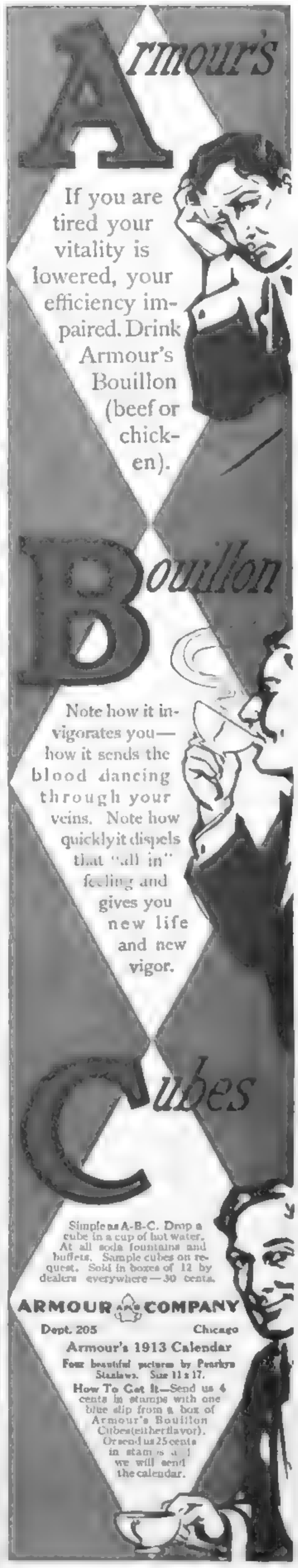
The Schools of the Future

They knew. That night Miss Gano, secretary of the association, sent seventy night-letters to women principals of schools. The next morning each of the seventy principals called to her office the brightest and most energetic teachers in her school. "Get out and send telegrams!" she ordered. "Every one of you send as many telegrams as you can possibly command! Never mind your classes—I'll take care of them."

The teachers pinned on their hats forthwith, and some thousands of New York children suffered the most scandalous neglect for the rest of the day. It began to rain telegrams in Albany. For forty-eight hours the rush of telegrams from the city of New York to the executive mansion in Albany almost monopolized the wires. Something like twelve thousand telegrams went to Governor Dix in behalf of the teachers' bill. Governor Dix signed the bill. The thing was done.

Don't mistake the importance of this struggle of women. Much more than added income was won by the teachers—something more even than recognition of their equality with men. The really big thing that came out of the teachers' revolt was a new sense in the community of the value of the teacher. From being the most obscure, the most uninteresting and the least romantic of women, the teacher has become an important, vital and engrossing figure. Her profession has taken on a new respectability. In half a dozen cities it has become so formidable that the school boards are equalizing salaries without even waiting to be asked.

Suppose the teachers everywhere should combine to assert their importance, their value to the community, their plain right to independence and a free hand in the business of educating children. In that case we might expect to see the entire aspect of public-school administration altered. We might behold the schools taken out of local control and given over to the state. We might witness a distribution of school moneys, so that the country child would get the same benefits the city child enjoys. We might see huge and unwieldy boards of education, composed of business men who know less about children's needs than about the stock market, cut down to small boards of experts such as Brookline, Massachusetts, for example, now employs. These men, who form a commission, are paid for their labor like other business administrators and, like others, are held responsible for results. And when we establish this commission form of government for the schools we may even find a few teachers among the commissioners. They think in Copenhagen and in one or two Scandinavian cities that teachers are useful on school boards. When all these things come to pass we may even expect the curriculum to be made over to fit the necessities of the great mass of children whose future is not the college but the field of labor. It is a big dream—remote, perhaps, but not impossible of realization if teacher will only go on revolting.


Armour's
If you are tired your vitality is lowered, your efficiency impaired. Drink Armour's Bouillon (beef or chicken).
Bouillon
Note how it invigorates you—how it sends the blood dancing through your veins. Note how quickly it dispels that "all in" feeling and gives you new life and new vigor.
Cubes
Simple as A-B-C. Drop a cube in a cup of hot water. At all soda fountains and buffets. Sample cubes on request. Sold in boxes of 12 by dealers everywhere—30 cents.
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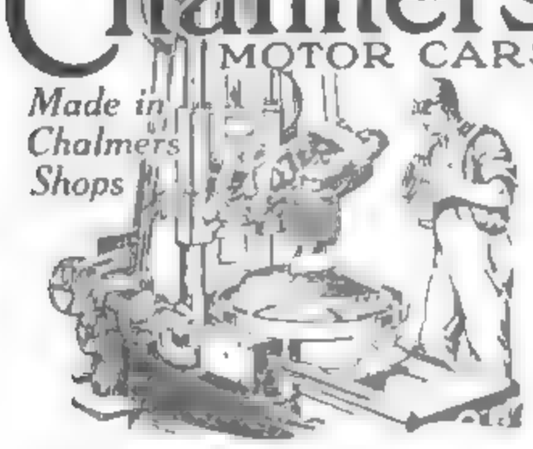
Armour's 1913 Calendar
Four beautiful pictures by Penrhyn Stanlaws. Size 11 x 17.
How To Get It—Send us 4 cents in stamps with one blue slip from a box of Armour's Bouillon Cubes (either flavor). Or send us 25 cents in stamps and we will send the calendar.

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS



This automatic gear cutter cuts Chalmers motor gears accurate to 1-1000 of an inch

Why Motor Cars Have Gears

(One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops)

Did you ever see an apple paring machine? There are wonderful gear cutting machines in the Chalmers factory that slice off shavings of the hardest nickel steel as easily as paring apples—and to an accuracy of less than 1/1000 of an inch.

They are automatic. Once started, they cut the teeth, space them exactly and form the gears without further attention. After cutting, Chalmers gears are heat treated, hardened and ground.

Gears are necessary in a motor car in order to get the full power out of the motor under all conditions. The motor, to develop its maximum power, must run faster than the car could go.

So gears are used in the rear axle and transmission to cut down the speed and at the same time multiply the power that turns the wheels.

Sometimes the rear axle gears are so arranged that they cut down the speed ⅓ and multiply the power by 3. That is called a "3 to 1" gear. Similarly there are 3½ to 1, 3¾ to 1, and other "gear ratios."

Motor car gears have to withstand about the hardest strains to which any piece of machinery is ever put. They must pull the car out of the mud. They must lift it up the steepest hills. They must withstand terrific speed.

Chalmers gears stand up under all conditions. They are quiet and smooth in operation. They are made in the Chalmers shops because the Chalmers Company considers them too vital to intrust their manufacture to any one else.

No car at any price has better gears than the Chalmers. And the same care is applied to the building of every other part. Let us show you the Chalmers car at our salesrooms.

And let the "Story of the Chalmers Car" tell you the factory life of the great cars listed below. Write for this book on the coupon today.

"Thirty-Six" (Four cylinder), $1950
"Six," 2, 4, or 5 passenger, . . $2400
"Six," 7-passenger, ... $2600

(Fully Equipped)

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 Chalmers catalog

Name

Address

The Woman on the Road

By Anne O'Neill

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

From the Parlor Come the Tinkle of a Piano and a Sentimental Song

A GIRL dressed in gray, carrying a suitcase, steps out of a train in the wake of half a score of affable, quick-eyed men each bearing two grips. The platform nearest the train is sparsely filled with a few departing passengers and several town loafers. The platform farthest from the train is flanked by three or four yellow busses, the bait for hotel prey. She speaks to an expressman about her trunk and enters a bus. It is soon filled with the affable men, some of whom smoke and all of whom look at her more or less casually. She gazes straight ahead.

The bus stops at a small hotel with large plate-glass windows, inside which sit several men with their feet braced against the sills. The rotunda is as typical as these feet. In the middle is a round leather seat built about a leather-covered cone rising to a spike. The seat is occupied by good-humored men smoking and talking and laughing, who, for all their easy-going manner, are aware of all that goes on about them. In a corner near the clerk's desk is a railed-off compartment in which are piled a number of large grips. On another part of the floor the porter is engaged with some large sample trunks, for salesmen are always coming and going—the hotel lives for and by them.

The girl in gray walks into the rotunda still looking straight ahead. She registers, using only the initial of her Christian name, knowing well that as soon as she has gone half a dozen men will move forward to see what she has written. The clerk gives her a key, the bellboy—some village urchin dressed in careless clothes, or perhaps a negro lad who has secured some elaborate city uniform—takes her neat suitcase and escorts her via a rickety elevator to a typical cheerless hotel bedroom. It is meant to sleep in and not to live in; none of the men in the rotunda below would think of staying in his room except under need of sleep. The electric lights are high up on the ceiling in the middle of the room far from any mirror. The mirror itself is one of these long affairs fastened to the side of a bureau, mottled and giving reflections conducive to pessimism. There is a rocking chair that rubs on one side and squeaks and a little table of golden oak with a cover on it that always comes too when one picks up an object from the table. If there is a bathroom it is invariably a step up from the floor. The girl in gray removes her hat, looks at her watch, takes a book from the dress suitcase and begins to read. She might go to the room on the second floor that passes as the parlor. She could discover it easily enough, even without the aid of the untidy maid going down the hall with jingling keys and dragging shoes, but she knows that if she went there she would find some traveling man playing badly on the piano to a complacent audience sitting negligently in the rocking chairs. Her code demands the rigid exclusion of companionship. Downstairs the traveling men are wondering what house she is with. She is a woman on the road.

Presently she goes downstairs to supper. As far as size is concerned the dining room has a banqueting-hall effect. It contains long tables lined with rows of traveling salesmen. The girl in gray measures the head waitress with an appraising eye; if she thinks herself the stronger she selects her own table, choosing preferably an empty one or else one where there is some other woman. If the waitress is a dogmatic person the saleswoman follows her lead. She listens to the bill-of-fare gabbled into the top of her head, but she knows it by heart through long experience, and what she chooses depends upon how strong is her state of indigestion brought on from long weeks of greasy diet in small hotels. After supper she goes up to the sample room that has been assigned her. The porter is just carrying in her sample trunk. She knows from experience that the sample trunks of the men will have been looked after before her own. She frowns as she sees a bed in the room.

"Look here," she says, "I wrote ahead and said that if the sample room assigned me was a bedroom the bed would have to be taken out."

"Well, all the gemmen has they sample rooms in they bedrooms, and they was a lady showing her samples in this very room last week and she had no kick coming," answers the porter.

"I have though. You needn't mind unstrapping that trunk yet, for if I can't have that bed taken out I am going to another hotel. If you could just take it down yourself without saying anything to your boss ——" She suggestively raises the hand that holds her purse.

"All right, Miss, sure I'll get it out."

The girl in gray is shrewd to the last detail. She believes in a promise when she sees its fulfillment, and not before.

"Very well," she says, "I'll go downstairs and get a bill changed, and when I come back I hope you will have the room cleared so I can begin unpacking."

She walks up and down the hall two or three times, returning when she sees the porter carrying the bed outside. She tips him, reënters the room and begins unpacking the trunk. It takes her almost three

No More Coffee Boiling

The new food-drink makes things easy for the folks at home.

Instant Postum

is a new and delicious beverage. It is **regular** Postum but in concentrated form—nothing added.

No Boiling Required

Stir a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, add sugar and cream to taste, and your drink is ready.

A 100-cup tin of Instant Postum costs 50c—½c per cup. Smaller tin 30c.

Regular Postum—Large package (must be boiled 15 minutes) 25c.

If your grocer doesn't have Instant Postum, **send 2-cent stamp to cover postage for 5-cup free sample.**

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

hours before everything is arranged to her liking. Then she locks the door and goes to her bedroom. The odor of smoke and the sound of talk and laughter come from the rotunda below, where the traveling men are giving each other tips that she cannot share because of her strict code. The men on the road are for the most part like the members of a college fraternity or brotherhood, but from the advantage of such association a woman is usually barred. From the parlor come the tinkle of a piano and a sentimental song. Outside, town couples and groups pass by to the five-cent theaters. She enters her bedroom, and for companionship reads over again her latest letter from home. Then she picks up her book, but hesitates. She means to rise early in the morning and walk down the main streets to decide what shops she will enter. After that she must enter them to begin her daily battle for success. She shuts up the book. Tomorrow like every day will be a hard day. She may get no orders whatever, for she never knows what her territory is going to be like, and a good prospect may fail; or she may do well; but in any case she will need all her force. She goes to bed.

Such is the life of the best type of woman who goes on the road. From a business standpoint it is as full of variety as that of a man traveler; from a social standpoint it has to be more grave than that of a nun and even less human. There are traveling women of other types, to be sure. There is the middle-aged, florid-faced "good fellow" who goes into the smoker, pats the "boys" on the shoulder and asks them to "put her next" the characteristics of such and such a town, which is new territory to her. There is a blondined type ready to talk to everybody, who in a gratified tone tells whoever will listen that "the boys call me Lillian Russell." But the best type of woman is different from these. Just as the new-fashioned traveling man cannot hope to succeed in selling his goods as his old-fashioned predecessors did, through being a story-teller and general entertainer, but must be strictly businesslike, however attractive, so the woman on the road who respects her calling and herself must possess, not only rectitude but dignity without stiffness, poise and excessive sensitiveness in regard to appearances. For in short she is on the firing line. She runs the risk of inheriting the reputations of all the women on the road who have preceded her, and she helps make the reputation of those who follow her. She not only has to prove at once that she understands her business and has sufficient personality to interest a merchant in her proposition, but she must also prove over and over that she is a lady in the best sense of the word, that no canon of real womanhood shall suffer at her hands.

It is a hard task. It is an imposition that is laid on almost no other occupation for women. The teacher, for example, is taken for granted. If she were seen in a strange town lunching with a strange young man the world would assume that they had been properly introduced and that he did not have a wife at home lunching on bread and milk. The world would be glad it was Saturday and the teacher was enjoying herself. The woman on the road would scarcely dare accept an invitation to lunch with her brother unless he were tagged. Lawyer, doctor, stenographer and clerk are taken for granted. But though women have been working on the road sporadically for a number of years, each saleswoman has to justify herself in her work every day of her life.

Salesmanship even for a man is not easy work. Those who are not fitted for it usually discover their limitations very soon. It is not only a business, but also a profession. The very numbers in the work show what skill it must take to succeed. There are perhaps six hundred thousand men

"Unless a Woman is a Great Reader She Had Better Stay Off the Road"

The flavor of Spring—

VEGETABLES as fresh and tender as if you had picked them right in your own garden this morning; and with all their juicy nourishing qualities perfectly retained—that is what you get in

Campbell's
VEGETABLE
SOUP

The rich beef stock is plentifully supplied with peas and baby lima beans, corn, rice, barley, sweet and white potatoes, tomatoes, celery, carrots, ham, imported macaroni alphabets—32 different ingredients in all.

No home kitchen—not even yours—could produce such a soup as this, no matter how much time and trouble you take over it. Order at least half-a-dozen at a time.

And try it *today*.

"My *Campbell Soup* yearning
Two plates will not smother
And so I'm returning
With hope for another"

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

Part of 1913 "Pompeian Beauty" panel. See offer.

Women please read

Surprise Your Friends When Doorbell Rings

Often you are not expecting callers. You are tired and you show it. Suddenly the doorbell rings.

"Come right in, dear, I'm so glad you came. [illegible] I feel like a fright." But there's no way out. Into your bedroom and out the door. You slip on your bedroom [illegible] Pompeian Massage Cream.

"Vanishing" massage means no moistening of the face, because now you want the cream to rub in and rub out instantly. Just a pinch on the cheeks and a few movements of the brisk massage. In the cream goes; out it comes in little balls, and—) Presto! You are transformed. The tired lines in your face are subdued. The invigorating Pompeian massage has relaxed your tired muscles and refreshed you marvelously. Also the massage with Pompeian has brought the rosy blood to your cheeks. *Now go out to surprise your friends, for you look years younger.*

"Why, my dear, how well you look!" exclaims one of the callers. You are pleased. Your husband smiles his proud approval. And best of all you both know—everybody knows—that it is your own honest complexion and not a make-believe rouge effect. (Rouge and like methods deceive the user only.)

Applicant T. F. Miller. Age 31.	
Disqualified	Per Cent
Appearance	75
Character	100
Experience	90
Health	85
Aggressiveness	90
Tact	85

Men please read

Could You Pass This Hard Test?

More and more do appearances count. A keen employer reasons thus:—

"I can't afford to employ a representative of this house if his looks are going to discount all his other good points. He must be a clean-cut fellow, the kind people like to deal with.

"Nor do I want a man in the office who isn't of the clean-cut type. Any other kind gets on my nerves and decreases my own efficiency."

Yes, the man with the clear clean healthy skin more easily gets the right position and the right salary. Only a few concerns, as yet, select their salaried men as scientifically as the above efficiency chart shows. But—those points pass through the mind of almost every keen employer.

Appearance is often the first test applied. The things that work against a man's having a clear clean healthy skin are the sluggish blood that comes from indoor life; the grime of factories; the soot of cities and the dust of travel. Pompeian Massage Cream does cleanse, improve and invigorate the skin marvelously. It rubs in and rubs out. Nothing is left on the face but an athletic glow, and in time a wonderfully clear, healthy, wholesome skin. It is easy to be a "clean-cut" man if Pompeian is used faithfully. See trial jar and Art Calendar offer below.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

IMPORTANT You can't be too careful what you put on your face. Stick to a safe standard massage cream. Do you realize why an imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c, 75c and $1.

Trial Jar & Art Calendar

sent for 10 cents in coin or stamps (or a 10c piece pinned to convenient). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it but have not. Just clip that you desire on mailing it just so much nearer to preserve or regain your youthful beauty.

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The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Massage Cream and a 1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar

Name

Address

City State

1913 "Pompeian Beauty"

Art Calendar (only partly shown above) is 12 by 8 inches. No advertising on front. Reproduced in exquisite colors—pink, gold and dark green. In 12 sheets, "Pompeian Beauties." Art Calendars have become very popular. Don't hesitate about sending 10c piece if convenient.

and women, chiefly in shops, selling goods; there are thousands of people selling life insurance; there are countless door-to-door agents, and there are a hundred thousand drummers, mostly men. The competition this hundred thousand meets with is unbelievably keen, and therefore the travelers are of a much higher type in every way than they used to be. Wholesale houses are besieged with applicants for such work, and most of the applicants are rejected, there is no room for dead wood in salesmanship. Indeed, the few master salesmen in this country are besieged by the great houses, for to be a master salesman in this business of shrewd men is a triumph indeed.

A man goes to a town perhaps once or twice a year. In the old days no one else in his line visited the town, and the merchant saw so few strangers that he welcomed each with pleasure. The visit was really a superfluity, since the business would come to the selling houses in any case. The visiting drummer was merely a sort of prize packet. Now every merchant is visited by two or three travelers every day. His problem, if he is prejudiced and unprogressive, is to keep them all away from him, and, if he is alert, it is to weed out those whose lines could not have any value for him. The drummer's problem is to get trade against competition. He must think long and work long, and he must call in qualities of the various professions to his aid. He must have all the sympathy of a welfare worker; if essential he must be a teacher and give the shopkeeper necessary hints as to how to improve his business; he must be a psychologist and mentally probe and analyze and seize the right moment for his work; he must be a lawyer, and argue, persuade and perhaps even cross examine; he must be an actor and in certain cases a vaudeville performer. No wonder many great bankers and railroad men and business men, like John W. Gates and Marshall Field, began their training on the road. Salesmanship is a liberal education, often allowing leisure for travel and study.

Getting Orders by Listening

The methods of the women—allowing for the difference in sex—are much like those of the men. They have to yield and allure and stand firm; they must carry out the practical philosophy of making sales by any legitimate means. They observe the etiquette of the road, never interfering with a "prospect" while some other traveling man is dealing with him. Even the men who are opposed to women admit that they never presume on their sex, never insist on ladies first; it is a business from which all question of privilege or sentiment is rigidly excluded. Like the best traveling men, the women try to be sharp but not deceptive; they do not believe in switching lines or in falling in prices or in breaking prices; they would rather not carry sidelines for fear of dissipating energy. They never overlook a small order, and at the same time they dislike the merchant who will give small orders in the same line to different houses, thus keeping other merchants in town from getting an exclusive line. On the whole the women are more emphatic than the men in preferring to work in a city rather than in a small town. City men are more used to business men than country men and can estimate a woman's power quickly; a country man takes too long over it. Most women say it takes from an hour and a half to three hours to make a sale in a town. On the other hand, the country people are not always so anxious as the city people to get things cheaper. They are more interested in getting a square deal.

If a woman on the road has any advantage at all over a traveling man it is because she can nearly always get a merchant's attention just because she is a woman.

"A man has the feeling that a woman has plenty of sympathy," said a brunette, pretty saleswoman of the very best type, who traveled for an advertising specialty firm; "and they especially like to talk to a woman who is distinctly feminine. The mannish type of woman doesn't last long on the road. And how the merchants talk! I used to think selling goods was talking, but it's listening. It's natural a man should want to talk about himself to a nice woman that has never heard him do it before. Do you suppose if he tried to tell his wife what a clever fellow he was, and what a good business he had, and what sense he showed in building it up, that she'd listen? Of course she wouldn't. I wouldn't listen to my father if he tried that line of talk, and so I know how it is with women who are married to men. But here comes in a woman that doesn't belong to him and that has to be pleasant because she has something to gain by it, and so Mr. Storekeeper tells me all about himself and I smile, though often I am bored stiff. He always wants to know my name, too, though he never cares anything about a man-traveler's name.

"But I'd rather have them talk. I don't even mind dealing with a crank if he'll only talk to me. The man with whom I don't like to attempt to do business is the man who lets me talk and never says a word, for then I don't know how to get a line on him at all. Of course there are plenty of people who are willing to talk but not to buy, and who have no compunction in taking your time without return. They are experts in getting rid of you when they are through too. But even when a man finds fault with me I want to hear him speak. After the talkative ones get through with themselves, or at least take a little rest on the subject, they often give good advice. Sometimes they tell a traveler how to run his business."

Feminine Selling Tact

"One man said to me the other day: 'Say, Miss Blank, you don't handle your work right. You show too much.' 'Do you think so?' I said in a sweet, anxious tone. 'Of course I value your experience, for you have been in business so many more years than I have.' 'Well,' he went on, 'I liked those first three samples you showed, but you kept right on showing others.' Of course I had a good reason for what I did, but I didn't tell him that. I listened humbly and asked him questions, and led him on to say everything he had it in him to say. He told me in the beginning that he wouldn't buy more than fifty dollars' worth, but I got an order for a hundred and fifty dollars. I wanted to ask him after that if he still thought me such a poor saleswoman.

"Sometimes I wish I could say or do what I liked," she went on; "but no matter what is said to me I have to be polite and amiable. I sometimes wish I could have as good a grouch as the person I am talking to, but if I did I'd get no business. Good nature is the chief stock-in-trade of a traveling person, but it's pretty hard to be pleasant all day long. The first week I was in the business it was not the newness of it that worried me—having to meet people and put my proposition up to them—it was having to smile all day long. Up to that time I had only smiled when I wanted to, but honestly for those first few days the corners of my mouth were sore and I felt like a chorus girl. But I know that being a woman, and a womanly woman, is a great advantage in every way."

On the other hand, the woman of the road suffers from heavy disadvantages, all of which come from the fact of her sex. She must be polite and plucky, daring and yet modest. She cannot use the sympathy plea as a man drummer sometimes does.

"I landed a six hundred dollar order from Williams yesterday," said a traveler for a grocery firm to a woman friend who was traveling for the same firm. "I tried him in every good way I knew and I couldn't get him, so then I said: 'Say, old man, I must have this order from you, for I'm up against it. I've had a run of bad luck lately and I've got to have this order to make good with my firm.'"

Nor can she offer the perquisites of cigars or drinks. Nor can she learn, by mingling freely with salesmen not handling her line, the peculiarities of certain "prospects" she has to approach. There is no one to say: "Old Brown is a crank on the pure-food law. Just get him started on that and you can sell him anything"; or, "The head clerk runs everything in Smith's store. Get his ear and everything goes with the old man"; or, "Jones has a grouch on that lasts till about three in the afternoon. Then he takes a look at his Bible and wishes he hadn't been such a sorehead all morning. That's the time to strike."

There is nobody to enlighten the woman concerning Brown, Smith and Jones. No doubt the traveling men would be glad to, but they respect her reticence. On the whole they would rather not see women on the road, not only because it is bad enough to have so many men competing, but because they think the work makes her hard and cut-and-dried and unfeminine. But whether they want her on the road or not, they treat her with the courtesy she expects.

They may smoke in the bus as they ride up with her to the hotel, but they do not speak to her then or later when they see her at the door of her sample room.

Another disqualification is comparative lack of physical strength.

"I wouldn't hire a woman, no matter how good she was," said a wholesale dealer in drygoods specialties, "because of her lack of muscle. I have sent a man on the road with as many as four big sample trunks, none of them weighing less than seven hundred pounds. Think of the muscle needed to unpack such trunks night after night. Then constantly a salesman has to go into a merchant's store with a couple of grips that he carries himself, to show the specialties that he can't get the man to look at in any other way. In my business one has to show a variety of things; a salesman will need two grips anyway. Well, I don't see a woman lugging them all about town, and think of the cost of having a man or a boy to wait on her. In some ways she can get business better than a man, but that mere matter of physical strength disqualifies her from ever going very far."

As long as merchants decline to visit the sample room this objection against the woman drummer will persist. The merchant's point of view, of course, is that if he accepted every invitation he receives to visit sample rooms he would have no time left to attend to his own business, and that the drummer who comes into a store with his sample cases will be sure to bring his best lines. That does not always follow. A certain woman traveling with leather-goods novelties always got a fifty-dollar order from a merchant to whom she carried a case containing the samples she liked best, which were domestic. One day she persuaded him to come to the sample room where she had a table covered with imported goods for which she had no special liking. He happened to prefer them to the domestic goods and gave her a hundred-dollar order. It is unfortunate for the saleswoman that the merchant is so hard to transport, for she has even a better sense than the men for arranging her sample room attractively. Women realize that a merchant will always pick up first the things of which he knows the prices. Most of them mark all prices plainly, and have various clever devices for bringing out the attractiveness of the most high-priced and least-known goods, for they realize that their samples, in order to win, must either look better than those of a competitor or else be lower in price.

Women Excluded from Big Lines

One disadvantage the women labor under, which is even greater than that of lack of physical strength, is the conservative attitude that the world has toward them. It is the old story of women in the professions making progress slowly. Women doctors, lawyers and university professors have the same experience. The great prizes go to men by the favor of men, and whatever change there may be in the future is coming with pointed slowness. Women cannot possibly make the big sales men do. They travel chiefly for corset houses, picture postcard houses and lyceum bureaus. They represent drug-store and toilet-article sundries, groceries, advertising novelties, knit underwear and trade journals. There are a few who carry razors, rifles, bicycle sundries, phonographs, pianos, buggies, rugs and carpets, blankets, chewing gum and baled hay. But a woman is almost never found in the lines where big money can be made: millinery and clothing, hats and shoes.

Like the men, they work sometimes for salary and expenses, sometimes for a straight commission and sometimes for a salary and commission. Some consider that a house has no right to send out a traveler who does not look competent enough to receive a guaranteed salary. Others say that if a traveler does not have her expenses paid she will live too cheaply and get a lack of confidence to match her meager physical comforts. Most firms do not allow the expenses to exceed more than two per cent of the business. Some travelers say that they can make more if they work on a straight commission of twenty-five per cent or upward, and that a firm wouldn't want to pay a woman a salary if she couldn't make more through the commissions. It is supposed that the average income of a woman on the road is not more than a hundred dollars a month. Some women, of course, earn more, and many would earn a good deal more if they were allowed to carry the great staple lines.

If at the start they do not know that the man-made laws of this occupation are such that they cannot go very far in it, the women soon learn. Yet most of them seem to prefer it to the other work they have tried, for few of them come to it without some sort of experience in earning their own living. They have tried house-to-house agency work, or domestic service, or work in a store. Some have been school-teachers who have gone on the road for the sake of regaining their health; and they seem to have found handling steam rollers, with a sideline of horse nails, no more difficult than disciplining children, with a sideline of imparting some information. Some have been collectors afterward employed by firms for which they have successfully collected. Others have been with advertising houses or with wholesale houses, and have thus come in touch with road-life.

Whatever type of women they are, they all feel deeply the loneliness of the life they have chosen. As a rule they travel over the United States inch by inch, reaching a certain town only once in a year or a year and a half; so it is almost impossible for them to have friends in the town.

Keeping Expenses Down

"Unless a woman is a great reader," said one little appealing person who was traveling for a trade journal, "she had better stay off the road. As it is, most of us can't stand it for more than six months in the year. Why, I get so lonesome that I even enjoy a letter from the firm! Sundays I spend looking over my clothes and repairing them and watching happy families going to church. I am working on a twenty-five per cent commission, out of which I pay my own expenses, so the harder I work the more I earn; but hard work is not a cure for loneliness. Generally I can make two little towns a day and sometimes even more. My average earnings are from a dollar eighty to seven dollars a day, out of which the expenses have to come. They vary from seventeen dollars a week to twenty-one dollars, and I tell you that is cutting it pretty fine. If I get into a town in the morning I hang on to my little sample case and I don't register in the hotel, always run on the American plan, till night. I find some little twenty-cent place where I get lunch and dinner. It's hard to have to pay so much for bed and breakfast in the hotel, but I can't get out of it."

A great difficulty the women meet is the loss of time and strength entailed in traveling from place to place. They cannot carry it through in a man's free-and-easy fashion. He takes the train that makes the best connections and he has no objection to getting into a town at three in the morning or to leaving at that hour to take a freight that will bring him to his destination by five. If he has to he can sleep in two beds in two hotels in one night. He can spend a night on a cot in a sample room or on the billiard table; if the hotel is very crowded he can wind himself round the leather seat in the rotunda and take a nap. But, from motives of decorum and health both, the saleswomen of the best type avoid such hardships of travel.

All the women find a difficulty in regard to the wardrobe question. They don't want to be hampered with much personal baggage, and yet they must always look trim. A man can travel with one suit of clothes, for he can hand it over to a bellboy at night to be pressed; a woman must have two suits. A man can go to the theater in the same clothes he wears all day; a woman would rather not. Then there is the matter of getting her shoes shined. There is also the question of laundry, for every laundry has different characteristics, and she never knows when she can count on getting her clean linen home. Women who travel on commission usually carry a cypress pad and an electric iron with them so that they can press their own clothes. They wash their own handkerchiefs, drying them on the mirror till they get a dingy look. Most of the women take with them a trunk as well as a suitcase, but they generally leave the trunks at the station, doing necessary repacking there, except on Sundays, when they try to get the home feeling by having all their baggage about them. Practically every traveling woman is a strongly marked individual. If she were not she would scarcely last. Nearly every one has a point of view that is interesting, and methods and a life history that hold the attention.

The Royal Game of Billiards

Play Billiards at Home on a Genuine "Brunswick" Table

Billiards holds the scepter of supremacy over all indoor games for the home. It is the royal game of gentlefolk—fascinating alike to young and old. Provides wholesome amusement, mental stimulus and agreeable exercise, and is increasing in popularity every day.

"THE RIVALS"
From the Painting by Charles Everett Johnson

The oldest and largest billiard table concern in the world now offers to lovers of the game a complete line of Brunswick Home-Size Billiard Tables of the very finest quality, in many styles and sizes.

These home-size tables belong to the "royal family" of billiard tables—they are genuine BRUNSWICKS. Beautiful in design, richly finished and with unexcelled playing qualities.

The prices on these tables are so modest and the terms so convenient, that practically every home can now afford the luxury of *a real billiard table.*

Complete Playing Equipment and all Accessories free with each table.

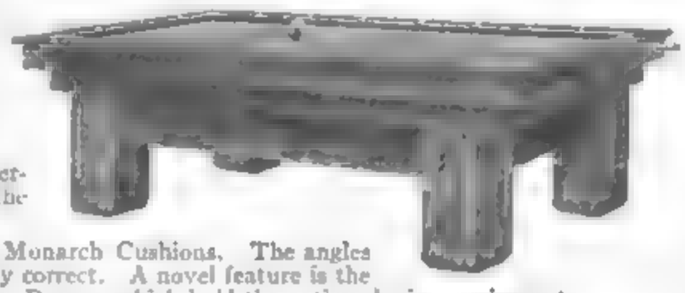
Cash or Small Payments

The purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year.

Brunswick "Baby Grand"

World's Finest Home Billiard Table

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables are made of the finest thoroughly seasoned mahogany, with an attractive inlaid design, and are admirable examples of the fine cabinet work for which this concern is famous.



Each table has a genuine Vermont Slate Bed, covered with the finest imported Billiard Cloth.

Standard Quick-Action Baby Monarch Cushions. The angles and cushion action are scientifically correct. A novel feature is the Concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer which hold the entire playing equipment.

The "Baby Grand" is furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table, or as a combination Carom and Pocket Billiard Table, as desired.

Brunswick "Convertible" Home Billiard Tables

Billiard and Dining or Library Table

This unique line of Brunswick Home Billiard Tables absolutely does away with the necessity for an extra room to be devoted *exclusively* to billiards. When not in use as billiard tables, they serve the purpose of dining or library table or davenport.

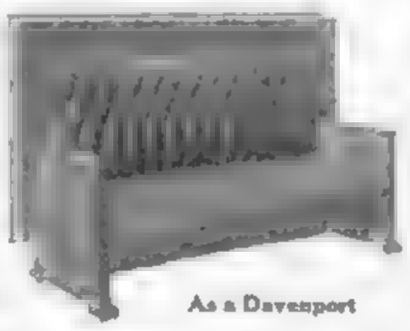
They have the same playing qualities as the Brunswick "Baby Grand" and are worthy of a place in the very finest homes.

Keep the Young Folks at Home

As a Billiard Table

A Brunswick Home Billiard Table solves the problem of keeping the young folks home evenings.

The billiard table is always the center of attraction—a veritable "Home Magnet"



As a Davenport

Beautiful Catalog and Easy-Payment Proposition on Request

Send the coupon or a postal for our beautiful color-illustrated book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," showing the many styles of Brunswick Home Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables, with detailed descriptions, also special Easy-Payment Proposition. (46)

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. V, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen—Please send the above book and full details of the "Easy-Purchase Plan."

Name _____

Street or P. O. Box _____

Town _____ *State* _____

THE PUBLIC AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

By I. K. Friedman

"IT IS another American swindle. I will not sign it. These Americans do nothing but scheme how they can cheat us poor foreigners," exclaimed Ignatz Deszynski, a stockyard butcher, frowning angrily on his daughter and glancing suspiciously at the librarian of Davis Square, who had visited his home to aid his daughter Marie in persuading him to sign her application for a public-library card.

"No; it will cost nothing—not a cent, papa," pleaded the towheaded, blue-eyed youngster. "The kind lady has come herself to tell you it will cost nothing."

The kind lady, to whom this conversation was as so much Greek, but who could guess the nature of it from the expressions that crossed the faces of the speakers, amused herself by watching the antics of the fat baby in the Old World cradle that stood in a corner of the cluttered room.

"Keep still, Marie!" shouted the mother through the open door of the kitchen. "I know these sly Americans and their thievish ways. They will tell you all sorts of sweet lies; they will make you believe they are too good to eat honey in order to cheat you into signing all sorts of papers—and then, when once you sign them, they will come round with lawyers and bailiffs to claim the eyes in your head."

Marie started to argue in rebuttal when her mother entered the shabby, poorly furnished parlor and turning toward the caller bawled:

"If dose books vas torn or lost ve must pay for dem—ain't it?"

"Of course," smiled the librarian; and she was going to explain the reasonableness of that proposition when the mother shouted a triumphant "I told you so!" in Polish to Marie and then aired her superior knowledge of American knavery in voluble Polish to the father.

Further explanations, arguments and pleas were all in vain; and a quarter of an hour afterward the tearful Marie, accompanied by her beneficent visitor, left the red-brick cottage for school, wending her way forlornly through the dismal streets back of the yards. Her companion offered what consolation she could, promising to visit her obdurate parents again, remarking that in her personal campaign to increase the circulation of books she had known elders even more stubborn to capitulate at last. She ended by saying that, even though Marie had no card, the privileges of attending the reading room and the lecture hall were none the less open to her.

Crowding Out the Dime Novel

And that afternoon, when the gong sounded release from school, Marie Deszynski, as cheerful as if her heart's desire had been granted, darted along neck and neck with some hundred other children—Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians—to the fieldhouse in Davis Square, the building recently conferred on a congested, poverty-stricken neighborhood by a farsighted, wise board of park commissioners. Neither the gymnasium, nor the bath, nor the restaurant—where food and Pasteurized milk were served at cost—nor yet the clubroom, was the magnet that drew these hundred avid, clean but ill-clad youngsters along. No; the gifted story-teller paid by the Chicago Woman's Club and working in concert with the public library was to lecture that afternoon on Abraham Lincoln, illustrating her talk with stereopticon views. It was a weekly treat not to be missed: sustaining food for the vivid imaginations of these sons and daughters of poverty who were starved by the harsh realities of their sordid surroundings; quickening light that filtered through the smoke-laden, murky atmosphere of Packingtown.

The juvenile audience, with an oldster or two and the towhaired Marie somewhere in its midst, scrambled into its seats in the big hall upstairs, and when the story-teller ascended the platform a silence fell as if the day for those restless urchins had just begun and they had started fresh from home, unworn by the long confinement in school. In simple words, naturally but dramatically, as picture after picture crossed the screen, the lecturer told the story of the great War President's life, stopping now and then to ask questions that referred to a previous talk—questions that ever found eager answerers competing for the honor to give the titles and numbers of books in the library downstairs that dealt with the topic at hand and were ever at the disposal of the listeners. Book and lecturer, lecturer and book, coöperate to evoke for heroes worthy of worship the hero worship that is in the heart of every boy and girl, and to destroy by indirection the idols and ideals created by Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger and the dime novelist.

In this manner during the course of the year the story-hour has reviewed Shakspere's Tales, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights and the achievements of the epoch-makers of history—ancient, medieval, modern. On occasion, a strictly Polish audience may be told how Kosciuszko came to the assistance of America at a perilous hour; or the children of Jewish parentage may learn how one Hyman Solomon gave his money freely and without hope of return to Robert Morris in the darkest hours of the Revolution; or the Norwegians may be entertained by the accomplishments of Leif Ericson.

Sick of Being a Pole

This interweaving of the traditions of the old country and the new into a sort of cosmopolitan pattern has a purpose that extends far beyond the mere weaving itself. The child of the immigrant, borrowing the scorn of his new environment for all that is foreign, is only too prone to scoff at his parents for their old-fashioned, non-American ways. Disrespect creeps into the scorn, contempt makes its way into the disrespect, and the tares of delinquency and crime spread everywhere like weeds in the bad crops. It is hard, for instance, for the Jewish boy, who sees the old folks held up to ridicule, to realize that they may know what is better for his salvation than the young tough who speaks English without an accent and shies stones at the heads of those who wear European garb.

"Obey your parents and keep out of trouble," said a probation officer of the Juvenile Court to one who was the despair of his honest, hardworking Jewish parents.

"Gwan!" he returned. "They don't know nothing. The old man don't know no English grammar and the old woman speaks Yiddish and wears a wig."

The boy is not only an illustration in point; he sums up a tendency and an attitude which are shown again in the case of the Polish lad who, on being selected for persecution by a crowd of American-born boys, tearfully sobbed: "Ma, I ain't going to be Polish no more!" When the astonished mother asked the reason for that explosive determination he rejoined: "'Cause I ain't going to be nothing no more that makes you get licked by them that ain't—that's all there's to it!"

When boys such as these, however—and they are only the natural product of a hostile environment—learn from the lips of a teacher whom they respect that the old country had its heroes who contributed a big share in the upbuilding of the New World they grow to admire the land of their ancestors' birth, to heed the counsel of their parents, and soon to be proud of instead of ashamed of their race.

Lincoln, however—to return to him—is the cosmopolitan favorite. Him the children of all peoples unite in loving and reverencing; for his struggle with and his victory over poverty make a more direct appeal than do knights and kings to the young folks who are in the thick of the fight against that ancient enemy.

On the afternoon chosen for our visit to Davis Square, when the story-hour was over, a fat Bohemian woman, who attended the entertainment with her two children, approached the speaker and, kissing her hand after the Bohemian fashion, said: "Dis Lincoln vas only a poor kid, but he got dere yust de same." Then she looked significantly and affectionately at her two coatless urchins and passed on. Her place

was taken by a youthful enthusiast, who exclaimed: "Honest, teacher, this Lincoln has got them guys, Nick Carter and Ragged Dick skinned to the ground."

Meanwhile Marie and a host of her schoolmates, male and female, have betaken themselves downstairs to the spacious library, to consult the books to which the story-teller referred. The quiet appeals to some in the nature of an objection rather than an advantage, as witness the boy who arose and signed, grandly: "I can't read here: there ain't noise enough." This boy, however, is a great exception; quiet reigns—quiet, diligence and an eagerness for knowledge that burns like thirst. And such qualities have been fostered by Marie's friend, the librarian, who founded the Honor Roll of the Davis Square Library League, the members of which, subscribing to the motto, "Clean Hearts, Clean Hands, Clean Books," have solemnly agreed to assist her in keeping her treasures in good order. By way of the organization they have come to feel a partnership in the property of the public, with the consequence that of the hundreds of books consulted and taken from the branch not one has been mutilated or injured. A short observation of the room and its occupants will prove to you that it requires much patience and an unfailing supply of ready wit to meet the demands made on the head and front of it by her patrons; for what they want is one thing, while the expression of their wants is quite another. A while ago the request came to her for "that book about cold storage," which the juvenile applicant had somehow confused with Dickens' Bleak House; shortly before this a lad asked for The Man With the Hoe, which was his way of designating Ivanhoe. And, to cap the climax, one who desired to read Holmes' The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table asked for The Acrobat's Breakfast.

A Pure-Minded Mother

Now I have dealt at length with the library activities of Davis Square not because they represent an exception, but simply because they typify the great movement going on all over the United States at the present time to bring the juvenile reader the right sort of book in the right way. Some years ago a lad in his early teens asked one of the assistants of the Chicago Public Library for Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and, when asked what he thought he was going to do with that terrifically abstruse tome, he replied: "Ma wants me to read it because it's pure." Here in itself is a brief sermon on the difference between the folly of letting a child take what an uninstructed elder wants him to have and giving him what a specialist knows he needs.

The public school, like the public library, offers a center for the distribution of good literature to the young that has not been overlooked by those engaged in democratizing the book and putting into the hands of the less fortunate many what was once accessible only to the favored few. Classroom collections and reading rooms—the latter for the use of adults and minors alike—are being established in the public schools of our great cities in large numbers; and more and more are the children's librarians working, in nice harmony with the school itself, the parents and the home, to spread the ennobling message of the book. Certain of our libraries print at regular intervals lists that may assist the mother in the choice of gift books for her children and the children of her friends.

In Pittsburgh, where Mr. Carnegie's liberality permits work that a lack of funds has made impossible for many of our cities, the children's librarians have for several years set aside Wednesday afternoons for the sole purpose of consulting with mothers toward the end of assisting them properly to direct the reading of their offspring.

Representatives of this department appear before mothers' meetings to discuss juvenile literature, laying especial emphasis on the educational, ethical and social value of the books under consideration. Moreover, books are distributed among private, parochial and Sunday schools, with the result that in the last fiscal year, through the agency of one hundred and three centers, a circulation of over one hundred thousand volumes was attained.

And the process, reaching out for every nook and corner, however obscure and dark, has not stopped there; for even in many homes of the poor cases of books have been installed and once a week groups of young people are gathered from the neighborhood to receive volumes from these small libraries and to listen to trained story-tellers who do their best to make the hour memorable and profitable.

Where conditions render the establishment of these home libraries impossible recourse is had to the building up of reading clubs in schools, bathhouses, synagogues and the detention rooms of the Juvenile Court. Thus the book goes out in quest of the factory girl, the newsboy and the messenger, who might otherwise get out of its reach. The work has gone even a step farther and coaxed into its benign folds the young hoodlums and outcasts by inducing them, through the expenditure of long effort and patience, to become members of a reading club.

It is the steady encroachment of the book on the slum, of knowledge on the fortressed grounds of ignorance; and though the book, if unaided by the betterment of social and economic conditions, scarcely can drive the enemy to cover, still it can to a degree weaken his power. Certainly, at any rate, literature won the day with one youngster who, being deeply interested in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, refused the call of his comrades to assist them in robbing an Italian vender of fruit with: "Yous kids kin shove off de job till I sees what Rachel done on Sunny Jim's Ranch."

In the public library building in Chicago, through the efforts of Carrie L. Eliot, in whom the idea had its origin, a general reference room for the use of younger people has become a permanent feature of the institution. It is named the Thomas Hughes Reading Room for Young People, in honor of the author of those two immortal boys' books, Tom Brown's Schooldays and Tom Brown at Oxford; and that the honor is more than deserved nobody will contest when told that Hughes was foremost among the group of his countrymen who, after the great Chicago fire of 1871, presented that unfortunate city with a collection of standard books—"toward the formation of a free library, as a mark of English sympathy."

Hither the pupils in the grammar and higher grades flock on all sorts of messages and errands, for supplementary reading on schoolwork, for material to be worked into essays and debates, for selections and recitations. The patient and kindly guardian who presides over the fifteen hundred books on the open shelves, and who goes to no end of pains to help and counsel her juvenile callers in their various tasks, is often hard put to it. One day there came to her a youth in quest of the tariff debates between Hamilton and Jefferson, who refused to be gainsaid when told that no such debate had ever taken place. "Well," he muttered when proof positive was submitted, "the library is no good or it would be here anyhow." The anecdote reminds one of that other scholar in knee-breeches who stated that his time was valuable, his life short—and hence, if he was to peruse it at all, he must have the history of man in one volume. When informed regretfully by the gentle attendant that no such book existed he protested blandly that it was the duty of the library to have one written for him.

The Little Debaters

Another lad, so diminutive that he had to be looked for carefully in order to be seen, wanted information on the topic, "Resolved, That the Prosecuting Attorney Should Put in the Hands of the Attorney for the Defense All Evidence to Prove the Innocence of the Guilty"; and a miss of no greater physical altitude sought assistance on "Resolved, That the Intellect of Woman is Superior to Man's." And still another Webster in embryo ransacked whole shelves in a persistent quest for positive knowledge to help him establish his claim that "The Dog is a Greater Friend to Man than Fire." A story is told, too, of the bright-eyed Jewess who stated that, although still in search for other decisive points, she had already one striking argument on her side of the debate, "Resolved, That Closer Relations of Jews and Gentiles Make for National Good"—namely, that "it would be good for business."

Last year some fifty-one thousand children availed themselves of the privileges of the Thomas Hughes Reference Library and the lectures given under its auspices, and not one single case of disorderly conduct deserving the name was reported. Here, as in the other branch reading rooms, the children are serious. They come to learn and

Kirschbaum Clothes

$15, $20 and $25

IS this your week for buying the new clothes? Is this splendid "*Yungfelo*" model your ideal of the suit you want to wear this fall?

You will find it at $15, $20 and $25, in the *Kirschbaum Specials*, at your nearby Kirschbaum retailer's. Also plenty of other models within the same price scale: Each with the vigor of line—the impressive individuality, characteristic of Kirschbaum Hand Tailoring; each with ALL WOOL as the foundation of its value.

Surprisingly luxurious overcoats, too, in the *Kirschbaum $15, $20, $25 Specials*.

The Kirschbaum *Guaranty* means the money returned to any purchaser who questions his permanent satisfaction in Kirschbaum Hand-tailored, All-wool Clothes.

A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

The House with the All Wool Policy

Philadelphia Chicago Boston San Francisco Los Angeles New York

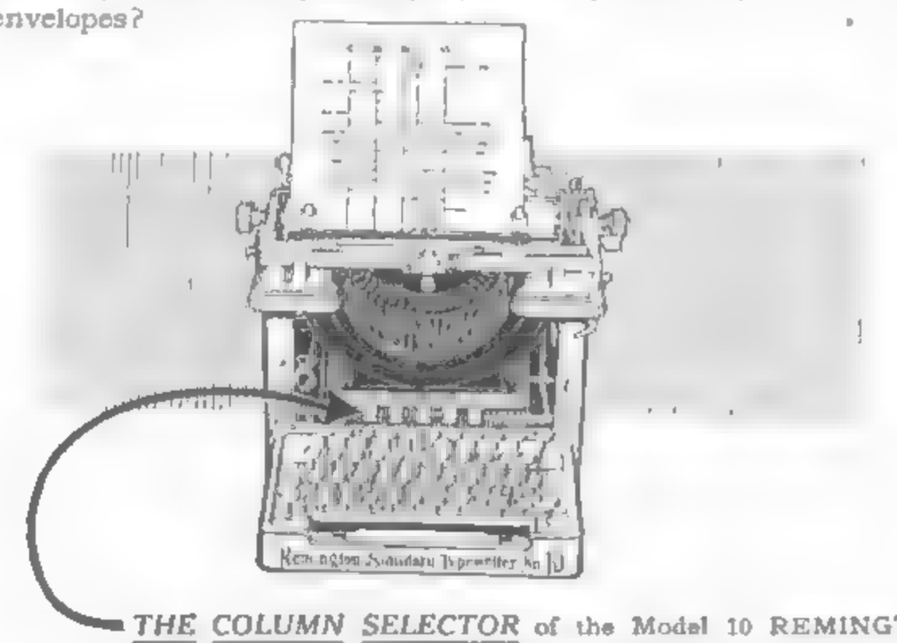
Art Calendar Free

Exquisitely done in colors from oil paintings of American girls in Russia and illustrating the man's fashions for fall and winter. Mention The Post and address Dept. "K" A. B. Kirschbaum Co., Philadelphia.

DO TYPEWRITER USERS REALIZE

how much time is lost through needless hand adjustments on the ordinary machines?

Do *you* realize, for example, how much time is lost in ordinary letter writing by the hand adjustments of the carriage necessary to write the date, the address, indent the paragraphs, write "yours truly" and address the envelopes?



THE COLUMN SELECTOR of the Model 10 REMINGTON eliminates these hand adjustments—*absolutely*. A single touch on one of the *SELECTOR KEYS* brings the carriage *instantly* to the exact point on every line where the writing is to be done.

And this is only one of the many labor saving features of the

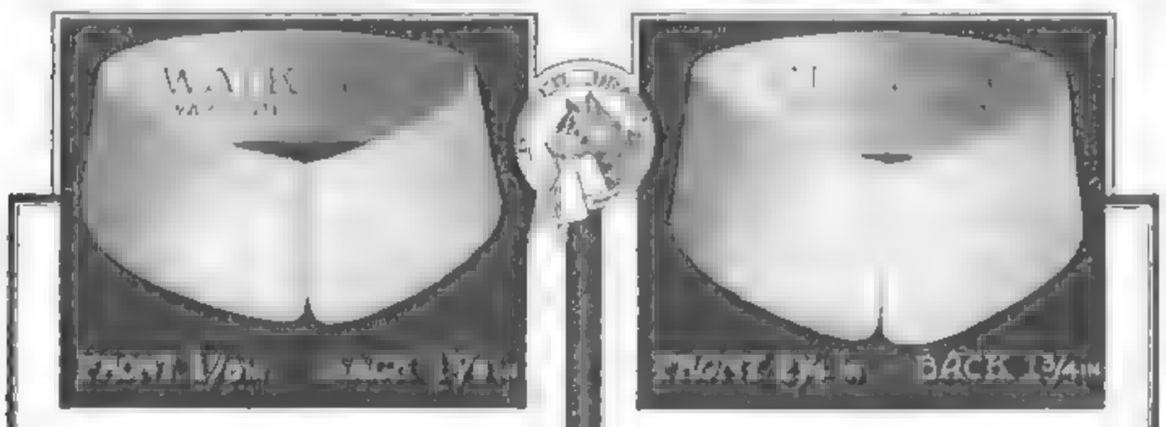
REMINGTON

Typewriter

Visible Models 10 and 11

Illustrated booklet sent on request

Remington Typewriter Company (Incorporated) New York and Everywhere



What Linen in Collars Means

If your collar is made of linen it always fits—no matter how many trips it makes to the laundry. It always feels comfortable because it will not shrink or stretch.

It also means it will outwear at least two cotton collars.

Barker Brand
Warranted
Linen Collars

are the 2 for 25c collars that are Warranted Linen. The collars at the price that are stamped "Warranted Linen." They will not shrink or stretch or develop saw edges. Put them to any test and you will find them the top notch collar value.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

Your Satisfaction Depends Upon It

A collar that stretches or shrinks is bound to be uncomfortable—one side longer or shorter than the other. You know how often collars bend one place and are loose another, and "pinch" and "ride." Not so with Barker linen collars.

You are paying the "linen" price, so be sure to get

Barker Brand
Warranted
Linen Collars

and enjoy collar comfort and satisfaction.

Most dealers sell the Barker Brand. Over 100 styles to choose from, ¼, ½, ¾ sizes—all 2 for 25c and all Warranted Linen.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1 for 8 collars prepaid.

Our new style booklet, including DRESS CHART, free—ask for it.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

by their conduct they show their deep appreciation of the public's efforts to assist them. We are told that the Russian Jewish children are the most serious, persistent and determined of all in their quest after knowledge.

Nor, while reaching out in every conceivable direction to capture the mind of the child, has the modern public library made any less strenuous efforts to meet the wants and the needs of the adult. In this field, too, the policy of diffusion, as against the old policy of concentration, works with such ingenuity that the question resolves itself into how one can get away from books rather than how one can get to them. Fully equipped branch libraries, stationed where they are most needed, are the pride of all our big cities, but none has so many that it is not now planning to erect more. Chicago has sixteen and its wideawake librarian is leaving no stone unturned to gain thirty-five; Manhattan fifty, and it is reaching out for seventy; Brooklyn twenty-seven, and it is demanding forty; Philadelphia fifteen, and it is ambitious to claim thirty. And so it goes.

Numbers are far from telling the whole story, however, for along with a multiplication of libraries there comes a change of system and method that is multiplying the circulation of each separate library to an astonishing extent. Yesterday Chicago permitted the drawing out of but one book on each card; but today, according to a new rule just in vogue, each single card may claim two books at a time, to say nothing of the issue of vacation cards, of special value to teachers, permitting, as they do, the use of ten books for a period of ten weeks. Hitherto a library member presented his card and book list at one of the sub-stations for transmission to the downtown library, and if the volumes desired happened to be out the card and the list were returned to the disappointed reader. Under this obsolescent plan it is estimated that twenty-five per cent of such demands for books went unanswered.

Nowadays the reader may walk back to the shelves of the sub-library, survey the books and help himself; and the chances are that if the volume he desires is missing he will find something else that will come pretty near to filling the bill. In one of the sub-libraries the inauguration of this open-shelf scheme raised the circulation from seventy to five hundred volumes a day; and in yet another, only ten days after its adoption, its collection of fifteen hundred books was practically swept clean, leaving only reference books behind—and these, too, would have disappeared were they subject to withdrawal. And the newer idea has another great advantage to recommend its installation—it is far cheaper, requiring far less personal service and cutting down the expenses of salaries.

The Industrial Deposit

The children's librarian, seeking a center to wage his campaign for conquering the child with the book, hit easily on the public school as the natural point of departure; and just so the librarian for adults, whose business it is fast becoming to circulate rather than to collect books and let them gather dust on the shelves, came to what now seems the obvious conclusion that, since this is an age of industry and business, the way to reach the grown-ups is through the mill, the factory and the store. Acting on this inspiration, the city librarian, joining hands with the large employer of labor, who willingly supplies the space for the library and pays the salary of an attendant and the cost of transportation, has put what is known as an "industrial deposit" of books in machine shops and factories.

Numerous anecdotes prove how ardent the desire for self-improvement is; but one may be chosen as more or less typical of them all. A burly son of Erin, almost illiterate, but with an inborn gift for mechanics, drew from a deposit collection a difficult textbook on the construction of engines; and when the attendant asked him if he could read it he replied: "No, I can't; but me boy Michael, that is a born scholar, kin." Later on he returned the same work with the remark: "I'd like to kape the book anither two weeks, for it's slow business, this reading is. I'm that tired when I come home that I fall asleep and I have to whale Michael regular for not readin' loud enough to kape me awake."

Not long ago a laborer in the steel mills of South Chicago said to the present writer, in an outburst of indignation: "It's all right for Mr. Carnegie to be giving us libraries, but what good are they if his mills work us twelve hours a day and we don't get no time to read?" Here, then, one can see how the battle of the labor unions for shorter hours is a battle being waged for the book against ignorance, and also how the book may help to inspire the battle. "Cut down the hours of the laborer," says one, "and the saloon will claim his leisure." "Cut down the hours of labor," says another, "and the library will give the saloon the longest run for its money it ever had." The nature and length of the run may be predicted from the fact that in Pittsburgh today, amid hostile conditions, its indefatigable librarians are making a personal campaign on the ground of gaining friends for books. Those who do read are urged to make readers of those who do not, and they are abetted by the loan of two or three volumes for distribution among friends. If a book happens to be lost in this way the borrower is not held responsible, and so pecuniary considerations put no handicap on him who may volunteer to act as an apostle.

Nor have the cities been left to shoulder alone the responsibility of practically forcing books on the people. The vast machinery and wealth of the states have come to their aid. Thirty-three of them, following the example set by Massachusetts, have founded traveling libraries—collections of some fifty or sixty books, divided into groups and delivered at periods varying from three to six months to all villages and hamlets that will safeguard and care for these deposits. Wisconsin has established seven hundred of such stations, with the result that even the workers in the lumber camps, exiled for the long winter and cut off from the pleasures and the refinements of the cities, may find wholesome diversion in the book rather than in the bottle and the brawl. And what Wisconsin is doing for its lumber camps New Jersey is accomplishing for its fishing villages—Kentucky for its mountaineers—Georgia for the hands on its cotton plantations—Nebraska and Kansas for the dwellers on their rolling prairies.

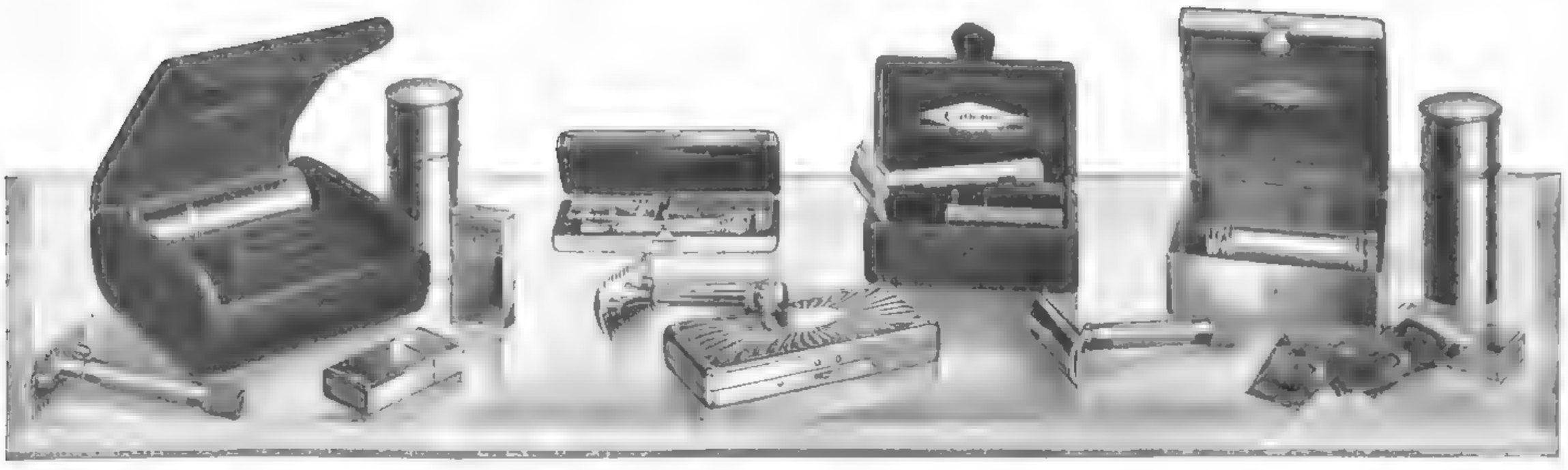
Government Help

And to the assistance of the cities and the states the Government has come by carrying free of charge through the mails the embossed books which the various libraries may wish to send to the homes of the blind. Since our blind number some eighty thousand and since many of them are in straitened circumstances, it will be seen that this franking privilege is of considerable value in aiding the city librarian to distribute books for the blind throughout his territory.

Moreover, recognizing that society owes a duty to those of its adult unfortunates who, like the children, are not responsible for the condition in which they find themselves, the women's clubs and the municipalities themselves hire blind teachers for the blind to further the work of the libraries. These, following in the wake of the books, teach the sightless not only how to read and enjoy the masterpieces of literature but also, in many instances, how to become self-supporting by the mastery of light handicrafts. "For fifty years," said one old woman found in a tenement by her instructor, "I have sat in the darkness, black as the pit; now you have come carrying the lamp of learning and I see again. I no longer fear the darkness." She is but one of many—a member of the legions who have been rescued by the book and its devotees.

Glancing, then, at this rapid survey of the public library's new and increased activities in all fields of endeavor, from teaching the blind to read to persuading those who have eyes to make the best use of them, one has no reason to cry out with the pessimistic philosopher of old that "of the making of books there is no end." For too many books cannot be made if rightly distributed; and the question of the proper distribution of books has been left to the librarian of our own time for solution, just as the proper distribution of all forms of wealth—intellectual, social, economic—is the one big problem that engages our day.

The fact that in a period of sixty years the public libraries of America have increased from one to twelve thousand, and our proof that the power of efficiency of a host of these has been multiplied by human relationships which count for far more than the mere number of the books on their shelves, go to show how near we are to solving at least the problem of the book.



YOUR dealer is now getting in the greatest assortment of Gillette Safety Razors he ever had on display for the Winter and Holiday trade.

He knows that this will be an enormous Gillette Season, for the Gillette is the greatest single specialty in the world as a gift feature for men. It is practical because adjustable to any beard or skin and any man can shave with it. He uses it every day. It saves time and expense.

As a Birthday, Holiday, or Christmas gift for a man it has this unique advantage—you need not hesitate for fear he is already supplied—another Gillette is always welcome.

The Gillette comes in a variety of styles and prices to suit every taste and purse. Standard Set, $5.00. Travelers' Sets, with Soap, Brush, etc., Morocco or Pig Skin Cases, $6.00 to $50.00.

As a small gift that is always acceptable—a packet of Gillette Blades—set of six blades (12 shaving edges), 50c.; set of 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel-plated case, $1.00.

Gillette
Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

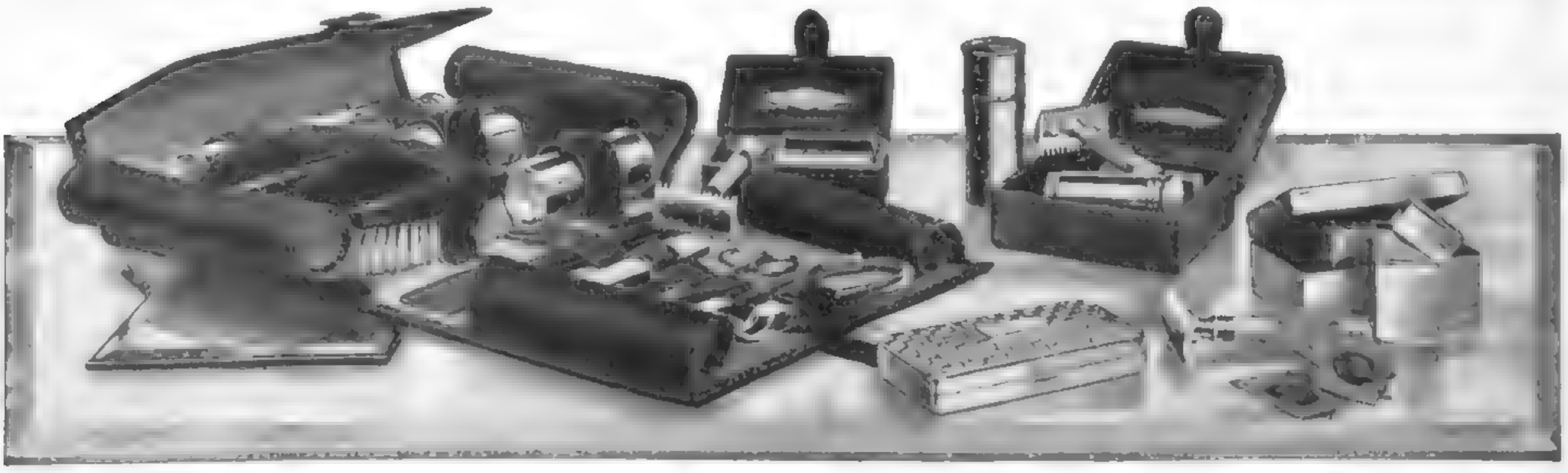
No Stropping — Gillette — No Honing

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

22 West Second Street, BOSTON



Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

New Styles
For Fall and Winter

Dealers all over the world are now showing the new models in Dorothy Dodd Shoes.

The assortment includes everything in women's footwear for the house, street or country in all the popular leathers and fabrics.

The new models not only embody all the latest style features, but they are faultless in fit and perfect in quality.

Each model is the inspiration of an expert shoe designer. For beauty of finish and perfect comfort, they have the endorsement of every wearer.

The woman who appreciates individuality and distinction in footwear should call at the Dorothy Dodd Dealer's in her town and see the new styles. Don't miss them! Prices $3.50 to $5.00 a pair.

No. 1901 Patent Kid Button, Black Cloth Top. Medium Weight Welted Sole.

If there is no Dorothy Dodd Agent in your town, write to us for handsome catalog of the latest Fall and Winter models.

The Dorothy Dodd trade-mark on your shoes means satisfaction—look for it.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE CO.
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

MEADOW-GOLD Butter, made from pure, rich, pasteurized cream, is too sweet and delicious to permit it to be contaminated on its way from the creamery to your table. It is three times wrapped to keep in the delicate flavor and to keep out taints.

The trade mark seal and the familiar words, MEADOW-GOLD BUTTER, on the golden yellow package are your protection.

Dealers who handle Meadow-Gold Butter find that their trade grows steadily and surely. The uniform high quality and the fair price draw customers. Write for address of nearest distributing house.

Makers and Distributors
East of the Mississippi River
The Fox River Butter Company, Chicago, Ill.
West of the Mississippi River
Beatrice Creamery Company, Lincoln, Neb.
Distributing Branches in Principal Cities.

THE BENCH AND THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 22)

This reform, however, must go back a little farther. The president of the United States must cease to be the head and directing authority of his political party during his term of office. He must abandon the direction of it. He must abandon the use of his authority for the purpose of creating a political machine that may be used to perpetuate himself in office or to elevate another whom he may select. Foreign critics assert that we present the disgraceful spectacle of the executive of the nation busily at work; traveling from place to place, using every means within his power in order to build up a political organization he himself personally controls; that, if the political party which he represents remains in power, each executive is able to perpetuate himself for at least two terms, and after that to arbitrarily say who his successor shall be; and that, under this authority in its despotic aspect, he is no less a dictator than were the Roman emperors like Antoninus, who selected their successors.

This condition is contrasted with that obtaining in the British Empire, and the American people suffer by the comparison. The executive head of the British Empire has no affiliation with any political party. If the Conservatives are in power they have their own organization and government, and he acts in accordance with their policy for the welfare of the whole country. If the Liberals are in power they have their own organization and government, and he acts in accordance with their policy for the welfare of the whole country. It is a great and abiding disgrace that the chief executive of the United States should act as a political boss during his term of office.

The condition cannot continue. The people have demanded that it cease. The executive must, from this time forward, act as the representative of all the people and for their interest and welfare. He must abandon the active direction of his party. This does not mean that he must not endeavor to carry out the policy of his party, for that is carrying out the will of the people under our form of government; but he must become the representative of the whole nation in that work. He must no longer be a politician. He cannot continue as head of a machine. He cannot undertake to select a successor.

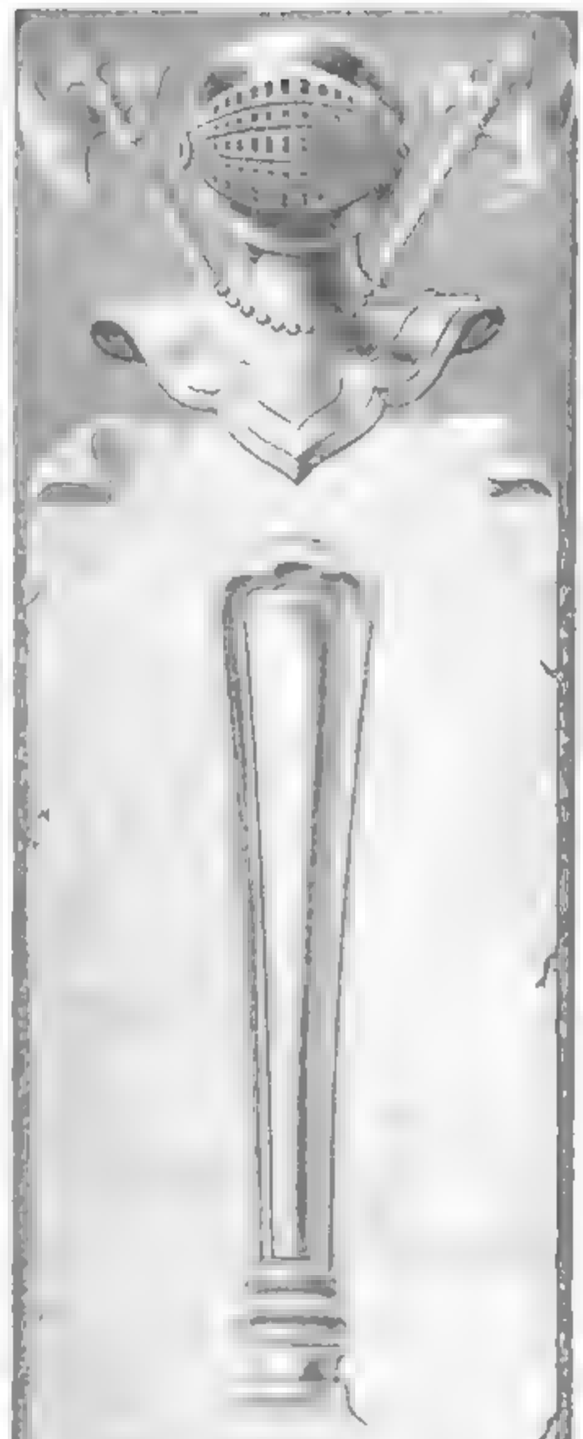
By the People, For the People

In the effort of the people to make their system of justice responsive to their needs there are some other things they must not overlook. Primary among these is the jury system.

There is a tendency to forget the importance of this branch of the machinery for the administration of justice. We ought to remember that it is peculiarly adapted to a republic. It is the people taking a direct part in the administration of justice. It keeps that administration in touch with the people and it reflects the common idea of justice that is abroad among the whole people. It means that all the electors, within certain qualifications, shall have a share in the administration of justice—that it shall not be turned over exclusively to any particular class; and it insures to every man a consideration of his controversy by some persons in the same station in life as himself.

Now this is an essential in passing upon the acts or controversies of the citizen. A man who is charged with a crime or involved in a controversy has the right to have his side of the matter fairly presented. Now his side of the matter cannot be understood or appreciated fully and completely except by some one who is in the same environment or condition of life as himself. One entirely outside of this environment or belonging to another class will not be able to understand thoroughly his point of view. If justice is to be administered by one who has no actual or intimate knowledge of the environment and condition in life of the citizen who comes before him, that one never can do entire justice.

This the jury system preserves to the citizen. Under it he has his controversies considered by twelve men, all coming from his immediate neighborhood, and some of whom must be in the same condition and



The Cromwell

There is something more than a mere name to our latest pattern, the Cromwell. In its construction the greatest care was taken so that the strength and weight of each piece would come in the right place. The bowls and tines are uniform in design throughout. This new pattern in

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

is finished bright, which gives the various pieces a very attractive appearance. Beautiful in its simplicity, its popularity is assured. It is sold with an unqualified guarantee that is backed by the actual test of 65 years.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue "A-90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. MERIDEN, CONN.
(Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.)
New York Chicago San Francisco
Hamilton, Canada

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Some Men Like

Clear Heads

To use in business.

They know that simple, wholesome food which does not heavily tax the digestive organs leaves the head clear and brain active.

It Pays

to cultivate

"your Punch"

as applied to bodily and mental health.

Skilful blending of Wheat, Corn and Rice forms a new and delicious hot porridge called

Post Tavern Special

It made its first public appearance at the Post Tavern, Battle Creek, and absorbed the name.

Sold by Grocers—10 and 15c. packages, except in extreme West.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

surrounded by the same environment as himself. He is, therefore, assured that his point of view will be understood.

There is another feature of the jury system: It prevents any permanent corruption of the whole system of justice in the country.

Powerful and unscrupulous influences, such might seek to indulge in predatory acts, are restrained by the fear that they may be called to trial before persons who are drawn by lot from electors and unknown to them before the date of the trial. The whole people cannot be corrupted; nor can influences that are deleterious to popular government reach the whole body of the electorate. By this system judges of fact—that is to say, jurors—are constantly drawn out of the body of the whole people. All classes of men are represented and there is complete secrecy as to who these judges will be.

At this point another important suggestion presents itself: The people must be careful to see that their system of selecting jurors is fairly and honestly maintained. Some states have a system of jury commissioners who make up a list of the jurors out of the electorate, from which panels are formed by taking the jurors in rotation or by lot. Now it sometimes happens that these jury commissioners are corrupt or under corrupt influences, and a fair and proper list of the jurors in the county is not made up. A certain number of men are put on the jury list and drawn over and over again, whereas all the people in the county who are qualified to be jurors ought to be put on the jury list, and the panels ought to be made up according to the law from these persons.

The jury system will be a failure if attention is not given to the manner in which jurors are drawn. The people should be careful to see that reliable men only hold the offices of jury commissioners. They ought to see that the jury list represents the whole of the available electorate. Otherwise the jury system will fall into the hands of irresponsible persons and be subject to corrupting influences.

The Citizen's Duty

While the people are at work making their system of justice responsive to their needs, they ought to get at these possible defects in the jury system and see that they are remedied. The plan is too important to be permitted to fall into disrepute. All its difficulties can be easily remedied. With respect to the jury system, every citizen has a duty to perform. He ought to be willing to bear his share in the administration of justice. He must be interested to give those about him in the community a careful and fair trial, so that if the need arises he may receive this sort of treatment himself.

If the people choose to cleanse and purify their jury system they will have one-half of the administration of justice at all times in their own hands. They will have it so thoroughly and completely in their own hands that it cannot possibly be removed from them. Even a corrupt and venal judge cannot wholly defeat justice when he is confronted with an honest and intelligent jury.

There is no reason why the people should not take over the whole system of justice, give it a closer scrutiny and make it more responsive to their needs. They ought to demand that no man shall be elevated to the bench except one whom they know to be a person of integrity, and to be in accord with those policies that are for the welfare of the whole people. They can easily force this reform. They can easily see that no unfit man is elevated to the bench when the matter comes before the people in an election. They can compel their representatives who appoint judges to make known in advance the persons whom they have in mind, and to give the electors ample opportunity to see that the candidates are fit to hold life tenures in office.

There is nothing in any sense unfair or revolutionary in such a course. This is a republic and the people are the whole source of authority. Their courts are but an arm of their government; they have the same right to say who shall exercise the office of judge as to say who shall hold a political position. And, if they use a certain vigilance, the reforms they demand with respect to the administration of justice in this country can be accomplished without any radical, visionary or untried schemes.

"It Won't Hurt Valspar"

YOU know how water spoils the varnish on your floors! It makes it turn white like hoar-frost, and next time you look you find the wood bare of varnish.

The turning white is the surrender flag of the varnish. It means that its "life," its elasticity, its strength are all gone. Then under a little friction it rubs away like so much dry powder.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

Valspar is the only varnish that won't turn white in water—but that's only part of it!

Valspar has the durability of the old long-oil varnishes, plus the ability to dry hard in twenty-four hours, making this supreme type of varnish available for the first time *for household use.*

It is the one sanitary finish, for it can be washed with hot water and soap without injury.

Radiators leak and drip hot water unobserved, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

Wet feet leave prints on the floor, water splashes, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

The bedroom window, left open at night, admits the storm, leaving a puddle of rain water or a heap of snow on the varnished floor and sill, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service of any other varnish made for that purpose, and that on outside work it will outlast *any* other varnish, and that it won't turn white. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true, we will cheerfully refund your money.

Prices: Gallon Can $4.50; Half-Gallon $2.25; Quart $1.20; Pint 60c.

Valspar costs more than ordinary varnishes, but revarnishing costs more than Valspar. Valspar is the varnish you can test *before* you use it.

We furnish a sample free and full directions.

THE VALENTINE'S VARNISHES

Valentine & Company, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago Boston Toronto *Established 1832* London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal., Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope and the Hawaiian Islands

Overland 1913

Completely Equipped

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5-Passenger Touring Car
Center Control
110-in. Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Prestolite Tank
Remy Magneto
Warner Speedometer
Mohair Top and Boot
Tires 32 x 3½ Q. D.
Clear Vision Wind Shield
All Bright Parts Nickel Plated

An extraordinary demand followed the announcement of this extraordinary value

WE predicted an avalanche of orders. We knew the minute this model was offered it would sweep the country. We knew nothing on earth could stop the demand for it. All we had to do was to acquaint the public with the facts. During the last sixty days we have shipped seventy-five hundred of these 1913 cars and still we are way behind our immediate shipping orders. This extraordinary pressure just naturally followed the announcement of this extraordinary value.

¶ Any one article that continues, from year to year, to beat, baffle and dominate other similar articles, must be the acknowledged leader. This is an established fact in commercial circles. That which is best must lead. The Overland is today the most prominent automobile, of its type, produced.

¶ Automobile values must be looked at from several different angles. You must consider not only the price, *but what that price buys you.* You must take into consideration the power, the strength, the beauty, the construction, the size, the appearance and the equipment of the car. You must judge a car by the material in it; the workmanship on it; the methods employed to produce it; and, last but not least, the facilities behind the production methods. Couple these facts with the price tag and you get the value.

¶ Examine each one of these fundamentals in this Overland at $985 and you find a car that is identical with the average $1200. Go further and you find high grade construction and painstaking care in finish that equal the production methods employed in the making of any $5000 car you know of.

¶ This car has the power of a $1200 car; it has the strength of a $1200 car; it has the size of a $1200 car; it has the seating capacity of a $1200 car; it has the wheel base of a $1200 car; it has the chassis construction of a $1200 car; it has the comfort of a $1200 car; it has the beauty and finish of a $1200 car.

$985

¶ Take the equipment item alone. It has a Warner speedometer—the best made; it has a fine mohair top and boot; it has a clear vision wind shield; it has a self-starter and a Prestolite tank—every practical accessory made for an automobile. And all for the one price—$985. There are no "extras."

¶ Then there are those important construction features which are only found on the very high priced cars. This model has a drop forged I beam section front axle, fitted with the famous Timken bearings; a three-quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings; a selective transmission, with three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings, and a cold rolled pressed steel frame. It has the center control. The brakes are unusually large for a car of this size and power, and are ample for cars of much greater weight. The inside diameter of the brake drum measures 13 inches. The width of the brake shoe is 2¼ inches. The outside diameter of the brake drum is 13⅜ inches. The brake band width is 2¼ inches. The springs are semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear. Each spring has six leaves. Tires are 32 x 3½ Q. D.

¶ This model is superbly finished. The striking body is in dark Overland Blue. Battleship gray wheels harmonize perfectly with the rich dark body, which is trimmed in black and nickel plate.

¶ We want to put it up to you squarely. We want to submit to your own judgment the following simple inquiry: Why pay more than our price for a car of this size, strength and power? When cars that are selling for $1200 give you no more practical value; give you no more power; no more comfort; no more ease; no more strength; no better looking car, why in the name of reason and economy should you pay the additional money?

¶ There are over 2000 Overland dealers. Look up the one in your town and see this Model 69 at once.

¶ Step lively for an early delivery.

¶ Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. A 210.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

A Thousand Million Dishes Will Be Served

This winter, in a dozen countries, folks will serve a thousand million dishes of these Quaker Oats.

Some of these people send 10,000 miles to get this particular brand.

In England—next door to the Scotch oats—Quaker Oats outsells all other brands.

So it is the world over, where live the lovers of oatmeal.

Why this amazing fact?

Because for 25 years we have purchased for Quaker just the choicest of the crops.

And from those choice oats we have always picked out just the most luscious grains.

We pass them through 62 siftings and two-thirds of the bulk is discarded.

From a bushel of choice oats we get only 10 pounds good enough for Quaker.

We prepare these plump, richly-flavored grains by a very careful process.

Year by year folks have found this out. From home to home, and from country to country, has spread the fame of Quaker Oats.

And Quaker Oats has become, through the verdict of millions, the leading oat food of the world.

Quaker Oats

The Oats With the Wondrous Flavor

Lesser oatmeal may be just as nutritious, but it never is half so delightful

Puny grains lack flavor

And, if you wish the children to enjoy oatmeal, flavor is of prime importance.

For Breakfast and Supper

Quaker Oats isn't expensive. Despite our selection, the cost is only one-half cent per dish!

Lesser grades with half the flavor cost one just as much.

It is worth your while to take the pains to get the Quaker brand.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(3121)

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

followed these instructions, Carmela and Annunciata would be strong and pretty, would make good marriages and would not have to work too hard.

In the spring Tomaso prepared to go again to Maryland, but he heard the canning factory was closed. It was a great misfortune to him, for it was now too late to get work with a construction gang. As always when he was in difficulties, he went to the settlement to see if he could learn there of the whereabouts of some other canning factory. It was suggested that he go to New Jersey, where the sandy soil, heavily fertilized, produces fruit and vegetables of all sorts. Tomaso took his family there as pickers. They were lodged in a shed, sleeping on hay given them by George Hallam, the big, good-natured farmer who employed them. They worked long hours, making considerably less than they had the year before. And yet to Teresa it was the happiest summer she had ever known! It was good to be in the open air, even if her back was tired, and little Annunciata and the other children throve by the change and by the amount of fruit they managed to consume. Angelo and Raffaeluccio and Carmela spoke English all the time. Once, when Teresa was telling Angelo a story of something that had happened in Italy, he said rudely:

"Aw, shut up that ginnie talk! This ainta Italy—this America!"

Tomaso, hearing him, beat him soundly.

"You go to school and getta too fresh!" he said. "I spik English too. You minda me and the *madre* yet, I bet you!"

It was when they returned to New York in September that Teresa's tragedy began. Tomaso fell ill. Teresa had heard vaguely of hospitals, but she would not have wanted to let Tomaso go away from home, though she would have made no protest if he had suggested it. She called in an Italian doctor, a quack; and then, as he got no better, Tomaso made her take Angelo to the settlement to ask the ladies there to come and make his father well. The settlement ladies were well accustomed to seeing an Italian boy act as patronizing interpreter for his helpless mother. They were powerful ladies, but they could not save Tomaso.

When he knew he was going to die he handed over his precious bankbook to the settlement neighbor he knew best, and asked her to take care of it for Teresa and her children. He did not want more of it spent than was necessary; there must be a nice funeral, for he was a rising man, but he would like as much as possible kept to put Angelo into a business after he left school. Angelo was to go to school until he knew enough English to protect himself from being cheated. Tomaso cried as he spoke, for he did not want to die. He liked being a rising man and having people look up to him; he was proud of his children and would have liked to see the boys grow up to be bankers and the girls marry well. Besides, he liked the sunshine and his bread and oil and spaghetti; but God knew best!

The Lure of the City

It was a fine funeral with a long row of carriages. Angelo and the twins felt very proud at riding in the first one and looking down at their playmates staring up awed from the pavement. On the way to the church they passed a procession with the men carrying candles and banners. The procession stopped for them, and this added to Angelo's feeling of importance; but Teresa wept in her corner and remembered the long-ago days when Tomaso had first loved her, and wondered how she could take care of the children without him!

That very night she and Carmela were working at the pants when the settlement neighbor found her and inquired as to her plans. She had none, except to keep the children in school and to work. She could manage with what the boarders paid her and with what Angelo and Raffaeluccio made by selling papers. She said all this in her liquid language, with Annunciata asleep in her lap, half buried under a pile of pants.

"You would not like to live in the country?" asked the settlement worker.

Teresa, however, did not believe any one lived in the country in America except in the summer. She was used to community life, and Angelo said with his charming smile:

"Country no good! They have no moving picture—no shows. It is alla dark in the night."

There followed many cruel months for Teresa. She had told the settlement neighbor she would not touch any of the money in the little bankbook; it should be kept for Angelo's business. She would manage to get bread for the children until Angelo could take care of them. She had to work harder than ever. In the daytime she went to a candy factory, putting little Annunciata in the settlement nursery, in the evening she picked nuts, aided by Raffaeluccio and Carmela. She never had more than five hours' sleep; but it was not the weariness she minded—nor was the loss of Tomaso her chief grief. True, she missed him; but the good God was taking care of him. What made Teresa's life bitter was the consciousness that she was losing her hold on her children.

Reading Liberty as License

At first Angelo had been sorry for her tears; he had stayed home in the evenings and helped her pick nuts and had slapped Raffaeluccio into wakefulness if he nodded over his share of the task. As time went on, however, Angelo's sense of importance grew. Without him his mother could not talk to the teacher or to the settlement ladies. Without him she could not go uptown to the shops. He had to tell her this was not the American law and that was not the American custom. His authority turned his head and he became his own man. He refused to stay home in the evenings or to give his mother the money he made by selling papers, using it to go to five-cent theaters. His example encouraged the other children in disrespect and disobedience. Though Angelo was beyond her control physically, Teresa could still whip the twins into submission; but they often refused to speak to her in Italian and took a malicious pleasure in hatching mischief in English in her presence. Once Carmela said in passionate Italian:

"Wait till I am big enough to go to work! You dare not beat me then!"

It was not the way the children treated their parents in Italy. Once, when Teresa was obliged to leave the house in the morning to do some forgotten marketing, she caught sight of Angelo strolling up and down smoking a cigarette. She did not let him know she had seen him; but that night she questioned Carmela, and by means of blows and embraces she learned that Angelo often stayed away from school. He forged notes from his mother saying she was ill or that he himself had been ill. Teresa went to the settlement house and laid the case before her friend. The latter put a truant officer upon Angelo's tracks. He threatened to run away from home and incited the other children to further rebellion. Teresa stopped leaving Annunciata at the settlement nursery.

"She too—Annunciata—is beginning to speak English," she said passionately. "Soon she will be no more my little one, but a stranger to me. Can I not keep one child in this new country?"

The settlement people were only too well aware of the fact that, among certain races, immigration forces children and parents into a false position in relation to each other and to the outside world. The parents have certain religious and social ideals and an impassioned faith in American liberty and independence. They live in America handicapped by ignorance of English. The children, picking up English quickly at school and in the streets, have their ideals formed by teachers, politicians—and even by saloonkeepers. Their interpretations are one-sided, clumsy and often false. They do not understand the restraints exercised by public opinion in their neighborhood. They read liberty as license. They consider their parents old-fashioned and feel contempt for them and their ideals.

For this reason, and because the children must so often translate the outside world to their parents, the family ties are loosened. The children feel their power and often

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Start things with vim—

—in business or sport—and the high jumps come easy. So get harnessed for Fall, men, in "the active man's underwear" that has no drawers to slip and slide, no seat of missing buttons, no bunched-up, binding crotch—Superior, The Perfect Union Suit.

Whether it's "Ho! for a gallop at sunrise!" or "Oh, for that hard office chair!" Superior will give you that quick-action freedom and snug-fitting comfort which makes the "going" smooth. For

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

—can't gap in the seat
—can't bind in the crotch

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever all such union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it interlocks like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch because it has no buttons on the seat to prevent free movement. It stays snugly closed when you want it closed—opens when you want it opened—adjusts itself *instantly* to every position.

Go to the man who sells you your collars and shirts and ask to see Superior.

All sizes, styles and fabrics $1 to $7. In Canada $1.50 to $10.00.

Write for Style Book and fabric samples.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR COMPANY
DEPT. M, PIQUA, OHIO

show cruelty in exercising it. The adult immigrants do not supply the units for our criminal classes—nor the third generation, but this second generation, the children of the adult immigrants who cannot impose restrictions of a normal family life, does. Sometimes by ferocious tyranny the parents can keep a hold on their children, who will bring them all their wages, taking back thankfully five or ten cents for the theater; but the more ignorant the parents are of English the more likely the tyranny is to be on the other side.

The settlement neighbors did what they could for Teresa; but she was only one of many who called on them and her case was not so bad as some, for at least her family had enough to eat. They persuaded her to let Annunciata go back to the nursery and they lured Angelo into a manual-training class; but the street habit was strong in Angelo. If Irish and German and Scandinavian boys beat him and would not let him play in the park, at least he could be of consequence among his own race. He became the leader of a gang; and in April—for the infringement of a law—he was brought up before the Juvenile Court.

Teresa was desperate. Her boy might be in danger of prison—Angelo, who was some day to have a business and support them all! She appeared before the judge with her settlement neighbor, and instead of representing her son as a paragon of virtue she told the truth about him. He had been a good son until he came to America, and now he was a bad son—and she did not know what to do. The judge paroled the boy to the settlement worker and advised his mother to whip him when he needed it. Teresa whipped him and he was a well-behaved person for quite a week.

The Making of a Criminal

At the end of that time it was the season for going to the country to pick fruit and Teresa was obliged to depend on Angelo to get her family to the train and buy the tickets. This restored the boy's confidence and he was his old insolent self by the time they were installed in Farmer Hallam's shack.

"Where's your man?" asked Hallam.

"He dead," said Teresa; "but we three worka hard."

"Well, you're the first Dago woman I ever met who would come off on her own hook!" commented Hallam with interest.

Teresa did not understand what he said, but she saw that somehow she had won his approval. She made Carmela her interpreter and asked Hallam to beat Angelo when he was bad—and to give her Angelo's money. Hallam was willing to help family discipline and Teresa had a reasonably peaceable summer.

Working in the open was good for her health and brought back some of her hopefulness. The twins were docile too; and when she saw how much better they looked Teresa remembered some of the things the nurse had told her when Annunciata was born. She wished the summer would last all the year round and that she could keep the children away from the gang and the five-cent theaters.

When they returned to New York the street again claimed Angelo. The memory of Hallam's discipline faded; each month seemed to add to his ingenuity in mischief and his agility in escaping from the fruits of his misdeeds. Sometimes he stayed downtown all night on the excuse of waiting for the early morning editions of the newspapers. He was laying the ground for debility and worthlessness and acquiring a distaste for the dullness of work. He enjoyed defying the law. He could be throwing dice on the sidewalk when a policeman appeared and the next moment be chalking innocent pictures on a paving stone. He found Teresa's hiding place for her money and began to steal it. He was so often undiscovered that at last he became too sure. He was taken to the Juvenile Court once more for the theft of some plumbing supplies from an empty house; and this time he was not paroled—the offense was too serious. The judge ordered him sent to a reformatory. Angelo's terror and tears reacted on Teresa. To both it seemed the boy was being sent to a jail; but no pleading moved the judge, and even the settlement neighbor said that nothing but this sentence could save Angelo.

It was a long time before Teresa understood. After Angelo was taken away the twins became her own again. They were afraid what had happened to their brother

"All Doors Open to the Well-Groomed Man"

BEAU BRUMMEL

The neck-dress was recognized by Brummel as the detail of first importance.

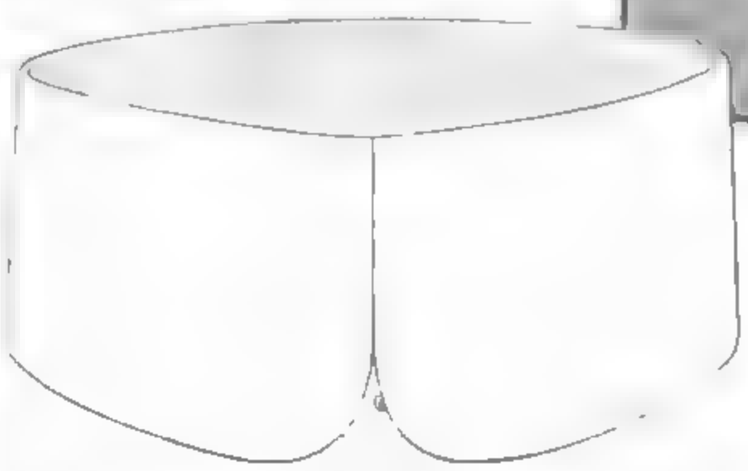
No man can be well-groomed today unless correctly collared.

IDE SILVER COLLARS have that unusual smartness—as well as remarkable durability. Rightly shaped to begin with, they *keep* their shape.

The Newest Buttonhole

The improved buttonhole for the closed-front collar is the LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE. It is worked into the band so that it will neither stretch nor break in laundering.

Nor will the "Snap-on" spread, pull apart or slip off the button. Simple to adjust, it holds the collar together in front and assures it the coveted straight-closed-front effect every time it is worn. You will find the "Snap-on" in this style collar—



2⅜ in. PEMBROKE — 2¼ in. KENSETT — 2 in. CHATHAM

The Newest Collar

The Pembroke, the Kensett, the Chatham (identical in shape, three heights) is the latest closed-front shape. Ask to see this satisfying collar with the new, strong, practicable "Snap-on" buttonhole—at your dealer's.

Ide Silver Collars

Have Ample Scarf Space

¼ Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada 3 for 50c

These are the collars of long life, throughout which they retain their style, because of the LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES that neither stretch nor tear.

Hundreds of impartial *tests* have proved that IDE SILVER COLLARS last longest in the laundry and always hold their shape.

Write for our attractive STYLE BOOK and the name of the nearest IDE SILVER COLLAR dealer.

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

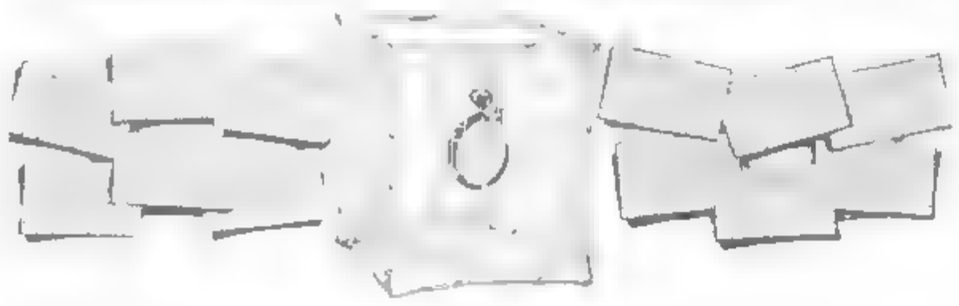
BEAU Brummel was the foremost man of fashion in his time. He set the mode—even for princes of the Blood Royal.

More than that, "the Beau" was a wit. He had a wondrous dry philosophy of life—and Royalty hung on his words.

There is a depth of wisdom in the above quotation from Brummel.

In "the Beau's" Day, men wore silk "knickers" and gorgeous coats with frills of lace at their throats. But his words are as true now as then.

Remember that no man can be well-groomed today unless he is correctly collared.



We Will Work on One Watch for a Year

We require six months in making the *parts* of every South Bend Watch, for we [illegible] each part is perfection. Then we [illegible] watch a month's running test. If it fails it goes back to the workrooms.

We'll repeat this until we have kept it a year. If it doesn't "make good" it is scrapheaped

We could not afford to adopt this plan if we did not insist on a rigid inspection of every part in the making

The result—Every South Bend Watch is a [illegible] piece, for no others are ever sent from [illegible]

The jeweler can thus give it expert regulation, and that is immensely important [illegible] no watch runs the same for two people It [illegible] are to wear it, and it's to keep [illegible] it must be regulated to your personal [illegible]

Some watches can't be regulated precisely They seem beyond any real control. In most such watches were made in a hurry They were untrained before they were sent to the jeweler.

When a South Bend is sent it has earned a diploma of conduct

Get This Book!

Our book, "How Good Watches Are Made," [illegible] It tells why [illegible] trademark has become the most famous watch-mark in the world. Get a copy and read it. Just say, "Send your watch book," on a post card

A South Bend Watch can be had in [illegible] solid gold case for $75 or in [illegible] case at every reasonable price

[illegible] South Bend watch [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] 20 [illegible] 25 years and permanently [illegible] case carries a certificate of the amount of gold used.

The "South Bend" Watch

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind. Kansas City, Dec. 11, 1911.

Gentlemen: I am running a passenger engine on the Frisco railroad. It was necessary for me to purchase a new watch and saw your advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post* and purchased movement 521771 Studebaker I have carried this watch for about 90 days and it has varied only 2 seconds. I purchased this movement from A. L. Carpenter, Kansas City. In my judgment the Studebaker has no equal [illegible] road watch. I have carried several of the best makes of watches made in the United States but none equal the Studebaker, and believe the South Bend Watch Co. has solved the problem of perfect timekeepers. Truly yours, W. H. Chiney, 1700 Hooly St., Kansas City, Mo

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No Waste No Cooking Always Ready

Absolutely pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—sugar and cream to taste—the flavor is *always* perfect, you control the strength. Sold by grocers at 30c. and 85c. per tin, except in extreme West and South. If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 30c. and receive a full size tin.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE SALES CO., 77 Wall Street, New York

might happen to them. Teresa sometimes looked at Raffaeluccio when he was asleep and wondered if he would go the way of Angelo. She proved at last that she had become Americanized, so far as an Italian woman of the first generation can become so. She went to the settlement worker and told her that in the place where they had spent the summer an Italian family had bought a little farm of five acres. She wanted her friend to take the money Tomaso had left and buy five acres from Mr. Hallam. Tomaso had wanted to buy a business for Angelo; but if Angelo was not a good boy it would be better to get the land for the other three. They could stay on it and could not grow bad. It was mother-love and mother-need and the sense that she must be father and mother both that had driven Teresa to have an idea of her own.

The settlement worker wrote to Mr. Hallam; and he replied that there was a patch of uncleared land, some six acres in extent, which could be bought for something short of three hundred dollars. He believed in Teresa and would see that she got the land on easy terms—and she should be given some assistance in clearing it. She could find work to do in the neighborhood during the winter, he thought. He was interested in her case and would do what he could to help, for he was convinced the woman could make good.

The American Girl

Tomaso had left something over two hundred dollars. The business was arranged for Teresa, and early in the spring she left New York forever. She lived in the shack belonging to Hallam which she had occupied the two preceding summers, and she got work at scrubbing and washing in the town. Hallam and some of the neighboring farmers, interested in her case, cleared an acre for her, fertilized it and set it out in strawberry plants. Teresa was grateful, though she did not understand how much they had done for her.

That was the beginning of her good fortune. When the berry season began she and the children worked early and late picking for Hallam, using what time was left in picking on their own acre. Hallam marketed her crop and banked the money for her. She surprised him by her knowledge of fruit and orchard growing, for he did not know she was used to many kinds of field culture. Like all Italians, she would cultivate little odd corners of earth that workmen of other nationalities would have neglected. Owning her land seemed to improve her intelligence and she began to speak a little English. In the autumn Hallam loaned her some tools and rented her his horses when she said she wanted to clear more of her land.

The next year, when Angelo came out of the reform school, rather chastened but still at the turning-point for good or evil, he found a mother whom he could not but respect. She had land, two acres of which were cleared and fertilized, and another acre was half cleared. She had a little corrugated-iron house the settlement worker had begged for her. She could speak a little English. She was looked up to by the neighbors—did not even Mr. Hallam respect what she said about fruit trees? And she called her boy *Angelo mio*—just as if he had always been a good son to her.

She confided her ambitions to Angelo. They must clear all the land, fertilize it all, pay off all they owed. Mr. Hallam said it would take four years; but then it would be all their own, and they could be rich and buy a good business for Raffaeluccio and make good marriages for Carmela and Annunciata. Already Carmela could read and write the most beautiful English and sing like a bird. They were working together on their patch while they talked, and as they straightened their bent backs they saw Carmela running along the road, coming home from school. Teresa had a picture of the little girl she had once seen in the canning-factory town, who could dress in white and play among the flowers.

"I work always," she said to Angelo with a smile that beautified her weather-beaten face. "And that alla right—I Italian; but Carmela"—and she half pointed to her daughter, half stretched out her arms to her—"Carmela, she no worka so hard—she 'Merican girl!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

At Last! The Pipe-Smoke of Your Dreams

Edgeworth Tobacco is All that You Have Longed For, but Hardly Dared to Expect. Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug as You Prefer.

A delight awaits you in Edgeworth Tobacco if [illegible] never tried it.

[illegible] package. Fill your pipe. Light up and puff away. You will have a delicious surprise. It'll be your dream smoke *come true*. How [illegible] smoker of [illegible] their name is legion [illegible]

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
Smoking Tobacco
Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug

"Edgeworth" Tobacco is the finest Burley-leaf the ground can yield. There's *never* a bite for the tongue. The aroma is as inviting as a man could find.

You who swear by "Edgeworth" tell your friends to try it now And you who know it not—it's time to get acquainted.

We're so sure of "Edgeworth" that we GUARANTEE [illegible] will refund the purchase price if you are dissatisfied. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in 10c and 50c tins, everywhere, and in handsome $1.00 [illegible] Edgeworth, Sliced [illegible] 15, 25 [illegible] $1.00 Mailed prepaid [illegible] dealer has none.

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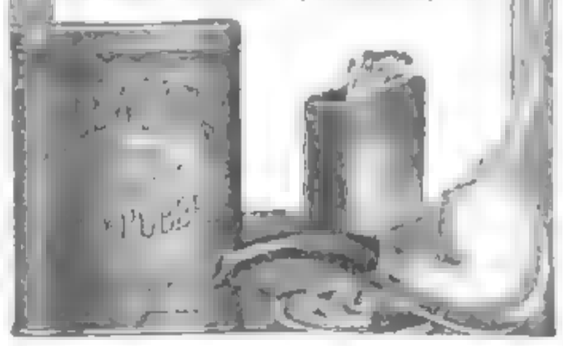
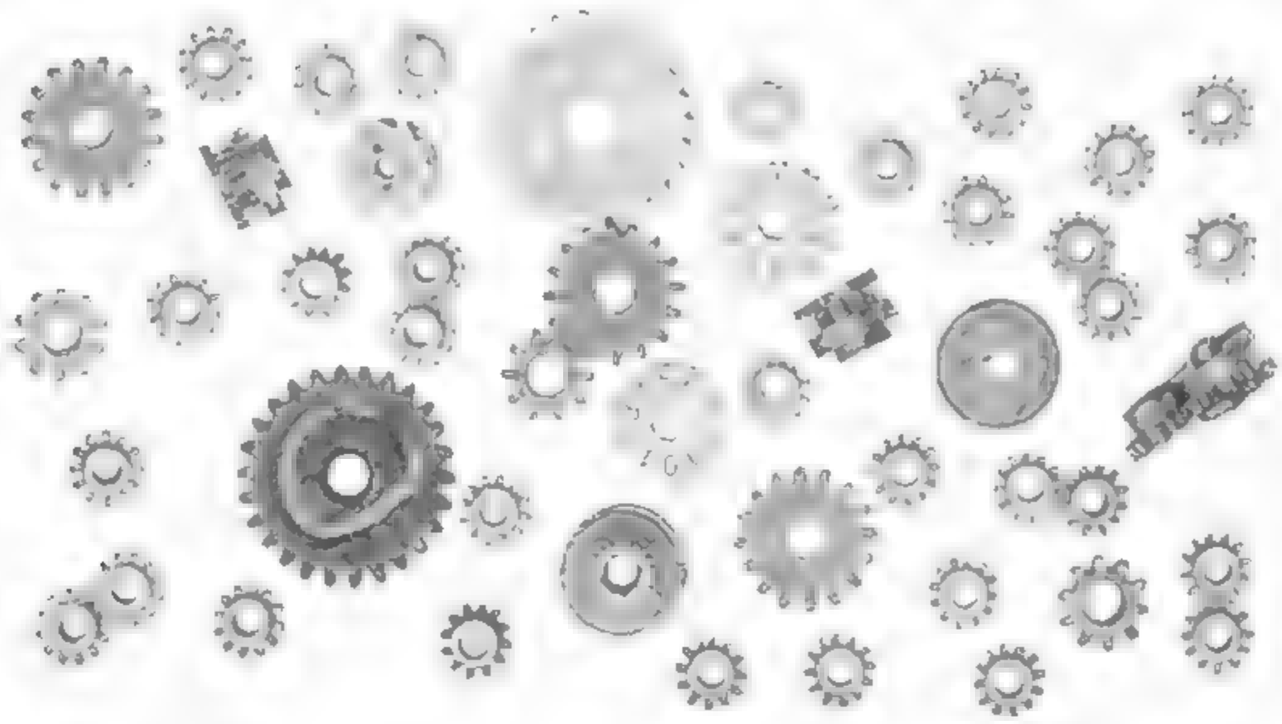
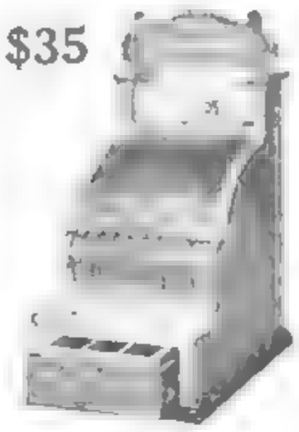


Modern Business Brain Cells

$20

Total Adder





$35

Total Adder

$50

Total Adder

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They are not affected by fatigue, excitement or sentiment.

Worry, work or temptation cannot throw them out of mesh, and rush of business cannot make them forget.

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Total Adder
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Total Adder
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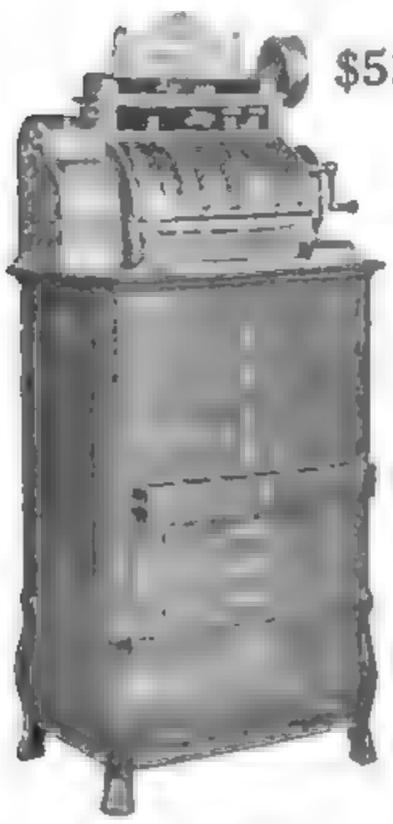
Total Adder — Prints Receipt
Prints Sales-Strip

$150

Department Store Register



$520

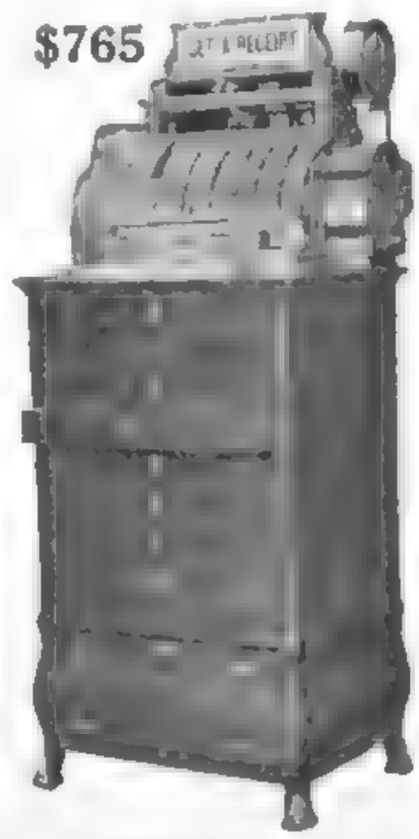
Six Complete Cash
Registers in One

$380

Shows Four Separate Totals
Prints Receipt — Prints Sales-Strip

$500

Four Complete Cash
Registers in One



$765

Nine Complete Cash
Registers in One

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

"54" HUDSON—*a Six*

65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start.

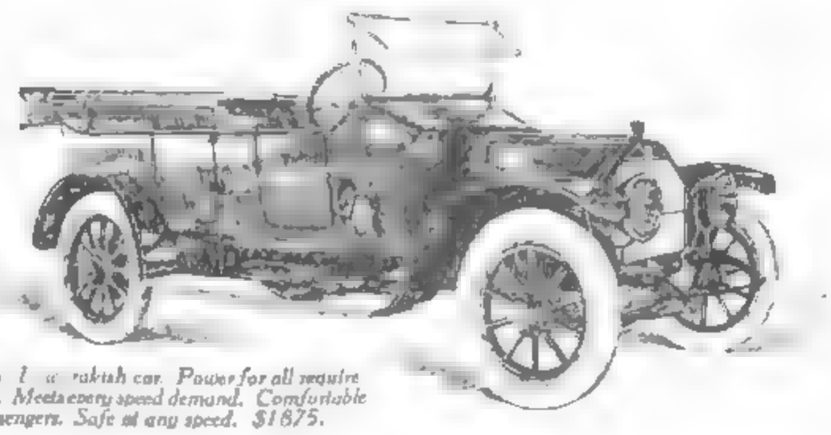
HUDSON cars will answer all requirements of Quality, Appearance, Comfort, Staunchness, Power, Speed, Completeness and Advance Features for years to come.

Want to Trade Your Old Automobile?

Don't make a mistake when you trade your present car in on a new one. First make sure that it is the car you would choose if you were paying cash. Then get the best allowance on your old car that you can. But don't let an apparently big price for your machine blind you as to the real value of the new car.

If you are postponing your decision as to what car you will take, pending the disposal of your old automobile, consider carefully the cars that are [illegible] for trading. Remember that most buyers of the better grade cars have owned automobiles in the past, and that they are disposing of those old cars because the cars failed in some particular to be completely satisfactory.

In the car that you plan to buy, you expect a more satisfactory automobile than is the one you are selling. Perhaps lack of power, or speed, or uncomfortable riding qualities, or lack of safety, or some other detail has not pleased you in the car that you are selling. Naturally you will [illegible] to it that your new car will not be similarly unsatisfactory. You should further be sure that the new car is also satisfactory in all other essentials, such as staunchness, simplicity, freedom from mechanical faults, and also that it is modern in appointment, equipment and luxurious furnishings. And be particular that it is comfortable to ride in, that it is roomy enough for you to lounge about in and that it gives no trouble on the road.



Torpedo [illegible] rakish car. Power for all requirements. Meets every speed demand. Comfortable to passengers. Safe at any speed. $1875.

The Two *New* HUDSON Cars That 48 Engineers Built

The picked engineers from 97 European and American automobile factories combined in building the *New* HUDSON cars.

There are 48 experts in the organization, at the head of which is Howard E. Coffin, America's leading automobile engineer and builder of six famous cars.

Combined, these men had a hand in building more than 200,000 motor cars.

No car can be greater than its engineers planned it to be. We believe mechanical perfection is more quickly and thoroughly accomplished through combining the experience and skill of many men than is ever possible if dependence is placed entirely upon one man.

The Six

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-a-way, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed of 65 miles an hour with full equipment and will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Its equipment is complete in every detail, which includes an electric self-cranking, electric lighting dynamo type—and ignition system, known as the Delco, patented. Illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36x4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. Turkish type. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each; Canadian price, duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge.

The Four

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has built as many successful automobiles.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

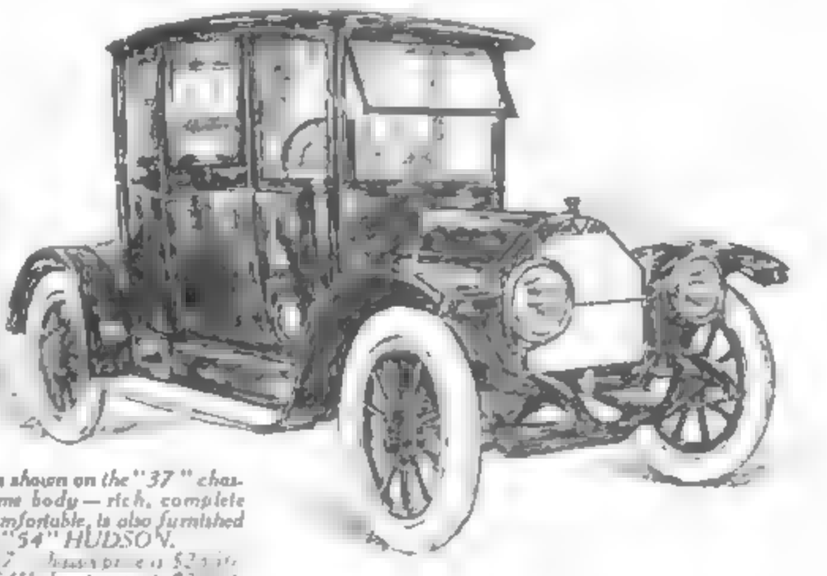
Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its detail of comfort beauty, distinctiveness and equipment is precisely the same as that furnished on the "54."

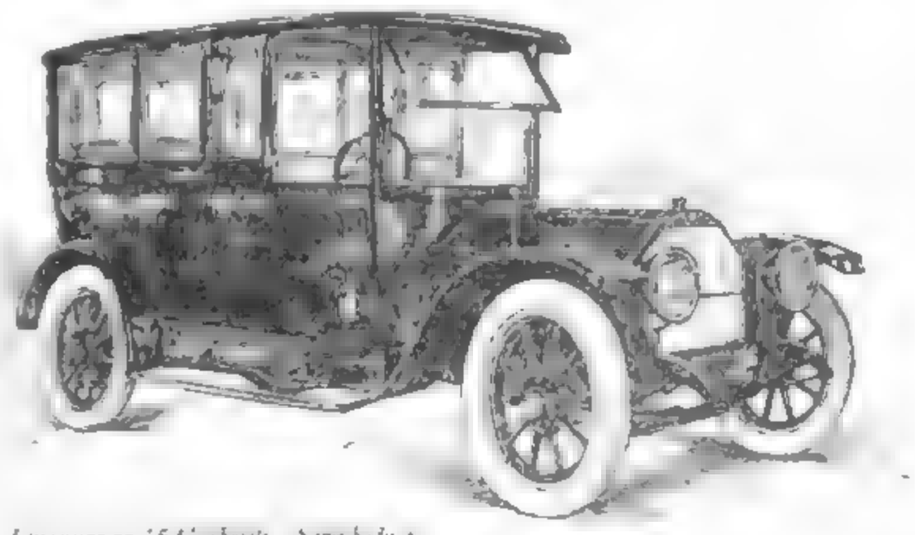
The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best our 48 engineers know how to build; therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Canadian price, duty paid, $2425, f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra.



Coupe as shown on the "37" chassis, same body—rich, complete and comfortable, is also furnished on the "54" HUDSON. On "37" chassis price is $2[illegible]. On "54" chassis price is $2[illegible].



Limousine on "54" chassis. Same body is furnished on the HUDSON "37" [illegible]. The finest body we can build, elegant and complete. On "37" chassis price is $3250. On "54" chassis price is $3750.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7521 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit

HUDSON—Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REMITTANCE MAN

Continued from Page 15

hundred and fifty or sixty dollars, the whole of which the cows would have earned in a year or less, to say nothing of the better quality stock such animals would have bred for him.

But in those days—twelve years ago—ranching meant doing a few things on a large scale and letting the rest go to waste. There were great public ranges, hundreds of square miles of government land, on which any man might turn all the cattle he owned and feed them free of charge. With no care at all the increase was about seventy per cent. A rancher had only to buy a few head of cattle to start with and theoretically all he had to do was to sit still and grow rich.

IV

KERSHAW'S ranch cut a good deal of hay, and the work of getting it down, in and stacked occupied six weeks. We ranch pupils were expected to help with this, working side by side with the ranchhands on mower, rake or stack; and we did it, less to learn how—for an intelligent man can learn all there is to it in a day—than out of fear what Kershaw would write home in his reports if we didn't.

During haying time the food was considerably better, for the man knew he had to feed us or he could not work us. But most of my remittance still went for food, canned stuff I bought at the store, or for cartridges to kill sage chickens, with which the country abounded and on which we Englishmen had many a feast cooked over a campfire miles from the detestable bunkhouse. Sunday was our day for eating, as we could then go off without question, and we did justice to the occasion.

For six weeks I was up before daylight and came in from the fields at dusk. Haying was harder work than I could have imagined. I lived in a perpetual ache for a month, but I stuck to it to the end. I proved to myself that I could do a day's work with the best of them, and, to tell the truth, it had come to seem a man's work to me and I was proud of my ability to do it.

Having us to work for him and pay him for letting us do it, and seeing that I was game for it, Kershaw, in the middle of the season, took Dick and me to a meadow about ten miles off, which he said he had leased. Here we cut and stacked about thirty tons of hay. We left the ranch before daybreak, carrying lunch with us, and returned on horseback after dark.

Kershaw worked with us most of the time in this field and seemed in a great hurry to get it done. On the last day, when there remained only the stringers to put on top of the stack to keep the wind from blowing it away, he had business at the store and sent us up alone with the poles in a cart. A hard blow had come up in the night and we had to retop the stack, so our work occupied us until dark.

About three o'clock—at which hour Kershaw had calculated we should be at home again—a rancher rode up asking for Kershaw and saying he expected to meet him there.

He began examining the hay and then remarked: "Kershaw told me you'd got up thirty-five tons for me, but I didn't believe him. There isn't a pound over thirty—if there's that. Ninety dollars is all he'll get off me for the work. Think of charging me three dollars a ton for puttin' it up an' then tryin' to stick me for five tons that ain't here!"

That night Dick and I went home raging. We determined to demand each a third of the wage money. It was certainly not in the bargain that we were to be hired out to some one else. But, as luck had it, Kershaw had not returned, and we found awaiting us a pile of letters from our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers admonishing us, each in its peculiar key, to "make good," "stick it out," "show what is in you."

We cooled down. It was all in the game anyway, and what else could we do or where could we go? Though I was at that time convinced there were numberless openings for me in the country, I had not looked for any. A quarrel with Kershaw over this money would mean an open rupture and immediate departure.

We said nothing to Kershaw about his hiring us out and taking the money, but from that day I saved my remittance and hoarded what little money I had. Dick drank his—for which I have never much blamed the poor chap.

When haying was over Kershaw was obviously anxious to get rid of the three of us young Englishmen, but in such a way as to make our leaving voluntary and to prevent a demand for the return of our fees. In October I decided to hunt another position for myself, but I had heard enough of the difficulties other young Englishmen went through and had seen enough of the country to be desirous not to cut myself off from even this poor shelter till I had another. I was bound not to let Kershaw throw me out till I was ready to go and could honestly tell my father I had bettered myself in changing.

With this in view I rode to the nearest town—a three days' trip as I made it—to find something for the winter. I had with me one hundred and seventy dollars. I stayed a month. It is enough to say of the trip that I hunted everywhere, went to another place for a week on the same quest, but found nothing. No; that is not quite exact. I had an offer of a job driving a livery hack for the man with whom I was boarding my horse. On my declining this he changed it to an offer of stable work, if I "liked cleanin' an' tendin' horses in the stalls better." I did not feel I had come to quite that level, in spite of the work I had been doing on the ranch; but many another remittance man has done it as the alternative of starving.

Nobody wanted me—I learned that through four heartbreaking weeks. There was no more a place for me and my accomplishments here than there was at home. The end of it was that I went back to Kershaw's for the winter as the only thing I could do, a hundred and fifty dollars poorer and a million dollars wiser.

Dick now boozed almost constantly and never got out of his bunk before nine or ten in the morning, sometimes not for an entire day. I have to confess that I joined him, first only in beer, but later in whisky.

Drink and cards were the only diversions we had in our lonely, snowed-in bunkhouse. Remember, we were deprived of any participation in the life of the family—such as it was—except at meals, and these were social nightmares.

When the winter really got in its work we were quite shut off from the outer world. The post came up on the stage three times a week when it could, but we were seven miles from the office and the drifts in the gulch made the road impassable for weeks.

My life from the middle of November to the first of March was one dead level of monotony, broken only by my work of milking and feeding the stock and shoveling paths from the house to the corrals. Verily I believe had it not been for my work I should have gone insane, or have devoted myself to the whisky bottle as my companion was doing.

Yes, there was one other diversion in my life—the sense of a gathering storm between Kershaw and myself, which finally broke on the second of March. My return had very much upset his plans and I saw he was determined to get rid of me. Still, knowing the man as I thought I did, I was not prepared for anything more serious than vituperation and insult.

On the night of the second of March, about eleven o'clock, he came to the bunkhouse with a lantern. I was in bed and asleep. He waked me and told me to dress, saying that he needed me at the corrals. He warned me not to wake Dick—which was unnecessary, as the chap was dead drunk. Kershaw waited till I had my clothes on. I followed him to the corrals and into the shed. There my astonished eyes saw a dead steer and Mrs. Potts standing over it, a big butcher knife in her hand. The whole side of the animal had been cut off—a very strange way to begin skinning and dressing, as I well knew. Mrs. Potts was shaking with cold and Kershaw, turning the job over to me, took her back to the house.

The whole thing was so queer—his slaughtering by lantern light with her there and all—that I stopped to think it over before I did anything. It was evident to me that the brand had been removed

A VALUABLE, NEW FEATURE ON

The Best Temperature Regulator

"30 YEARS THE STANDARD"

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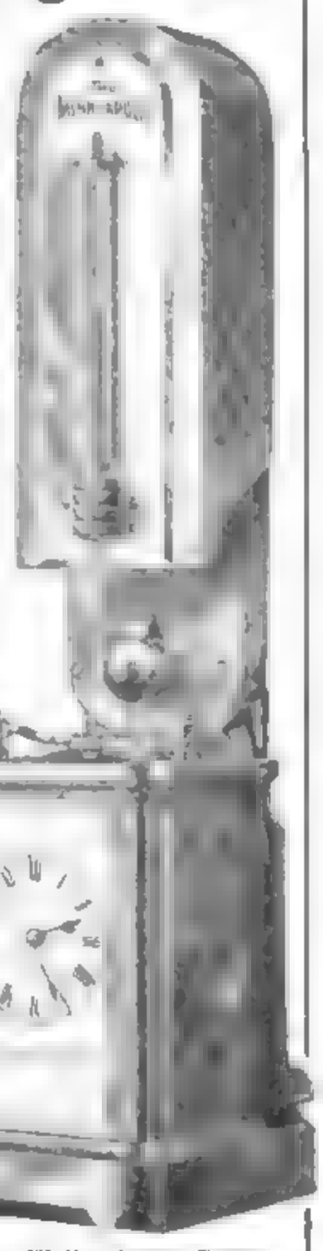
Time and Alarm, run 8 days with one winding

You need a heat regulator. You want the best. You want *"The Original"*

"THE MINNEAPOLIS"

The equipment that year by year has kept the lead and now offers in this latest improvement the "de luxe" device of all makes and models. The beautiful clock time attachment has a solid brass frame, beveled glass sides and top and porcelain dial. Has hour and half-hour strike and repeat. Time and alarm both run 8 days with one winding.



The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Maintains even temperature of any desired degree day or night.

You can determine exactly the temperature of warmth you want during the day, indicate at bed time the temperature for the night and set the alarm for a resumption of the day temperature to occur automatically any time within 12 hours.

Guaranteed accurate and dependable—Lasts as long as the house.

The "Minneapolis" can be used with hot water, hot air, steam or natural gas heating, is absolutely dependable, proof against careless waste of fuel and possible loss by fire.

Sold and installed by the heating trade everywhere under positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Write for booklet showing all our models with descriptions and prices

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2750 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Patented on Wall or Living Room

Snug Warmth for the Little and Big Fellows

Why not wear a Knit-right (guaranteed) Toque, Hockey or Aviation Cap for Fall and Winter?

There is nothing that equals a Knit-right (guaranteed) Cap for allround Winter wear. It's the brand of headwear that can always be depended upon to withstand the hard Winter weather. Knit-right (guaranteed) Caps combine style, warmth and comfort, and are ideal for every form of Winter use. Young and old folks wear Knit-right (guaranteed) Caps. Made in over one hundred and fifty patterns to suit every requirement.

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Every Knit-right Cap Is Absolutely Guaranteed for Six Months

Look for the Green Label.

Insist on your dealer showing you Knit-right (guaranteed) Caps. If he will not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. They fit right because they are Knit-right

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Established 1881 New York Office—366 Broadway

The Only Shirts That Protect the Neck

If you're wearing shirts with the now old-fashioned neckband, with its exposed front collar button, you're putting up with a lot of unnecessary discomfort and disfigurement.

What's the use of being partial to the *back* of your neck? Why not be protected in *front*? Wear Faultless Shirts, with the new and greatest comfort feature—Nek-Gard—which avoids the collar-button spot, prevents pinching and keeps the collar button from falling out.

This Nek Gard idea came to us like a revelation. We saw its mighty importance to every man who wears a shirt, had it patented, and now the Nek-Gard is on every Faultless Shirt regardless of grade or price.

Faultless Shirts

WITH PATENT NEK-GARD

The best thing that ever happened to a shirt—and it happened to the best shirts. Faultless Shirts have always been the best you could buy. The choicest shirtings from the world's famous looms go into them; they are cut over roomy patterns noted for style and naturalness; their make-up and finish equal custom-made shirts. And now they embody *absolute* shirt comfort. Made in all popular shirt fabrics, without extra cost for the Nek-Gard betterment, and enthusiastically sold by haberdashers everywhere. If you don't know where to buy them, write us, and we'll tell you where.

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

"The Cozydozy Kind"

Noted for their roominess also for their shapeliness and good fit. They have that refinement of materials and finish which every well-groomed man desires. Accurate sizes. Flattened seams. Sold by the same enthusiastic dealers who sell Faultless Shirts.

E. ROSENFELD & CO. DEPT. S. BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Be Kind to Your Feet

Why treat your feet as though you had a *grudge* against them? As though you wanted corns and bunions and calluses on them?

Be kind to your feet and get shoes that are made to *fit* them—not shoes that you have to force your feet *out* of shape to wear.

Ralston Shoes now lead in style and are built to the *exact* shape of the human foot—on foot-moulded forms. No "near-fit" about Ralston Shoes, no disagreeable "breaking-in," but *comfortable* from start to finish

Authority
Styles $4 to $6

Ralston

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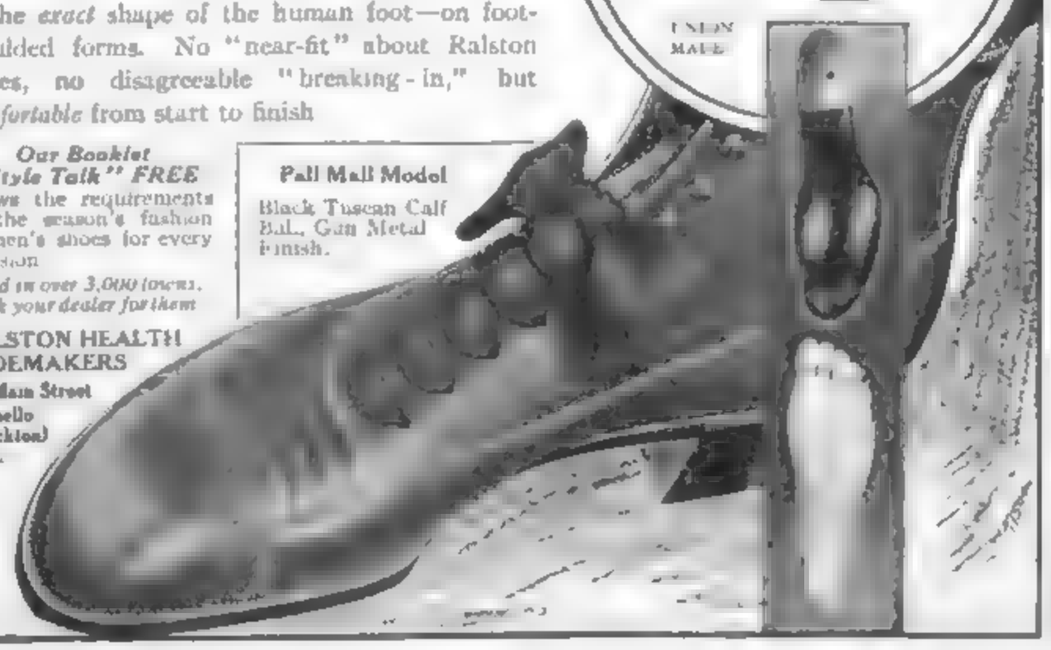

Our Booklet
"Style Talk" FREE
Shows the requirements of the season's fashion in men's shoes for every occasion

Sold in over 3,000 towns. Ask your dealer for them

Pall Mall Model
Black Tuscan Calf Bal., Gun Metal Finish.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
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with the piece of skin they had taken off the side. While I stood there considering the matter I noticed that the hay in one of the mangers was disarranged, a small pile hanging over the side and some on the ground. I had packed the mangers myself before sundown, carefully scraping up all the droppings. On the impulse of the moment I dived my arm under this hay and drew out a large piece of fresh hide. It contained the brand.

The steer was worth seventy or eighty dollars on the hoof and the brand on the scrap of hide was not ours. There was absolutely no doubting the man's intention—I had the proof in my hands. Remember, it is a penitentiary offense in that state. My blood boiled. All I had been through seemed to rage over me at once. While I stood there holding the branded hide and thinking what I should do, Kershaw returned.

"Look here, Kershaw," I cried, "I want an explanation of this"—I held out the skin in one hand, the lantern in the other. "This is a steer you've killed that doesn't belong to us and you know it."

In the dim light he had not at first seen what I held; when he did, he gave a yell, turned with a jump for the rifle—which I had not till then noticed—with which he had shot the steer. I had the presence of mind to smash out the light on a post and jump, just as I heard the chuck-chuck of the rifle when he pumped the cartridge.

He fired wide of me by some feet. The flash showed me where he stood, the second chuck-chuck guided me. He fired again. I was close to him, but he did not see me. As he fired the third time I ducked my head, leaped at him and got him in the pit of the stomach. We grappled, fell, and rolled over and over in the filth of the cattle shed. He was a stronger man than I had thought, but my work had toughened me and I was fighting for my life.

Somehow or other I got him on his face and I on top of him, and I rubbed and scrubbed it down on the shed floor. I did not pound him—I just cleaned up the corral shed with him and paid him back for everything he had done to me and the rest of us remittance men. He went suddenly limp. When he groaned I let up on him. I crawled about on my hands and knees till I found the rifle, and with that I left him and went back to the bunkhouse. I still have the rifle—I thought it little enough in return for what he'd taken of mine. How the man got back to the cabin I don't know—I took it for granted that Mrs. Potts heard the shooting and would investigate. I don't think I hurt him physically so much that he could not walk back.

As for me, I cleaned up. Then I roused Dick with cold water and poured strong, boiling coffee down him, which I had made on the stove while I was changing my clothes. We packed everything we had. We hitched our saddle-horses to Kershaw's two-seated buggy. Removing the back seat we piled in our belongings, and as day was breaking we gently but firmly withdrew.

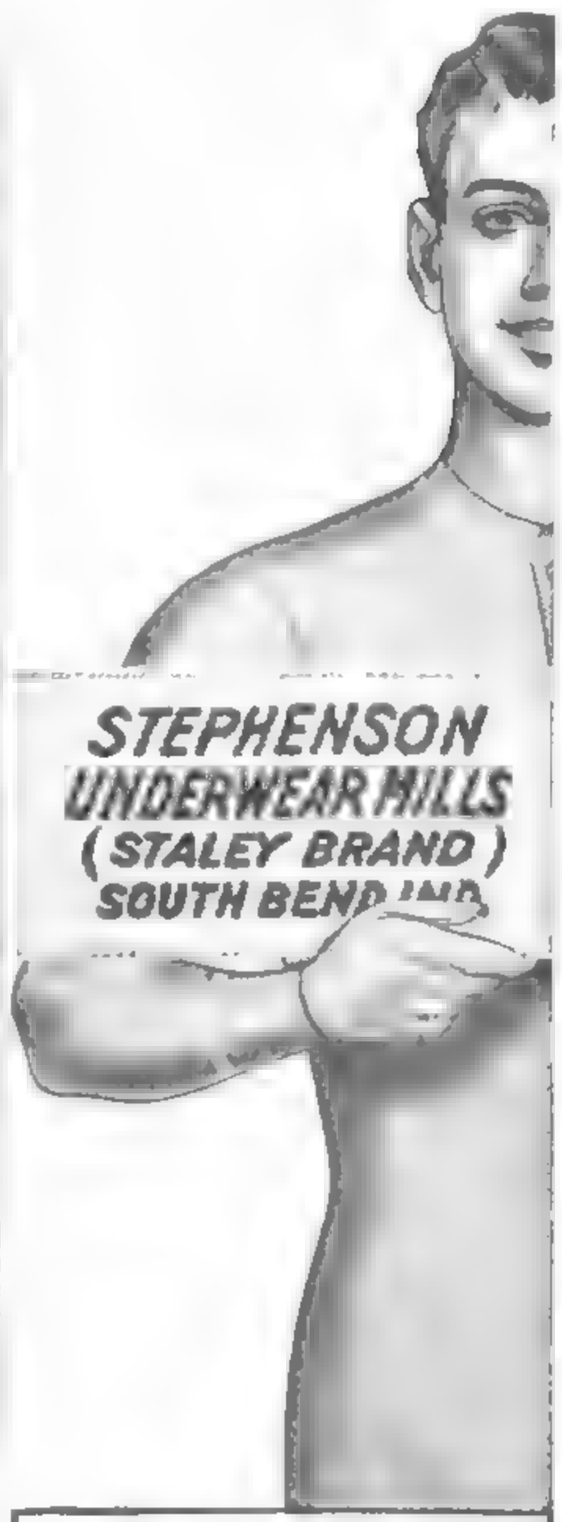
I think it likely that Mrs. Potts was aware of our departure, for we had to drive close to the house and saw a light moving behind the drawn shades; but if so, she probably thought discretion the better part of valor and let us go, as the simplest way out of the difficulties now confronting her and Kershaw.

Dick and I made for a neighbor's ten miles away. During the long drive, which occupied six or seven hours on account of the snow, we threshed out the whole situation and decided to let all explanations as to the real cause of our departure come from Kershaw.

■

THUS ended my tutelage as a ranch pupil and thus began my career as an independent ranchman. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and our flight at this unseasonable time brought us a piece of real luck. The neighbor we took shelter with owned a homestead I had often envied. He had proved up on his land and had the deed to it. The house was new and better than most in the vicinity; there were good sheds and corrals on the ranch and a beautiful spring. The place was only a couple of miles from the post-office and within a few minutes' ride of the river, which abounded in trout.

Neither Dick nor I could take up homestead claims without renouncing our British citizenship, which we hated to do. My experience in ranching and in hunting for something else had convinced me that ranching was the only thing open to me



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IT is very easy to choose *too heavy* Underwear—especially if you do inside work.

Steam-heated homes and offices mean perspiration and discomfort if you are over-clad.

Any man in good health, with a good circulation, whose work does not mean continued exposure, will find Winter comfort in our Light Weight Worsted Mix Union Suits.

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They give surprising protection in severe Winter Weather, [illegible] men to perspire indoors. Double Spring Needle knit is [illegible]

[illegible] you'll not find in ordinary Underwear [illegible] dealer you'd suspect of handling the best

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS
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Largest Producers in the World exclusively of Men's Underwear. $1 per garment—and up.

A second is a trifle, but successive seconds compose Eternity. Tailoring, like Time, is made up of trifles, which seem unimportant alone, but are all-important together.

Sincerity Clothes

are the lump sum of tailoring trifles--of those niceties in mode, material and making which are usually slurred.

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For sale by clothiers responsive to the best taste and responsible for what they sell. A postcard fetches "The Looking-Glass of Fashion"

at the time—perhaps for life—that I could make a living at. We found to our astonishment that our neighbor was anxious to sell out and to try Colorado or New Mexico. His wife was very delicate, and the severe winter, coming on top of the years they had spent building up their homestead out of nothing, had about finished her. He offered us the ranch with all his stock—eleven head of cattle—tools and furniture, for twelve hundred dollars, reserving only his horses and a covered wagon in which to [illegible] trip in quest of a climate where his wife would get well.

I immediately wrote my father, telling him of this fine, unexpected opportunity to set up for myself and asking him to lend me the purchase money on a mortgage. I had to beg him to continue my remittance till I got on my feet and could pay off the investment with the earnings of the ranch. On the fifteenth of May the ranch was mine. On the sixteenth, Dick and I were alone in our possession. I exulted in the sense of ownership. I thrilled as I pictured in imagination what I should make of the place—a great estate. I planned the improvements I should add and the agricultural experiments I should try, in showing my neighbors what could be done with a [illegible]. I got books on farming and government reports—a whole shelf of them.

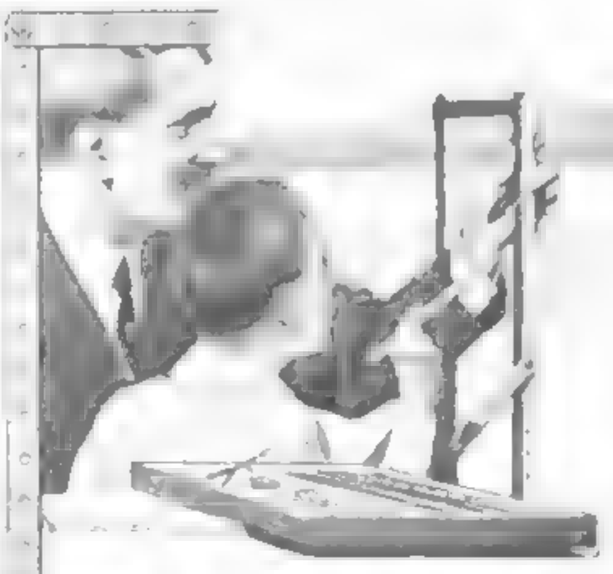
The summer that followed was one of mingled hope and despair. Dick and I could milk; we could cut and put up hay; we could chop wood; we could keep house and cook [illegible]-a little. These, when we came down to it, were the sum total of our accomplishments besides shooting and fishing. I could butcher and dress beef. Kershaw had taught us absolutely nothing of ranch management, had never instructed us in the principles underlying the processes. He had not even taught us all the necessary jobs, for we could not rope a steer or brand an animal, accomplishments in this country absolutely necessary if you are to keep stock. This work we had to hire, and I do still, as I never became very proficient in it.

We understood so little of irrigating that we turned the water on our meadows only once—and lost more than half our hay crop on which I was depending to pay off the mortgage. Having learned of another rancher who cleared three hundred dollars from forty dollars' worth of seed potatoes, we put in some, but not knowing that they had to be irrigated we lost the whole crop. The plants died of drought before they were in bloom. We thought it was the blight. We lost three out of our eleven calves through [illegible]. Our best three-year-old steer was slaughtered [illegible] we found his remains in a draw [illegible]. Only the hindquarters had been taken and the brand was slashed to ribbons, but we recognized him by the marking on his face.

We worked early and late that summer. Dick shut down on the booze to a large extent and helped me heartily. We hired out to the same rancher Kershaw had hired us to and mowed and stacked the hay on the same field, putting up the hay for $2.75 a ton and doing it so well that he engaged us for the following summer. But the end of the season found us actually in debt, and I had to write home to my father and beg him not to judge me too severely and to be patient for another year.

In spite of the bad season and the failure of our plans we were happy. The wild free life had got into our blood. We were working for ourselves. The hunting season was coming on, and, having paid dear for our experience, the future looked bright. It is true that we found housekeeping, particularly the cooking and dishwashing, a great drain on our time and patience. Washing we did only once a month, and our ironing such as it was—we confined to our handkerchiefs and table linen. We wore overalls and flannel shirts, except when we went visiting or had invited company.

The winter that followed was much pleasanter to us than the previous one, though very severe. We hauled logs through the snow and cut them. I enjoyed this work, though one easily gets enough of it. The work of keeping up our fires was incessant. We were very lonely, with nothing for days and sometimes for weeks at a stretch to fill our time or our interest except the few chores of feeding the stock and milking our one milch cow, which gave us barely enough milk for our tea. Dick did not read at all and soon went back to his accustomed solace. The snow hurt my eyes so that I was not able to use them much, though I went through



IN the Boy's World of [illegible] the bridge spanning [illegible] of carpet stretches [illegible] river [illegible]

MECCANO

[illegible] builds steel bridges, towers, trucks, cranes and derricks—many with movable parts—will tomorrow build the gigantic structures of his dreams.

Meccano will have been a wonderful help to him, too, for Meccano not alone [illegible] and feeds a boy's constructive instinct, but it teaches the principles of steel [illegible]

Get that boy you are interested in a set of Meccano

[illegible] toy and sporting goods dealer [illegible] few of the structures that [illegible] grows old. You can [illegible] your own [illegible] Meccano. Ask for our Catalog [illegible]

Be sure to get Meccano—look for the name on boxes and literature

Manual of instructions with each set

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY

25 Church Street, Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF

Toys that Teach

SHOPPING WITH YOUR ELECTRIC

At Your Call on a Moment's Notice and Dependable Every Minute is the Electric Vehicle Equipped with the

Westinghouse Motor

YOUR electric is always ready. It can be waiting at your door all day for that moment when you decide to make a shopping trip—or a call—or take an airing in the suburbs.

So you won't have to think of your motor after you buy your car, it is well to specify Westinghouse Motor equipment when you order it. This equipment has all the newest approved features of electric vehicle motor construction. The use of it gives the longest possible life to your batteries, and the motor applies power with the utmost efficiency.

Those electric delivery wagons and trucks equipped with Westinghouse Motors are making a record among merchants and manufacturers for their reliability and efficiency wherever used.

We will be glad to give you any special information about electric vehicles for any purpose upon request. The names of all electrics equipped with Westinghouse Motors may be had for a post card.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Dept. M P, East Pittsburgh, Penna.

The Howard Watch

The American business man, it is said, never writes when he can *"wire."* He sends 500,000 telegrams every working day, keeping fifty-nine thousand offices busy and nearly two million miles of wire.

It is an index of the national spirit of "putting the thing across"—getting it done. The same spirit of punctuality and practical time-saving that leads so many men to select the HOWARD Watch.

Whether a man realizes it or not—his working activities don't escape being judged by HOWARD standards.

There are HOWARD Watches in the pockets of his superiors and his associates—and probably some of his subordinates.

Not every HOWARD owner is a moneyed man, by any means. The most eager purchasers of HOWARDS are the earnest young fellows who have to strain a point to get one—like any other special effort they make to get ahead.

Any way you look at it, to the man who really cares, a HOWARD Watch is always worth what he pays for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Buss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150 and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Building, Toronto

Kenyon
Ken-reign
WEATHER-PROOFS
Reliable and built on smart lines
Of a quality that gives satisfaction under the most difficult requirements, a Ken-reign by its every day appearance often takes the place of two garments.
For men and women at $5.00 to $45.00.
Sold by reliable dealers everywhere
C. Kenyon Company
New York
Fifth Ave. Building
At Broadway & 23rd St.
Wholesale Salesrooms
Chicago
Corner Jackson and Fifth

some of my agricultural works—only to find how little real help there was in them. I now drank a great deal more than I had ever done; it seemed at times the only thing that made life possible.

With the coming of spring and the spring work I took a new grip, but I saw that Dick was letting go. Still he braced up and put in good work through the haying season. We had learned our lesson on irrigating hay and potatoes, and as soon as the frost permitted we dug our ditches deeper and flooded our fields early and late. We were rewarded with sixty tons of hay that season and over two hundred dollars' worth of potatoes, with enough left over for our own use. This year after our contract hay was put up we hired out as common hay hands to another ranchman for ten days.

Dick got his share of everything, and when all our bills were paid I found I had a hundred and thirty-seven dollars in cash—and a twelve-hundred-dollar mortgage. There was still the hay to sell, which would fetch about three hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred of which would fall to my share. Now as eighteen tons would see our own cattle through the winter, and as we had to take care of them anyway, the obviously proper agricultural thing for us to do was to keep the hay and get stock to feed it to from one of the big companies, being paid for the labor besides. By that time I knew quite a good deal about cattle, but I knew nothing whatever about sheep. Which is, I suppose, precisely the reason I went in for sheep.

That country was just then in the process of turning from a cattle to a sheep state. Everybody was talking sheep and the big money to be made in them. I had the hay, the free range and my labor, with help from Dick, which seemed to me adequate. I put the whole case to my father, asking him to lend me nine hundred dollars to add to the hundred I had made. This he did. I bought what was represented to me as an excellent bunch of young ewes—five hundred at three dollars and a half a head. I paid one thousand cash, the owner letting seven hundred and fifty stand as a mortgage at eight per cent.

That winter with the sheep I shall never forget—in some ways I shall never recover from its moral and physical effects. Dick's boozes now began to end in delirium tremens. He could neither help me with the sheep nor do the housework and keep things going about the place. I went out on to the ranges alone with the vast solitudes, and the everlasting blatting of the sheep was my only company.

Every day that I could get the sheep out to feed for themselves I took them; but many times, in fact for weeks, Dick was in such a condition that I really could not leave him. This meant that I fed tons more hay than I had calculated or than should have been necessary. By April I ran short, both cattle and sheep suffering for want of food before the new grass came. At the end of it my final count showed fifty per cent increase—it ought to have been not less than ninety—and the loss of eighty-seven ewes from my original five hundred. I had made the worst failure in the country! That ended my experiments with sheep.

After clearing out the sheep I had for a time some serious thoughts of getting twenty head of fine Jersey cows and starting a dairy. I knew there was a lot of money to be made selling butter and eggs to the ranchers and the sheep herders on the range who did not raise either of these articles. I estimated that the surplus skimmed milk would partly feed about three hundred hens, and that my total profits would be something near twelve hundred a year.

But a dairy meant that I should have to hire a competent man to help me milk and do the work on the place, and pay him forty dollars a month the year round besides his board. I saw also that to carry out the undertaking successfully I needed a wife, even if she did only the cooking, washing and housekeeping for us men. Not having any one in view to fill that capacity, I gave up the idea of a dairy.

My luck turned that summer. The hay and potato crops were as good as any in the county. I sold four fine steers and had twenty-one head left. My bunch of cattle was mercilessly mavericked—but then I was only a remittance man and must put up with it.

By hiring out as a laborer and cutting hay and digging post holes for two months, and rigidly saving my remittance, I found, when winter came, that I owed no man a

You can beautify and renew every surface in your home with Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes.

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MAR-NOT
FLOOR VARNISH

will renew it. Mar-not is a tough, elastic floor varnish that can be walked on the day after it is applied. It is not easily marred and it retains its lustre for the longest possible time. No matter what your decorative problems may be you will find a host of practical ideas in our

New Portfolio of Plans for Home Decoration

(Sent free on request)

illustrated as it is in full color, the [illegible] for every phase of home decorative work. You will find it as helpful in the refinishing of [illegible] tire house [illegible] will bring it.

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Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N.W.
Cleveland, Ohio

penny and had something more than three hundred dollars in cash. Two hundred of this—after about a year and a half's hard work—I sent to my father as first payment on the mortgage. It took me just five years to clear off the whole of it.

After that summer I was alone a great part of the time, except when other ranchmen or ranchhands dropped in to visit me. These visits often lasted for weeks, during which I, of course, provided food and drink, sometimes for three or four men at once. I kept account of this for one year—which seems to me typical of all—and found the visits aggregated forty-two weeks of free board and keep, for which I had to pay. There is no way of avoiding this sort of hospitality unless one elects to be a hermit.

After this year I devoted myself to clearing sagebrush off my land, digging more ditches and getting more hay. I had to hire a man for two or three months to help with the hay and potatoes, for Dick, not having the property ties I had, began to go off to other ranches or to town for weeks at a time, and finally left me for good.

My ranch today, at the end of eleven years, is considered worth six thousand dollars. I cut about ninety tons of hay in good seasons; I own over forty head of cattle and six horses. I have done better than any of the remittance men I know in this part of the country, which I attribute to the fact that I early got a ranch of my own. This anchored me and directed my energies to one fixed purpose. The ranch pays all my expenses, gives me a good home and a comfortable living, and nets me between three and four hundred dollars a year. I still have my remittance and am grateful for it. It enables me to go to Denver or Salt Lake City in the winter, but for which I think I should degenerate into a mere animal.

I have never married and I have never been home. I have wanted a wife—no one could live long on a ranch and not feel the bitter human need of having a woman who belongs to you, heart and soul, to make life worth while. But I have had nothing in common with the girls raised here, nice as many of them are, nor could I bring any one of my set at home to such a place as this. I discovered—to my chagrin, it must be confessed—that the ranch girls thought us Englishmen simply impossible, and preferred the gay young cowpunchers to us as husbands. My little excursions of the heart I do not intend to go into—it is enough to say that marriage does not seem likely to come my way.

A man dreams and his dreams come to naught. I am not the man I was when I came out here. I am a better man in many ways—wiser, more able, kinder in my judgments.

On the other side, my home people, could they see me now, would hold up their hands in holy horror and say: "How he has degenerated!"

But would it be any wonder if I had? Is it to be expected that a young man, thrown from the mansion to the hovel, from the drawing room to the dung hill—as I literally was—deprived of all the comforts and even the decencies of life, compelled to associate on terms of equality with every Tom, Dick and Harry, can keep up as he did at home?

Here, then, is the dark side of my picture. I wear the cheapest clothes, often ragged; I go about unshaved, tieless and often collarless; I eat food cooked and served in a way to make every one of my family shudder; I have given up most of the niceties and many of the conventions; I have almost ceased to read or to take more than a feeble interest in the news of the world. My hands are horny from labor, my face freckled and parboiled with sun and wind. I look like a common workingman.

For all my university education, for all the culture and refinement that surrounded me for four and twenty years, for all my hopes of success in the New World, my life holds for me nothing but a small living, working with my hands like the commonest most illiterate yokel at home. There is no romance, no adventure, no glamour, and only such interest as I can get from my work and such amusement as I can find in hunting and fishing and in association with people who are my inferiors, socially and mentally.

And yet the free and easy life, the wide plains, the vast solitudes, the independence and the sense of being able to hold my own against men and against Nature herself exercise so great a fascination over me that I doubt if I could ever be content at home again.

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL
CLOTHCRAFT

Here is Clothes-Economy for *You*

MANY a man who used to wear high-grade custom-tailored clothes is now wearing Clothcraft ready-for-service clothes at $10 to $25. He pockets the difference in price, or doubles his wardrobe—gains greater variety, fresher clothes, greater economy.

And those same Clothcraft Clothes have been admired—in style, fit and fabric—by men who thought they were high-priced

For Thrifty Men & Young Men
CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES All Wool At $10 to $25

[illegible] Clothcraft Clothes are [illegible] wear and serve [illegible] quality [illegible] go to the [illegible] and prove it [illegible]

We invite you to [illegible] fall Style-Book and a sample of the 4130 serge.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
Oldest American Makers of Men's Clothes
620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W. Cleveland

How A Girl Loves

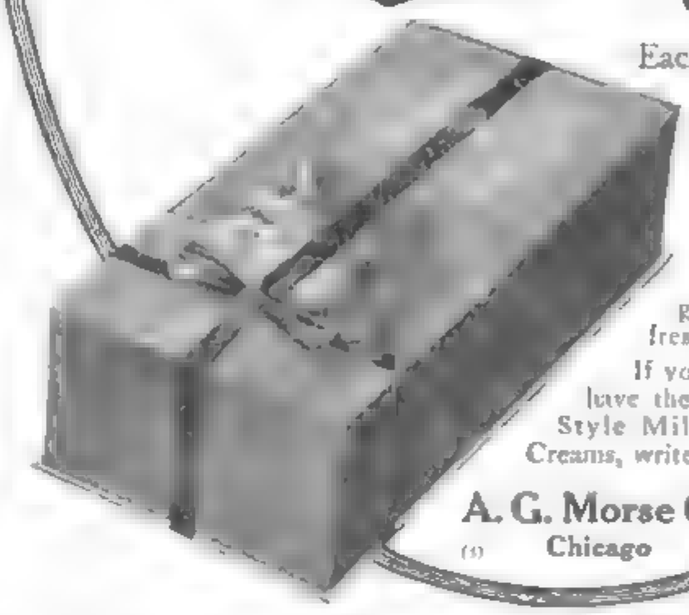
to bite into the fluffy, soft cream center and thick, deep chocolate coating of Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams.

Sometimes there's chopped-up pecans, or almonds, or walnuts, in the soft cream—sometimes a dash of "down East" maple—sometimes delicate vanilla or cocoanut.

There's nut Nougat that makes her hungry to think about. There's Moreata Caramel—a delight that brings her fingers into the candy box again and again

Our Chocolates are *always* fresh.

Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams



Each piece wrapped tightly in waxed paper, marked with the name of the flavor

The double-thick milk chocolate coating keeps the soft, creamy center moist, fluffy, delicious.

Each box contains a guarantee certificate of freshness.

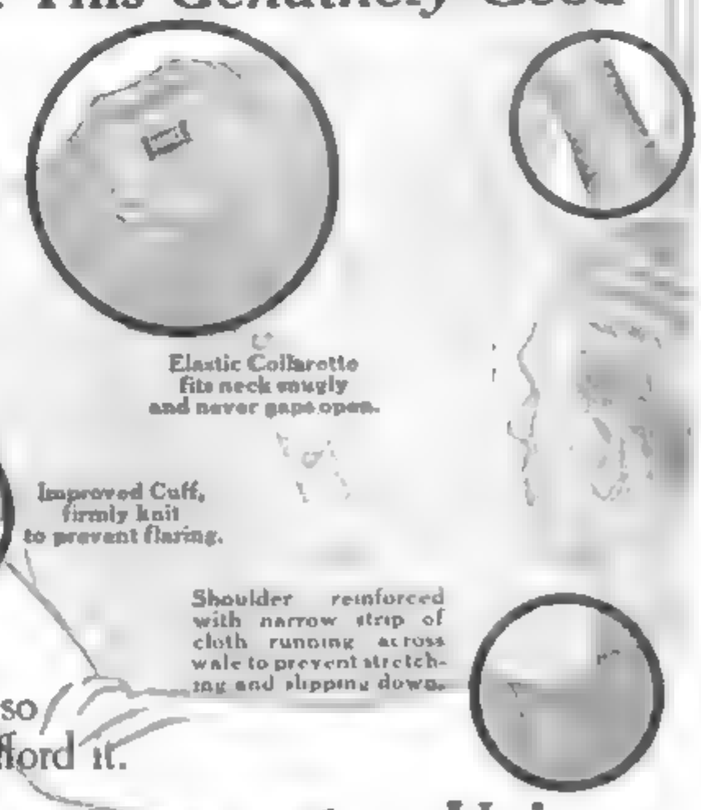
If your dealer does not have the original Morse Style Milk Chocolate Creams, write us.

A. G. Morse Co.
Chicago

Look for the red *Morse* box—at your dealer's

Look, Men, At This *Genuinely* Good Underwear For Only Half a Dollar

It sets a new value standard for this easy price. We've made it good to make good with men who demand the good things of life—and we've priced it so that *every* man can afford it.


Elastic Collarette fits neck snugly and never gapes open.
Improved Cuff, firmly knit to prevent flaring.
Shoulder reinforced with narrow strip of cloth running across wale to prevent stretching and slipping down.

Per Garment 50c

HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Union Suit $1.00

It has a silky feel, a sightly look, a sturdy make, and a refinement of finish that lift it away above its price. We've spent years *perfecting* the crowning value in fifty cent underwear—and we've done it *sure*. See it at your dealer's and convince yourself! Look for the label.

If you don't know the "Hanes" dealer in your town, write us for his name.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

150,000 New Riders for 1913

7-8 H. P. Twin, $275, f. o. b. Toledo
5-6 H. P. Single, $225, f. o. b. Toledo

The Yale is a manufactured, not an assembled motorcycle. It contains more parts made in its own factory than any other motorcycle in the world.

Every year since the first Yale was built has witnessed an immense increase in motorcycle enthusiasm.

In the past two years the supply has twice been doubled; and twice fallen short of the demand.

While you have been wondering whether you wouldn't some day buy a Yale, the business has grown into a giant industry, treading hard on the heels of motor car manufacture in volume.

Official figures fix the output for 1913 at 150,000 machines—a mighty army of new motorcyclists, with the Yale in the vanguard of value.

Yale Progress Has Re-created the Motorcycle

Between the first Yale (it was the first motorcycle to cross the continent and the best of its class even then) and the Yale of to-day is a gulf as wide and deep as that which separates the most modern motor car from the original horseless carriage.

It took time to convert you to the motor car.

It has taken time to convert you to the Yale.

But meanwhile, 300,000 of your fellow-citizens have been convinced of the motorcycle and 150,000 more will follow this year.

Now what has the Yale done and what has it offered to help change so completely the popular point of view?

The Yale Has Kept Pace with the Best of Motor Cars

You mount your Yale to-day with the same serene confidence that inspires you when you step into the most trustworthy motor car in the world.

And, by the same token, your Yale will cover in a single day almost twice as much ground as your $5,000 motor car.

It will do this with less weariness to you and the machine itself will suffer infinitely less wear and strain in the process.

The Yale has conferred upon the motorcycle the tremendously important factor of absolute safety.

With its wonderful system of shock absorption it has made the motorcycle a thing of comfort instead of torture.

The Yale Alone Had No Broken Forks in 1912

With the prevalence of drop forgings throughout its frame it has made the motorcycle staunch and sturdy instead of weak and frail—as witness the fact that not a single Yale fork broke during the whole of 1912, a virtue probably unique in the Yale.

With its extra-large 3" tires it has made the motorcycle easier to ride, safer and more economical.

With its horizontal cooling flanges (the only correct principle, by the way) it has given the motorcycle an engine that will run all week without overheating.

Do you begin to see why Yale sales are climbing skyward, and why more than $20,000,000 will be invested by individual Americans in motorcycles during 1913?

A Word or Two About Drop Forgings

In every reliability contest the Yale enters it always finishes ahead of other motorcycles—almost invariably with a perfect score.

The Yale holds the world's record for a season's up-keep cost—29c per machine.

What is the reason for such records?

The one word -QUALITY-CONSTRUCTION

Just as an instance of this compare the Yale with any other make, and you will note that wherever the other frame has a metal stamping the Yale invariably has a drop forging.

Drop forgings are more expensive, it is true, but they are worth the added expense in strength, sturdiness and wearing qualities—not to mention safety to the rider.

The Yale plant has *its own* drop forging department (the only motorcycle plant that has) and the Yale has more drop forgings in its frame than any other motorcycle built. That's why the Yale is the only machine in America with a record of not a single broken frame in 1912.

YALE

Wherein the Yale Excels

Longer Wheel Base

[illegible] inches, insuring

More Generous Power

Long-stroke motors on both the [illegible] and 7-11 [illegible]

15 miles per hour
50 to 60 by twin [illegible]

Exclusive Horizontal Cooling Flanges

Yale cooling [illegible] the only [illegible] overheating prevalent in other types.

Stronger Frames

[illegible] low [illegible] drop [illegible] connections throughout (made in Yale plant), making Yale strongest, safest frame placed on any motorcycle. Is fitted with eccentric yoke and

Famous Y-A Shock Absorber

[illegible] styled the original and only "belt killer." None of the side motion peculiar to spring seat post

Stronger Fork

Vibrationless cushion fork, sturdily [illegible] strongly braced. Head is solid [illegible] excessive on Yale. Not

Generous Head Fittings

Turned from bar stock—hardened and ground, carrying ½" balls.

Sturdy Handle Bar

[illegible] gauge tube with drop [illegible] head securely anchored to [illegible] making it absolutely [illegible] for steering [illegible] jarred or jolted [illegible] of alignment.

Perfect Grip Control

[illegible] simple movement [illegible] infallible in operation. Yale rider has perfect control of machine at all times

First Hinged Mud Guard Made

[illegible] re steel, drop [illegible] 1—4½" wide [illegible] is hinged to give access [illegible] First hinged mud guard [illegible] cycle—exclusive on Yale

5-6 H. P. Single

$225

An Interesting Booklet for the Asking

If you are at all interested in motorcycles send a card with your name and address for our latest booklet.

It will tell you things you ought to know—about the Yale.

One thing we ask—[illegible]

YALE

Unparalleled 1913 Yale Features

Extra-Large 3-in. Tires

The Yale recognizes the argument in favor of over-tiring and has always been foremost [illegible] large tires, [illegible] 1913 Yale will be [illegible] to carry 3" tires [illegible]

Reliable Transmission

2" flat 2-ply water-proofed leather belt with idler operated from seat [illegible] optional. Both pulleys leather lagged. Chain drive [illegible] pitch) optional. Sprocket [illegible] inch and protected by [illegible] Separate [illegible]

Best Ignition Possible

Bosch magneto—same make used by highest priced motor cars.

Improved Free Engine Clutch

Eclipse, with positive lever control. Only device proven trustworthy by three years' use.

Better Carburetor

Improved Heltger. Simple, economical and very fast.

Heavier Spokes

Yale spokes again demonstrate thoroughness of Yale construction. Unusual [illegible] 10-12 gauge. Nickel-plated on [illegible] 36 in front, 40 rear.

Larger Gasoline and Oil Tanks

The 2 gallons capacity on the Yale tank will carry you [illegible] 300 miles. On [illegible] tank [illegible] Important Yale feature [illegible] difficult to get right kind of oil on road.

Lubrication

Mechanical oiling by plunger type pump.

Comfortable Saddle

Troxel's Eagle motor seat or Messinger's Standard [illegible]

Brakes

Choice of best—Eclipse or Corbin.

Stand

Extra heavy—Adams quick action.

Pedals

No. 3. Standard.

Superior Finish

The nickel work and enamel on [illegible] that can be [illegible] the slightest [illegible]

Generous Weight

185 pounds. Surplus power.

Prices—F. O. B. Toledo

5 H. P. Single [illegible]
7 H. P. Twin [illegible]

7-8 H. P. Twin

$275

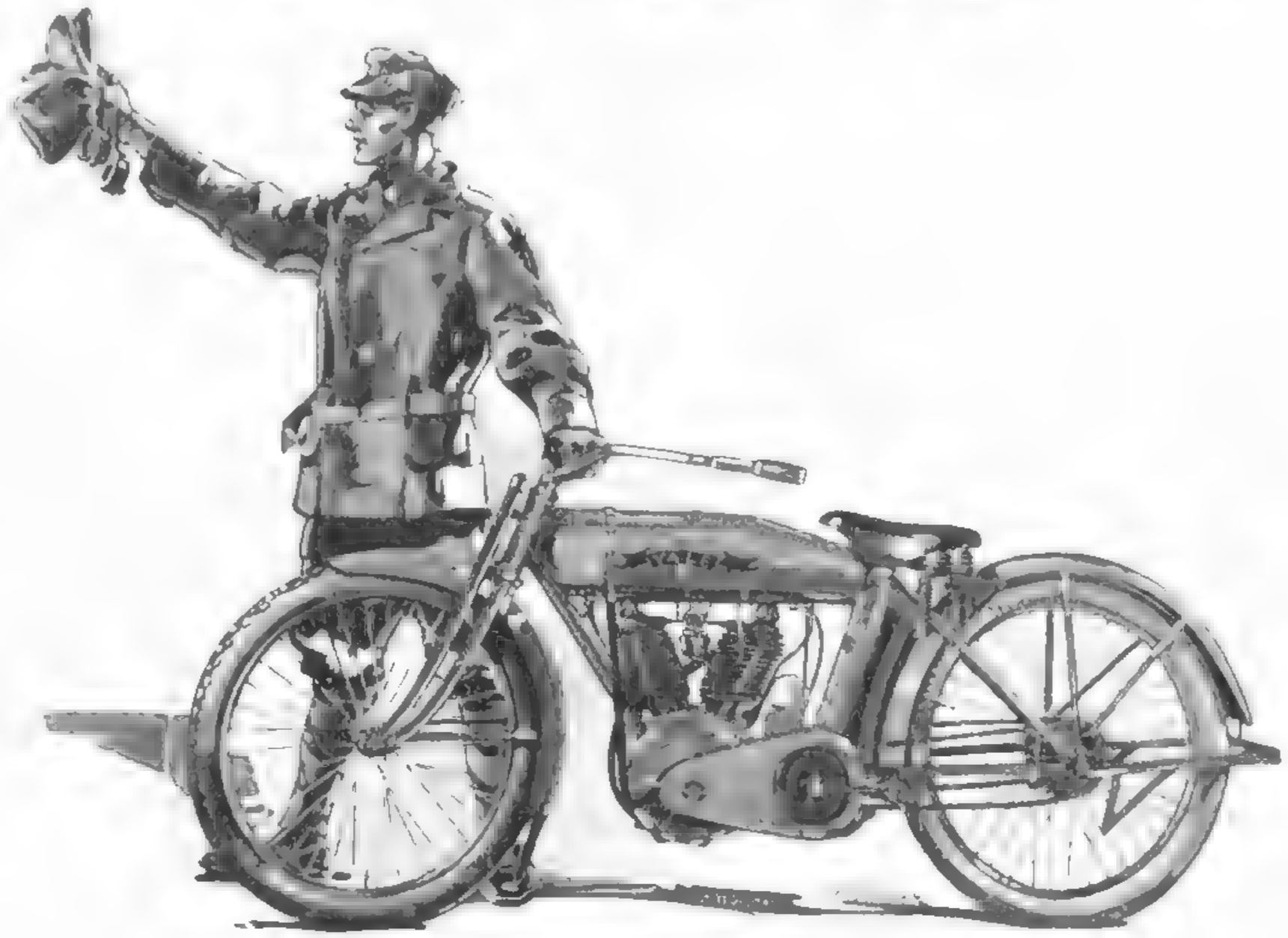
Motorcycle Dealers

The Yale agency is going to be the most valuable asset in the motorcycle business.

We want to hear from every motorcycle dealer in the country.

Whether you handle the Yale now or not—write us. We have a wonderful proposition.

A Greater Growth than the Motor Car



7-8 H. P. Twin, $275, f. o. b. Toledo
5-6 H. P. Single, $225, f. o. b. Toledo

Since the Yale was first built, less than ten years ago, sales have jumped from less than $200,000 to more than $20,000,000.

And the growth of the demand in the last two years has been relatively greater than motor car growth.

Some people who visit the Yale plant say: "The country has gone motorcycle mad."

But it's a pretty sane and healthful and pleasant madness, in the first place.

And in the second place, staid, conservative old Europe is even more enthusiastic than America.

So, if you feel tempted to try the Yale, you've got a pretty good precedent to go by—besides some charms and attractions you've probably never thought of.

The Why and Wherefore of Yale Motorcycle "Mania"

All over America are Yale touring-clubs—some of them with membership as high as one hundred.

Thousands of men and women by the score take to the road singly or in pairs; sometimes in a body. In Philadelphia, for instance, there is a Yale tandem club that has a hundred or more active enthusiastic members.

They *are* afflicted with a mania, if you want to call it so—but it's the Yale mania of health and the open air and sunshine, and endless exhilaration.

And the point you've probably never thought of is that the Yale rider goes further in a day and sees more than those who travel in the touring car which he passes on the road—and he always gets home on the Yale.

200 Miles a Fair Day's Average for the YALE

You wouldn't care to average 200 or 250 miles a day in a touring car, would you?

It would leave you worn and weary and it would not be the best thing in the world for even the best of cars.

Well—the Yale rider can travel that far in a day without strain or discomfort to himself or his machine.

And there you've got one of the leading secrets of the Yale "mania"!

Thousands are riding back to the "old home" every pleasant Sunday.

Thousands are going from small town to big city; and big city to small town—from ranch to trading center; and vice versa.

You Need Never be Lonesome With the Yale

Yale riders are exploring country bypaths and hills and mountains which are closed to the motor car.

And the Yale-Tandem attachment and Side Car De Luxe make motorcycling no longer a "lonesome" or a "selfish" sport.

In the one you get a commodious extra saddle and extra handle bar; while in the other a richly cushioned chair, running on extra wheel at your side, will give your mother, wife, or "best girl" the same comfort that she would enjoy in the most expensive motor car.

The keen eye of business, too, has seen the efficiency and economy of the Yale; and thousands are pressing it into commercial service.

That is why America has waked up to the Yale, after England, Germany and France had set the pace—that is why sales that were less than $200,000 ten years ago will be more than $20,000,000 in 1913.

Thousands in every walk of life find use for the Yale at work and at play. Some of them are:

R. F. D. Carriers	Detectives	Engravers	[illegible]
Special Delivery [illegible]	Engineers [illegible]	Commu [illegible]	Club [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Long Suits [illegible]	[illegible]	Gas Mens [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Salesmen	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Players
Doctors	Messengers	Farmers	[illegible]
[illegible]	Collectors	Country School Teachers	Hunters
Reporters	Solicitors	Country Clergymen	Tourists
Policemen	Agents	[illegible]	Globe girdlers
	Pursuits		

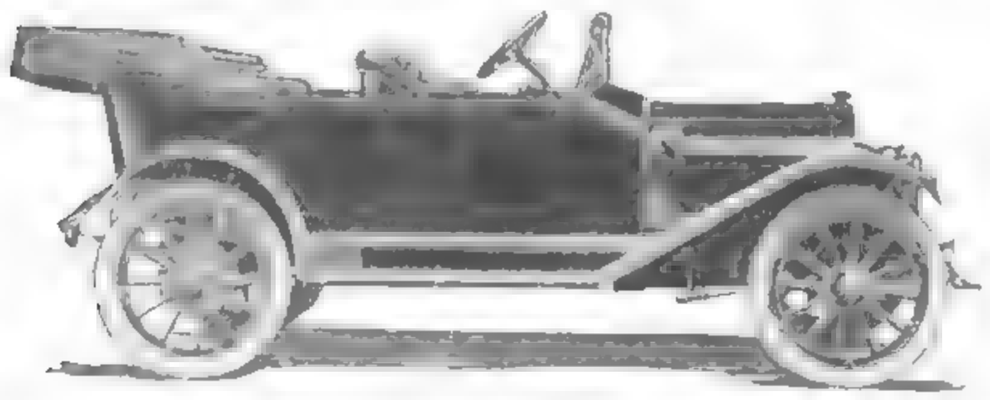
Consolidated Mfg. Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers also of

Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handle Bars, Drop Forgings

Cutting

Surpasses the Rest by Actual Test



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Cutting B 40 120 inch wheel base, 40 horse-[illegible] **$1475**

Cutting A 40 120 inch wheel base, 40 horse-power, two passenger roadster, fully equipped **$1475**

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UNREAL ESTATE

By ROGER W. BABSON

THERE are two ways to lose money through fraudulent real-estate companies: you can buy either their lands or their stocks. On the whole I have more sympathy with the victims who buy land who want to own homes; for those who buy shares of these companies are often as immoral in their desire for unearned riches as the promoters themselves. There are, however, many honest investors who find real estate an attractive field and do not seek unfair returns for their money, but merely a yield proportionate to the service rendered. These are the people I wish to help, as well as those interested in buying house-lots; and the purpose of this article is to advertise the dangers of dealing with any but the very best and most highly accredited companies.

I cannot undertake to cite by name the high-grade, first-class and thoroughly reliable companies handling real estate; but I would recommend, as the very first step in investigating any property or security, that you ask your own banker to give you his opinion of the firm or individual with whom you propose to deal. In making that suggestion I emphasize the words "your own," because the matter of bank references has often proved a stumbling-block for the inexperienced investor. Before you write to a banker in a distant town for information about a company, remember that he is under no obligation to go out of his way in your behalf. You are very likely an entire stranger, whereas the company is a profitable depositor. Therefore it is entirely natural that he should send you this non-committal report: "The So-and-So Company has had an account with this bank for some years, maintaining a substantial balance. Its business relations with us have been entirely satisfactory." This means exactly what it says and no more.

With your own banker, however, the case is quite different. You are a valuable customer of his; and though he is under no compulsion to act as your counsel, yet this is generally understood to be a part of his service to his depositors.

Tricks and Tricksters

If prospective purchasers of real estate—properties or securities—would invariably follow out the simple precaution explained above, the majority of fraudulent operators would be either driven out of business or forced to reform; but over and over again the purchaser neglects to investigate the company. Apparently the only thing many of these purchasers examine is the advertising—and this they study most attentively. Yet even here their attitude is more appreciative than critical; otherwise the wild statements made in much of this advertising would be sufficient warning without need of looking further. I can hardly account for the extraordinary ease with which the public is duped by unscrupulous operators, unless it is because of the underlying appeal of the words Real Estate. This grand old term has a dignified, substantial sound, quite unlike the sinister and ominous idea of Wall Street stocks. Yet some of the safest securities in the world are to be found among the listed stocks in the open market of the New York Stock Exchange; while some of the most reckless speculations and flamboyant frauds are practiced under the auspices of good old orthodox real estate. A further factor, perhaps, is the deceptive simplicity of a real-estate proposition. I do not suppose you could find many people in the world—outside of those who are informed on the subject—who would admit they knew very little about land. "What is there to know?" As a matter of fact there is far more chance for error in judging a real-estate investment than in passing upon the stocks and bonds of our great railroads and industrial corporations. In the latter case you have complete and accurate records extending over a long period of time; but when it comes to a parcel of real estate there are often few or no figures.

There are endless varieties of tricks employed to cheat the credulous buyer; but in almost every case they owe their success to his downright ignorance and carelessness. Let us now investigate a few of these typical cases and note as we proceed how easily the loss might have been averted by the exercise of the most ordinary rules of business prudence.

In a story of student life recently published there is an amusing account of a transaction in which a greenhorn was induced to buy the radiator in his new quarters on the plea that the radiator was not a part of the room's equipment, but the private property of the outgoing tenant! No doubt every reader laughed very heartily at this instance of gullibility and flattered himself that no such trick could be played on him; but this is precisely the scheme used by the real-estate operator who sells property he does not even own or property that has a flaw in the title. Many trustful persons have given up money under the impression that they were buying land, when actually they were only buying the privilege of paying the mortgage on it.

Dummy Guaranty Companies

It is natural to ask why purchasers deluded in this way cannot recoup themselves by legal means. The answer is that any one sufficiently reckless to waive examination of the title can be depended upon to prove equally easy in signing the contract. This contract can be and often is so worded that the purchaser in signing it damns himself in the eyes of the law beyond hope of recovery. A title is a very intricate affair, and the only safe way is to know that it has been searched by an able lawyer or a reliable company. In other words, the time to "go to law" is before you buy your land and not after.

At the beginning of this article I stated that my object was to advertise the dangers of real-estate dealing; and in connection with titles there are two pitfalls to guard against

First, do not attempt to act as your own lawyer and investigate the title yourself. I have in mind a man, otherwise very intelligent, who tried his hand at amateur title searching. After prolonged and minute delving he found that everything was to his satisfaction; so he bought the land, paid for it and had just finished building his house when the former owner of the land died. This was a contingency which our friend had not taken into account, and the heirs to the estate upset his title with great neatness and dispatch. Curiously enough, this man had been very bitter in criticising the conduct of those who buy securities for the purpose of selling them at a profit a proceeding which he characterized as mere speculation. Yet deliberately, for the sake of saving a small legal fee, he exposed himself to risks fully as hazardous as any incurred by the most venturesome speculator on the street. It is a senseless form of gambling to purchase any property without knowing that the title has been searched by a lawyer or guaranteed by a reliable guaranty company.

This brings us to the second of the two pitfalls mentioned above—namely, not all guaranty companies are genuine. It is somewhat the same situation as was revealed by the skeptical gentleman who demurred at putting up his money on a wager. "Your money is safe enough," he was assured—"Bill will hold the stakes." "Yes," returned the skeptic; "but who will hold Bill?" The fraudulent real-estate operators, after being baffled for a time by the refusal of reputable guaranty companies to guarantee their shaky titles, hit upon the elegant device of organizing their own guaranty companies.

The victim of this simple expedient calls at the office of the fake real-estate company and learns the particulars relative to his proposed purchase. He then says good-day, steps into the corridor, proceeds to the next door and enters the office of the fake guaranty company. Meanwhile the operator has made a change of coat, transferred himself next door and is right on hand to guarantee the very title he himself offered only a moment before. I do not mean to say that the operation is handled so crudely and transparently; but to all intents and purposes that is the hocus-pocus by which the unwary purchaser is

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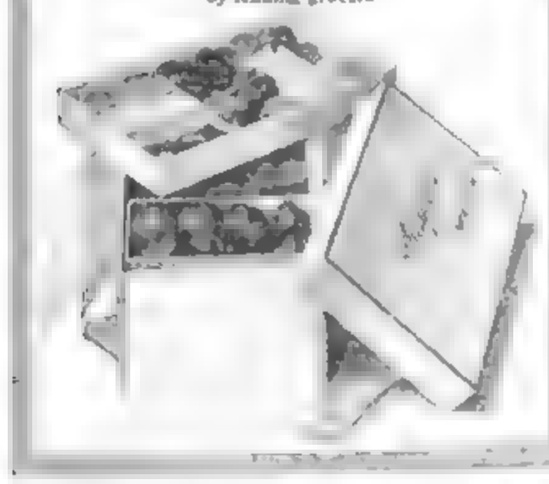

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deluded into believing that his title has been guaranteed. Here again the proper step, if you are not positively certain of the standing of a guaranty company, is to ask your bank to recommend one it knows to be absolutely trustworthy.

Among the rites of boyhood there used to be a custom known as a blind swap. The two parties to this evil transaction held concealed in their respective hands the respective jackknives that were to be tr[illegible] Whereupon at a given signal the [illegible]ves were exchanged; and then for the first time each boy discovered whether he had gained or lost by the transfer. Certain real-estate transactions remind me very forcibly of this blind swap—with the single important exception that only one of the parties is blind to what he is to get. It is difficult to believe that people will buy land thousands of miles away upon which they have never laid eyes and about which they know absolutely nothing—except what has been told them or written them by the operators. Such, however, is the lamentable fact; and the resulting fraud is astounding. People have bought sand dunes, mud flats, alkali beds every conceivable form of fake, from land under six inches of desert dust to land under six inches of salt water—in the belief that they were buying rich farming territory or seaside cottage-lots. The class of fraud is limited only by the ingenuity and imagination of the operators. It is by no means absurd, therefore, to express the warning not to buy any property you have not seen. When I recommend that you see the land I refer to the entire property and not merely to a sample of the soil. I have here on my desk a small envelope containing some ri[illegible]-looking dirt. This was sent to me last week, together with a letter urging me to invest in several acres of this land, on the argument that it would prove strictly up to sample! If there are practical reasons why you cannot visit the offered property regard these as practical reasons why you cannot consider it.

A Call in Disguise

A great deal of worthless land has been sold on the assurance of the operators that the Government would irrigate the particular sections offered. Scores of purchasers might have saved themselves from ruin had they spent two cents in writing to the Government and asking whether such irrigation was actually planned.

Fruit and farm lands have also been widely exploited. A gentleman recently asked me to read a letter that had impressed him rather favorably. The proposition was essentially as follows:

This land will increase in value enormously. Buy now and you can double your money within a few months. But perhaps you do not feel justified in taking even the slight risk involved. In that case, enter your order now at the present price, but make no payments, and reserve the right to cancel this order if the land does not rise in value sufficiently to give you the profit you desire. Our charge for carrying this account is very small and will be deducted from the purchase price.

I asked the gentleman who had received this letter whether he was familiar with the term "call." He replied that he understood that a call is the method whereby professional traders in the stock market purchase the privilege of buying a given security within a given time at a given price. Of course the man who buys a call does so with the expectation that the security will increase in price. I then asked the gentleman whether there was any difference between the call as used by professional stocktraders and the real-estate proposition he had just shown me. Many investors have doubtless taken up with just such an offer as this without the shadow of an idea that they were falling in with one of the most hazardous methods of speculation known. Such is the ingenuity with which many of these real-estate operators conceal the real nature of their schemes.

You may have seen occasionally in the newspapers a picture with the title, What is wrong with this picture?—the reader being expected to detect some clever trick the artist has embodied in his drawing. This is the attitude with which the investor should approach every proposition that apparently offers excessive returns.

One of the most successful sales managers in the country tells me that, no matter how favorably an applicant for a position

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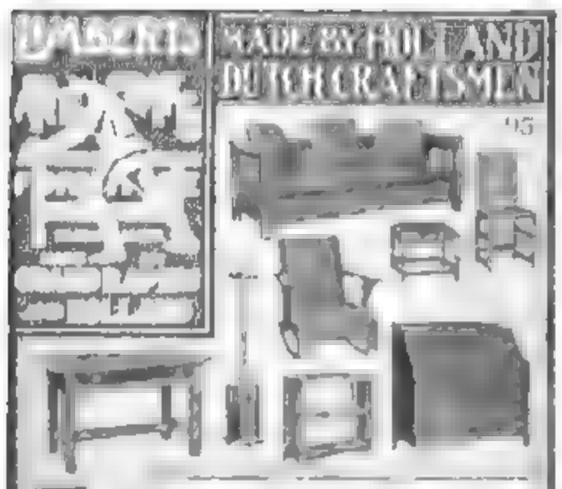

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Our Trade Mark—a means of identification and our guarantee of excellency, is branded into every piece.

We will send you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest you where our goods can be procured. Call on him and ask to see Limbert's Arts & Crafts Furniture.

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impresses him the first time, he never hires the man until he has had a second or third interview. If the seasoned manager of a great corporation feels it necessary thus to verify his original judgment, how much more important for the small investor to examine a property not merely a second time but even a third or fourth time before he takes a final position! When flags are flying and bands playing it is almost impossible not to fall in with the spirit of the occasion; and those who take advantage of the free excursions of the real-estate operator should supplement this business joy-ride with a quiet visit of inspection alone and on foot.

This holiday mood is fostered by many real-estate companies which provide transportation, automobile rides, refreshments, guides and various other picnic features. The methods employed to induce buying range all the way from "putting the best foot foremost" to practicing out-and-out misrepresentation and downright fraud. A case is reported of one group of guests who were met at the railroad station and conveyed in automobiles by a circuitous route to the scene of operation. It was explained that the roundabout way was taken so that the party could get an idea of the surrounding sections, but that the property was actually located within a few minutes' walk of the station. Streets, sidewalks, water, sewerage and lighting were taken for granted upon the operator's assurance that these improvements were already laid out and would be completed in a very short time. Attention was called to a beautiful "park" near by, which was to be reserved as a common recreation ground. In these and other ways the guests were worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and then the "hat was passed"—or, in other words, these people were persuaded to sign contracts and deposit money. Then they were sent home to wake up to the real situation—namely, the property they had purchased or agreed to purchase was miles from any transportation facilities, absolutely uninhabitable and likely to remain unimproved for years; moreover, the so-called park was really the outskirts of a private estate from which the public was strictly excluded. Some of the victims of such a frameup will grin and bear it, and others will "squeal"; but these affairs are carefully planned and the individual losses are too small and scattered to involve the company in any serious prosecution.

Innumerable schemes more or less similar to the one just described are worked, some of them involving the most elaborate stage-setting or "salting." Astounding incidents come to light concerning imitation springs fed by a buried garden hose and distant force pump, or prosperous stores in which a brisk trade is carried on during a visitor's inspection by people hired for the occasion; in fact, the entire chapter of fraudulent real-estate operations is at once sad and ridiculous.

The Right Time to Buy

The list of dangers attending the purchase of real estate is almost endless, and oftentimes does not finish with the contract but extends to the payment on same. A fake company operating on this plan stipulates that the house-lot shall be paid for by installments. It often happens that sooner or later, before the payments are completed, the purchaser—either through carelessness or necessity—misses a payment. He finds that the company is very sympathetic and courteous in the matter, assuring him that he need feel in no hurry at all, as it is fully convinced of his character and honesty. The purchaser then naturally takes advantage of these easy-going methods and allows his payments to lapse for another installment. The company thereupon proceeds to take advantage of the terms of the contract by evicting the purchaser and taking possession of the property, together with the money that has been paid.

There is another real-estate danger often overlooked by even the most careful and intelligent investors. I refer to the danger of buying property of any kind at a time when prices are inflated above the level of normal value. As a general rule it is folly to buy when everybody else is buying. Study the history of any farming section and you will discover a most significant fact: If any crop is extra heavy one year prices are low; this discourages the farmers, and therefore the next year they plant less—and in consequence prices are high. This makes every one optimistic, and accordingly the succeeding year sees excess acreage and resulting low prices. This cycle of lean and fat repeats itself over and over again. Now study the situation further, and here and there you will find a farmer—so rare as to merit the title of genius—who moves exactly opposite to his neighbors. When everybody else is panic-stricken and cautious this genius goes right ahead and puts under cultivation every acre at his command; when everybody else is feeling prosperous and planting extravagantly the genius plants a different crop altogether. This man gets rich.

If you are not a farmer you will perhaps scoff at the above method of acquiring wealth, because it appears so ludicrously simple and obvious. Yet in reality it is one of the hardest things in the world to act in direct opposition to the dictates and example of the crowd. Ninety-nine persons out of one hundred, when they have saved up sufficient money and are all ready to buy, enter the market at once and make their purchases. Moreover, if times are good and money is plenty, with everybody happy, there is no holding the prospective buyer; and if, in addition to all this general atmosphere of prosperity, there is some special boom in real estate, accompanied by news of rapidly rising values, he cannot get to market quick enough. The folly of such ill-timed buying is evident at once if we state the case as follows: Suppose you had your choice of two house-lots, equally desirable, one of which is offered for two thousand dollars and the other for one thousand dollars. The decision would be instantly in favor of the lower-priced lot. Suppose now that a house-lot is offered at two thousand dollars at one time—namely, during a boom—and for one thousand dollars at another time—namely, during a panic. Would it not be common-sense to wait for the panic? Is it not just as bad judgment to choose the wrong time as the wrong property?

The Big Four

Buying real estate is like buying anything else—the time to act is not when you are ready, but when the market is ready. I believe this is a point that merits very careful attention when considering the dangers in buying real estate.

The following principle has been established: When the country is facing a period of depression bond prices feel the decline first. Next, stock prices fall, followed by a drop in commodity prices. Then comes the drop in real-estate prices. The shrewd investor, therefore, who is willing to watch fundamental conditions carefully—noting the state of general business, the stock market, bond market and commodity prices—can foresee a period of genuine "bargains" and time his purchases accordingly.

At this point some of my readers may exclaim impatiently: "If I must incur all that labor and expense in order to invest safely in real estate, I had better keep out of it altogether!"

I believe that is a conclusion a great many people have reached after costly and humiliating experiences. The secret of successful real-estate investing is willingness to undertake more trouble and expense than the average person and thereby earn in return more than average interest. Every investor should start out with the fixed understanding that mere money can earn about three and a half per cent, and no more; every penny over and above that is, strictly speaking, not a wage earned by your money, but by you personally in return for the time, patience, foresight, ability or service you exercise as manager of your funds.

The several cases of fraudulent dealing we have considered in this article lead to the following:

REAL-ESTATE RULES

1. Deal only with individuals or concerns recommended by your bank.
2. Have your title searched by a reliable lawyer or guaranty company.
3. Make several examinations of the property personally.
4. Wait for a period of depressed prices before you buy.

The above rules may be termed the Big Four. During the last nineteen years I have made post-mortem examinations of a great many real-estate ventures, and I have yet to find a loss that could not have been avoided by observance of these simple rules.

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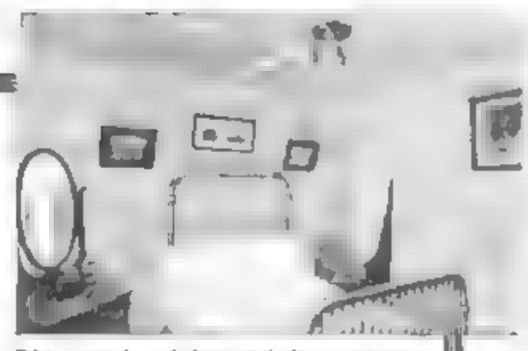
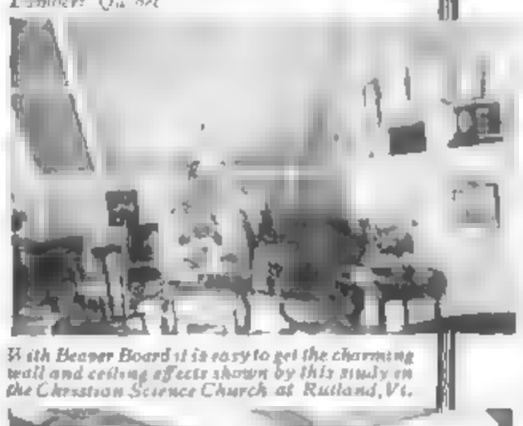
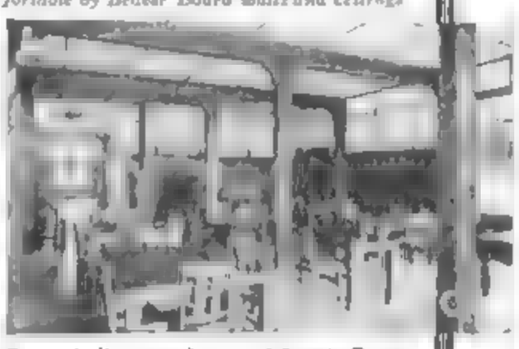


This restful and beautiful Beaver Board bedroom is in the home of Mr. Cox of St. Lambert, Quebec



With Beaver Board it is easy to get the charming wall and ceiling effects shown by this study in the Christian Science Church at Rutland, Vt.

Mr. McLaren's home at Digby, N. S., [illegible] many made more beautiful, sanitary and comfortable by Beaver Board walls and ceilings



Owing to its convenience and beauty Beaver Board is used throughout the Buffalo Motor Boat Club and many other large club houses.

Commercial buildings use Beaver Board to great advantage, as in this ice cream parlor of The Rochester Drug Co., Ottawa, Canada

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 25)

million as a sum interested him far less than one like $107.69¾. He could remember it longer.

A long time from across his typewriter Bean studied old Metzerger, tall, angular, his shoulders lovingly rounded above one of the ledgers, a green shade pulled well over his eyes, perhaps to conceal the lovelight that shone there for his digits.

Bean arose, moved toward the other and spoke in clear, cool tones:

"Mr. Metzerger, I want to borrow five dollars——"

The old man perceptibly stiffened and bent his head lower.

"——five dollars and eighty-seven cents until Saturday at ten minutes past twelve."

Metzerger looked up, surveying him keenly from under the green shade.

"How much?"

"Five eighty-seven."

There was a curious relenting in the sharpened old face. The man had been struck in a vital spot. With his fine-pointed pen he affectionately wrote the figures on a pad—"$5.87, 12:10." They were ideal; they vanquished him. Slowly he counted out money from various pockets. Bean moved off with the sum he had demanded, feeling almost as once he might have felt after Marengo.

It must be true. He couldn't have done such a thing yesterday, before he had known who he was.

He omitted his visit to the dog that day and loitered for an hour in a second-hand bookshop he had often passed. He remembered it because of a colored print that hung in the window, The Retreat From Moscow. He had glanced carelessly enough at this, hardly noting who it was that headed the gloomy procession. Now he felt the biting cold and shivered, though the day was warm. There were pleasanter prints inside. In one, Napoleon with sternly folded arms gazed down at a sleeping sentry. In another he reviewed troops at Fontainebleau; and again, from an eminence, he overlooked a spirited battle, directing it with a masterly wave of his saber. These things were a little disconcerting to one in whom the blood-lust had diminished. He was better pleased with a steel engraving of the coronation, and this he secured for a mere trifle.

Then there were books about Napoleon, a whole shelf of them. A lot of authors had thought him worth writing about. He examined several volumes. One was full of dreadful caricatures that the English had delighted in. He found this most offensive and closed it quickly.

"If you're interested in Napoleon things," said the officious clerk, and Bean went cold. He wondered if the fellow suspected something.

"Not at all, not at all!" he protested, and refused to look at any more books.

He took his print of the coronation, securely wrapped, and went to another store several blocks away. He could get a Napoleon book there where they wouldn't be suspicious. He found one that looked promising, Napoleon, Man and Lover, and still another entitled The Hundred Days. The latter had illustrations of the tomb, which he noted was in Paris. Its architecture impressed him, and his hands trembled as he held the book open. He had been buried with pomp, even with flamboyance. Robber and killer he might have been, but the picture showed a throng of admiring spectators looking down to where the dead colossus was chested.

And yet Napoleon, Man and Lover, which he read that night, confirmed his first impression that this strangely uncovered incident in his Karmic past was, on the whole, scandalous—not a thing he should like to have "get about." He sympathized with the poor boy driven from his Corsican home, with the charity student of Brienne, with the young artillery officer, dreaming impossible dreams. But as lover! He blushed for that ruthless dead self of his; the Polish woman, the little actress—sending for them as if they were merchandise. It seemed to him that even the not too fastidious Bulger would have been offended by such direct brutality.

Well, he was paying dearly for it now—afraid to venture into the presence of a couple of swell dames not invincibly austere, lacking the touch-and-go gallantry of a mere Bulger, who had probably never been anybody worth mentioning.

And yet he could not read that book without a certain evil quickening. Brutal though his method of approach had been, the man had conquered more than mere force may ever conquer. The Polish woman had come to love him: the little actress would have followed him to his lonely island.

He was ashamed of his past, yet read it with a guilty relish. He recalled the Flapper who had so boldly met his glance. He thought she would have been less bold if she could have known the man she looked at. He placed Napoleon, Man and Lover, at the bottom of his trunk beside the scarlet cravat he had feared to wear. It was not a book to leave round.

The Hundred Days, which he read the following night, was a much less discouraging work. It told of defeat, but of how glorious a defeat! The escape from Elba, the landing in France and the march to Paris, conquering, where he passed, by the sheer magnetism of his personality! His spirit bounded as he read of this and of the frightened exit of that puny usurper before the mere rumor of his approach. Then that audacious staking of all on a throw of the dice—Waterloo and a deathless ignominy. He heard the sob-choked voices of the Old Guard as they bade their leader farewell, felt the despairing clasp of their hands'

The Lords of Destiny had found him indeed untractable as the great emperor, the world-figure, and, for his proudness of spirit, had decreed that he should timidly tread the earth again as Bunker Bean the lowly. Everything pointed to it. Even the golden bees of Napoleon! Were there not three B's in his own name? The shameful truth is that he had been christened Bunker Bunker Bean. His fond and foolish mother had thus ingenuously sought to placate the two old Uncle Bunkers—unsuccessfully, be it added, for each had affected to believe that he took second place in the name. But the three B's were there; did they not point psychically to the golden bees of the Corsican?

Again, he was of distinguished French origin. Over and over had his worried mother sought to impress this upon him. The family was an old and noble one, fleeing from France during a Huguenot persecution to Protestant England, where the true name "de Boncœur" had been corrupted to "Bunker." At the time of his earliest dissatisfaction with the name he had even essayed writing it in the French manner—"B. de Boncœur Bien," supposing "Bien" to be approximate French for "Bean."

What more natural than that the freed soul, striving for another body, should have selected one of distinguished French ancestry?

It was a big thing—a thing to dream and wonder and calculate about. When he was puzzled or disturbed he would resort to the shell, which had always traveled with him, sitting before it a long time, his eyes fixed upon it with hypnotic tensity.

What should it mean to him? How was his life to be modified by it? He did not doubt that changes would now ensue. He was already bolder in the public eye. If people stared superciliously at him he stared back. That aggressive stout man could not now have bullied him out of his seat in the car with any mere looks.

The phrase Napoleon of Finance had stayed in his mind. Modernly the name seemed briefly to suggest some one who made a lot of money out of nothing but audacity. Certainly it was not being applied to soldiers or statesmen or rulers. This was interesting. If he made a lot of money he could move to the country and have plenty of room for the dog. And it seemed about the only field of adventure left for this peculiar genius. He began to think about making money. He knew but vaguely how this was done—you bought stocks and then waited for the melon to be cut. You got on the inside of things. You were found to have bought up securities that trebled in value overnight. Those that decreased in value had been bought by people who were not Napoleons. That was the gist of it. A Napoleonic mind would divine the way. "Napoleon knew human nature like a book," said one of the inspired historians. That was all you needed to know. He resolved to study human nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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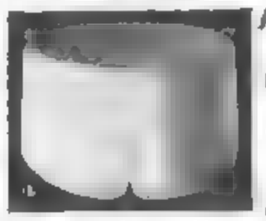

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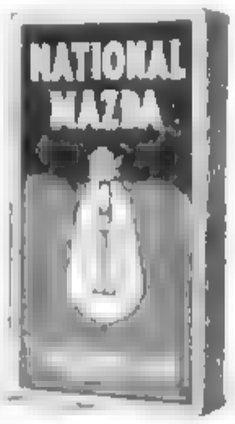

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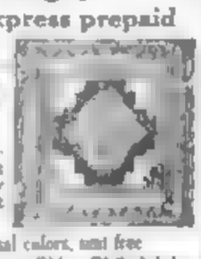

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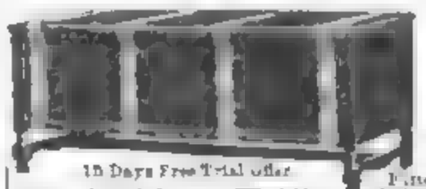

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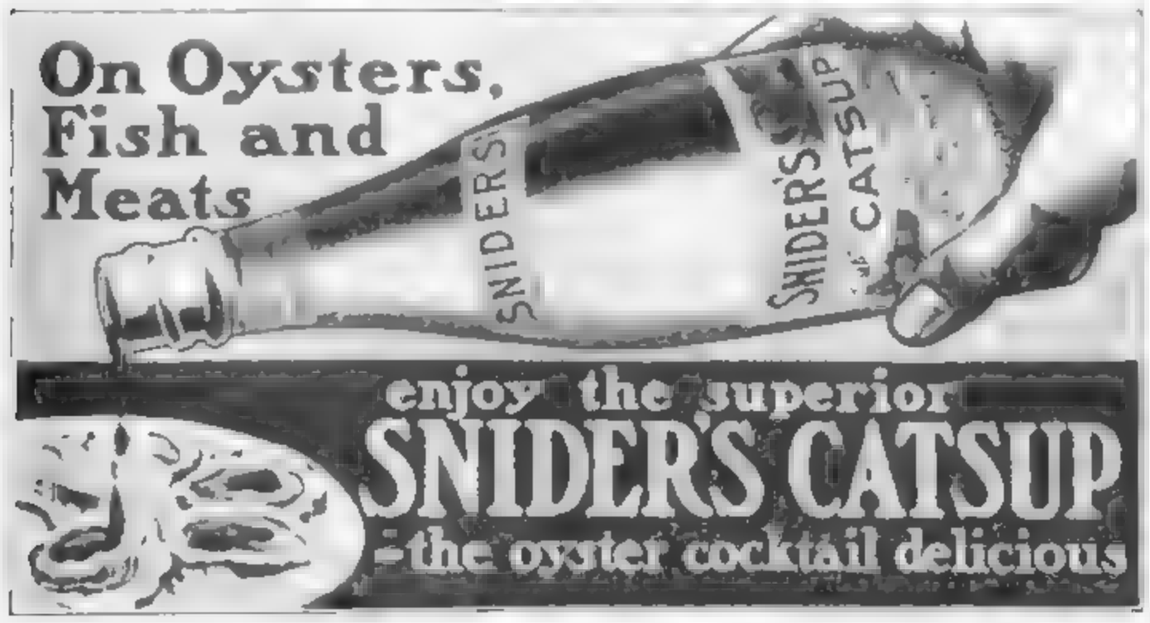

THE PRINCE OF TONIGHT

(Continued from Page 8

"Marian!" corrected the young lady. Jimmy bowed grave acknowledgment.

"——and let Marian come home on the stage—all-aloney."

"You—you—you scoundrel! You'll be sorry for——" So far the outraged squire. Then Marian, flushed with successful revolt, took affairs into her own hands. In all her carefully guided years she had never before known adventure or danger. The spice of it was sweet to her; all the pent-up deviltry of a lifetime tingled in her blood.

"Jump in, Jimmy, and take me home," said this amazing product of the sheltered life. "I'll not be afraid—with you!"

"Good work!" cried Jimmy. "Steady, mare, steady!"

He held out his hand; they were in; the mare leaped forward; the squire of Abingdon, saying harsh things, shook his fist at a receding dustcloud.

The swift phaeton rocked and swayed, swinging gloriously round the curves; Marian laughed her exultant delight. She did not look back. With a steady hand on the reins, a cool and soothing voice giving counsel, the mare soon quieted. Jimmy turned then to the audacious maid, who regarded him askance from under demure long lashes. She folded her hands primly.

"Prunes, prisms, potatoes—Podsnap, Pecksniff, Turveydrop and Company!" she recited with explosive emphasis, triumphant and cumulative. "And so you are no gentleman?"

"Oh, I don't insist on it. If I can pass for a man I'm satisfied. Guess I'm a pretty good man naturally. And this is what makes me think so: When I'm wideawake I do all sorts o' mean, sneaking little things now and then, of course, same as we all do; but when I'm asleep—why, in my dreams I never do any of these mean things, not once. That proves that my natural impulses are good—don't you think?"

Marian sighed.

"Oh, dear; I was brought up on a copy-book, for all you might never guess it from my actions." In her mind she took a survey of the last hoydenish hour and blushed, aghast at the unexpected possibilities she found within herself. "I've always been taught to distrust my impulses, to order my actions by rule. Didn't you notice it?"

"What do the rules say you are to do next, just now?" inquired Jimmy anxiously. "My own natural impulse is to hold up this fiery, untamed steed and drive just as slow as ever I can."

"The rules made no provision for any contingency like this," said Marian dismally. "Is horse-stealing unladylike, do you think? Or abduction?"

"So we might as well follow my original impulse?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" said Marian. Here—it is recorded with sorrow—she giggled. "Whatever do you suppose the squire will tell mamma?"

Jimmy slowed down.

"Will she make you stand in the corner without your supper—d'ye think?" His eyes were brimming sympathy and delight.

Marian tossed her head.

"One thing is settled anyway—I'll never——" She checked herself.

"Never marry the old gentleman? I hope not," said Jimmy placidly. "Sooner than have you do that, I'd marry you, myself."

"That's very kind and thoughtful of you. Of course I am grateful—that goes without saying," said Marian. "But it is to be hoped you won't have to put yourself out so much as all that, just to oblige me."

"That's nothing—nothing at all," said Jimmy civilly. "No trouble, if 'twill be any help. Mind you, I can't honestly recommend myself. I just mentioned it so you'd know that you could always have me to fall back on. I'm all my folks there is myself, so there'll be no one to object to you. I'll be round here quite some time in case you need me."

"Thanks awfully. I'll make a note of it before I forget. What is your name, by the way?"

"Jimmy McClosky. And, by another way, I'm under a cloud and I'm using the name of Jones now—Jerry Jones. So maybe you'd better not marry me just yet, till I get my name all straightened up again."

"Oh, you're backing out!" taunted Marian.

"Backing out nothing! Just letting you see how I was fixed. Show me the way to the parson's and we'll soon see who backs out!" said Jerry indignantly.

"Oh, no hurry. Any time will do. And then, mamma may possibly object."

White Abingdon lay before them, a mile away across the treetops; the smoke of supper-time spiraled blithely in the still air. A crossroad turned off at right angles, plunging down a cool, green aisle, overarched, deep-shaded, inviting, mysterious. An unseen brook tinkled, bell-clear and joyous, beyond the rustling leaves. Jimmy stopped and peered doubtfully down the pleasant, luring depths of the byroad.

"I've never been in these parts before, you know. D'ye s'pose that's the best way to Abingdon?"

Marian took a speculative glance.

"Perhaps it is," she answered recklessly. "I am in for 'a wow, a wiot and a wumpus,' at all events; and I have never enjoyed being alive so much before in all my decorous days! Let us give your road a trial, by all means. It looks—dear me, how one bad step leads to another! First kidnaping and then slang! But it does—it looks good to me!"

They drove down that green, winding road; bird-songs echoed along the fragrant arches to herald their coming.

IV

IN HIS lamp-lit room at the Abingdon House Mr. Jimmy Jerry McClosky Jones sat reading. Gil Crouch, scarcely believing in his unexpected good fortune, had dropped in to assure himself that Jimmy was veritable flesh and blood. That point confirmed, he departed to consult his lawyer concerning the joyful procedure of the morrow.

Ostensibly Jimmy was reading a magazine; but fiction was dull and pale beside the tremendous fact of life. His thought was busy with the golden afternoon just past, the exquisite folly, the splendid recklessness of youth; the girl's piquant face flitted across the page. Strange, too, that the squire had not betrayed them to the girl's mother; Marian's sketchy explanation had been taken at face value without demur; evidently Wakelin was at least no talebearer. Jimmy's heart warmed to him for that. "P'r'aps the old duffer's all right after all," he reflected. "Maybe I just got on the blind side of him."

There came a tap at the door. Would the gentleman see Squire Wakelin? He would. The squire was ushered in.

"Take a chair," said Jimmy, but the guest remained standing.

"Ah, Mr.—Jones—I am afraid I made a fool of myself," he said stiffly but with evident intent to conciliate. "I allowed myself to lose my temper, I believe, and must have cut but a sorry figure. In my office I had time to cool down and think it over; so I decided to come round and make it right with you. I was very rude, I fear—especially not to thank you for saving the young lady from a situation of some danger."

"Oh, that's all right! Don't bother yourself at all. Fortunately enough," said Jimmy, "hard words break no bones; in fact, to toss me a few hard words was the least you could do as a tribute to my humble efforts to annoy. Have a cigar and let it go double as a mistake."

"You are a Western man? H'm—I thought so. I have already intimated my regret for my—er—hasty speech. Your clothes, your rough appearance, misled me."

The man rang false; striving to please, he roused resentment and distrust.

"Do you keep your civility, then, for good clothes?" inquired Jimmy blandly. "What do you do when you meet a fur-lined coat? Get down on your knees, I suppose."

"And the young lady, sir—she took your part with admirable high spirit, perhaps justly—generously at all events. I should be sorry to cause her any unpleasantness at home. So I have said nothing of her—er—escapade to her mother. What explanation of my—er—non-appearance did she give?"

"Oh, she let you down easy. Said you had unexpected and important business, and so she had asked this gentleman—that's me—to bring her home."

The squire sat down; he twiddled at his watch-chain. "H'm—I am a very busy man, as Mrs. Dodge knows. She would not

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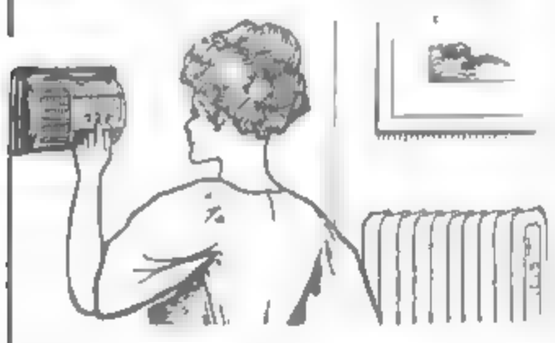

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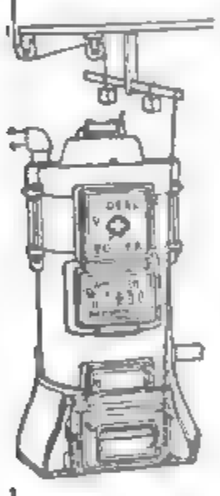

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be surprised. There will be no need to enlighten her, I trust. I would spare Miss Marian every annoyance." He stirred uneasily in his chair. "And so you are from the West? You Western men are so—er—reckless in money matters. The hotel clerk—er—tells me that you placed a large sum in the safe tonight. Now I am it places me in an awkward situation to ask but I am concerned; and so—in fact, you do not really intend to let Gil Crouch have the money to lift that mortgage, do you?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Don't do it, sir! Take my advice. You will not be doing the man any kindness and he will never be able to repay you, with the handicap of an ailing wife—even if you should stay here. I have nothing against the man, not a thing on earth; but it will be better in every way for him to quit the farm and go to some other place, to some city. A farmer's wife must work too hard. Mrs. Crouch cannot stand it. I am her doctor, and I know."

"The farm won't bring much at a forced sale," said Jimmy. "Crouch said there would likely be no bidder except yourself if it came to foreclosure; but he also says you promised to give him more time."

Wakelin shook his head.

"I need the money. I will admit that I will make something by the deal." He paused, reflecting; he was anxious to see the last of Jimmy on any terms. "Since you wish to befriend Mr. Crouch I will engage to give a reasonable sum over the face of the mortgage to enable him to start elsewhere, if you insist upon it. And I will make it worth your while to reconsider your whim." The squire laid a bill upon the table as he spoke and picked up his hat. "You don't want to be loaning money to strangers—in a place you may be leaving at once."

Jimmy picked up the bill and examined it, frankly and unembarrassed. It was a banknote for a hundred dollars. Plainly the squire believed in the maxim: "Make a bridge of gold for a flying foe."

"Have a cigar," said Jimmy suavely. He folded the crackling bill lengthwise, refolded it, smoothing down the creases with his strong, brown fingers. "About how much do you propose to give Crouch over and above the face of the mortgage?" he asked easily. "Come—won't you take a smoke with me?"

"Shall we say four hundred dollars?" said Wakelin grudgingly. He picked a cigar from the table. "I seldom smoke, but I will this once to show there is no hard feeling. We understand each other?"

"Sure, we do—or we soon will," agreed Jimmy cordially. He took a cigar from the table and bit the end from it; then Jimmy thrust the folded bill into the lampflame and held it courteously for the squire of Abingdon.

"Here, have a light!" said Jimmy.

Wakelin backed to the door, feeling for the knob with trembling fingers. Jimmy lighted his cigar, puffing comfortably, and dropped the flaming fragment of the bill into the ash-tray.

"Not going? Well, come again any time!"

V

"OH, MR. CROUCH, would you do me a favor?"

At this call from the maples of the Dodge Homestead Mr. Crouch halted, whirling like a boy. His shoulders were squared back, his head was held high and his feet touched the ground lightly. Marian noted these things and smiled in her heart, well pleased; saw, too, even in the falling twilight, that dream and joy lurked in his tired eyes. Thus was the stranger's doing.

"Will you go back to the Abingdon House, please, and ask Mr. Jones to come over here at once? Tell him I'll wait on the verandah and please to hurry—that it's very important. And—be quiet about it, please."

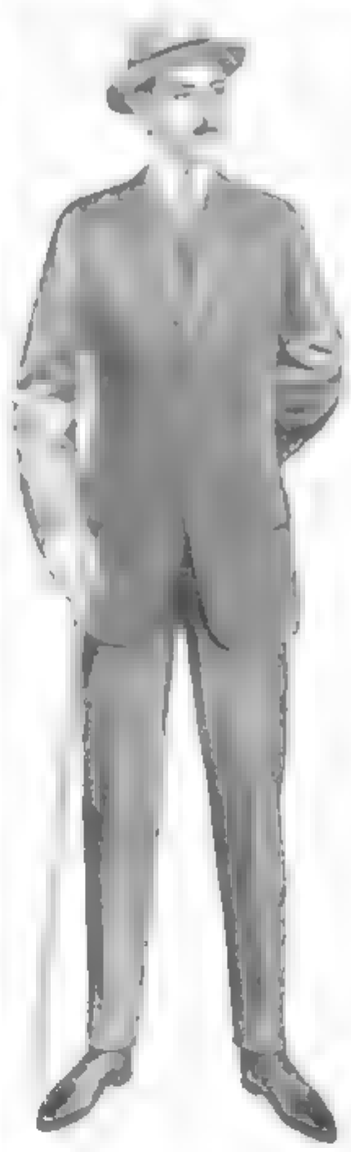
But she did not wait for Jimmy on the verandah. She met him in the winding path and drew him into the shadows; she was breathless, flurried, confused.

"Oh, Jimmy! You know what you told me about your name? There's a man at Waverly—McClosky—there is a handbill offering a reward for him. The squire has telephoned to the sheriff at Montrose—— Oh, how can I tell you?"

"There was a man at Waverly——" prompted Jimmy.

"He—he murdered a man there!" she stammered. "Doctor Wakelin sent for the

$15



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sheriff to come in his auto. He thinks you are——" She paused in great distress.

"McCloskey? I am," said Jimmy. "But there was no murder. I killed him so he wouldn't kill me." The girl drew back. "And yet you sent for me to warn me!" mused Jimmy.

"I—I hoped you were not the man," whispered Marian wretchedly.

"If I wasn't the man I didn't need the warning. Thank you. Not many girls would do that for a stranger."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'll manage somehow. God tempers the shorn lamb to the wind. Let's go up on your Italian vendetta where there's a light, so——"

"Go up on what?"

"The gallery—the porch."

"Oh—the verandah?"

"Exactly. There's a light shines through the window. I want you to look into my face so you will know I am telling you the truth when I tell you how I had to kill or be killed, for there was no witness except the pardner of the man who—died there: and what story he will make of it I do not know. He held me from behind while the other struck me; he will swear a rope to my neck if I am to be tried—and I cannot bear that you should believe his lies."

"No need of that. I will believe you against all the world. Don't risk sitting in that light. You will be seen. Oh, Jimmy, you will be caught! You must go. Go now!"

"But I must go to the light. I must leave a note for Crouch," said Jimmy steadily. "I promised to let him have some money to pay off his mortgage. I can't leave him to Wakelin's spite. The money is in the hotel safe. I'll give you the clerk's receipt and write an order for Crouch."

"Come in the house where you'll not be seen. Write your note—and then?"

"And then—— How long will it take the sheriff to come if they get him at once?"

"Two hours—an hour and a half. He won't hurry. It is rough and hilly, and no one is supposed to know he is on the road. The telephone girl told me."

"Why?"

"Why? It is plain to be seen that you don't know much about small-town gossip. All Abingdon is buzzing about Marian Dodge driving home with a stranger. She told me because she thought it would interest me."

"Did it?"

"Yes," said Marian faintly.

They stood at the hall door; her hand was on the knob. The sound of a distant phonograph came to them, softened and faint:

"We will be dreaming by campfires gleaming
In lands afar."

There was a long pause.

"And when the note is written—then?"

"And then—I will have an hour, you say, before the sheriff comes." Jimmy's voice was hoarse and shaky; his blood ran quicksilver in his veins. "We are both young; we may live to be very old. If that hour might be ours, Marian—yours and mine; just one little hour from life, with all the world shut out!"

It was Marian's phrase that rose to his lips—"all the world." She would believe him against all the world! The thought was sweet.

"Oh, you must go!" said Marian tremblingly. "You will be caught! You must go!" But she closed the door behind them and shut out all the world. "You will be caught, Jimmy!"

"Not I," said Jimmy carelessly. "One mile the start of 'em is all I need. As Headlight used to say: 'The police have their faults, but, thank God, they're inefficient.'"

Marian turned up the light. The note was soon written. He handed it to her.

"Give it to Crouch, Marian, and say 'Good luck!' to him for me. If I get away I can manage to let him know how to get the money to me long before he's ready to begin paying it back. Tell him I kept my promise."

"Do you always—keep your promises, Jimmy?" said Marian in a small, meek voice. Her shoulders drooped; her face turned from the light.

"When I can," said Jimmy briefly.

"All of 'em?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said Jimmy, puzzled. "Why?"

Marian turned her face toward Jimmy. It was not a particularly grief-stricken face.

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Pink ebbed and flowed in her cheeks, her eyes sparkled, her shoulders had lost their droop.

"Oh, then I won't have to marry the scarecrow?"

"This is so sudden——" began Jimmy.

"It isn't sudden at all," said Marian indignantly. "It's deliberate. And it's your proposition, not mine. I had never thought of such a thing any more than Mr. Crouch would have thought of asking you to lend money to him. You volunteered, as you volunteered to help Mr. Crouch, just out of good nature; but perhaps you only keep the promises you make to men?"

The fire leaped up behind his eyes; he fought it back.

"Is black becoming to you?"

"Oh, dear me, pray don't skulk behind the gallows," said Marian sharply. "If you don't want to m-marry me after you promised, why don't you say so?"

"Marian! You know better!"

"Well, that's the way it looks," said Marian very bluntly. Her brows arched incredulously.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask——" began Jimmy.

"It would be indiscreet to tell."

"Eh? To tell what?"

"Anything."

"You don't even know what I was going to ask you."

"And you don't know what I'm not going to answer."

"I was going to ask you," said Jimmy, "if you had ever been—er—affected in this way before."

"And I am going to tell you—nothing," declared Marian flatly.

Jimmy waived the point.

"Well, I am not your kind of people. And my way of living is not yours. You have been tenderly brought up——"

Marian snapped her fingers scornfully. It had been her dead father's final and favorite argument; she smiled with a loving thought of him, a swift mental picture of the gray eyes—always kindly eyes to her—under his shaggy brows.

Jimmy abandoned the tender nurture.

"And my country is different in every way——"

"Oh, is it beautiful—your country, Jimmy? As beautiful as this?"

Jimmy's eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

"You ought to see my back yard! Fifty little three-cornered parks a mile square scattered through it, leaning against the mountains, high end up."

"And—campfires?" said Marian softly.

Jimmy gasped, gulped a swear, passed a hasty hand over his brow, and talked desperately and at random.

"Well, just supposing—— Oh, yes; I know my little hour is half gone——"

"Our little hour!" corrected Marian.

"——and I never see you again—never in all the years—and of course you don't mean it; but just supposing——"

"I do mean it," said Marian firmly.

Jimmy paled a little.

"You know what the frog told the boys? 'It is fun for you, but it's death to me!' Pity the frog, Marian! Now, as I was saying, if we really ran off and were married—just supposing—we might get away; we might make good; you might be ever so happy—but, so long as you lived, you could never entirely trust me, the man who could do a thing like that. To expose a woman—a girl who doesn't know her own mind—to disgrace and sorrow and shame——"

"Disgrace?" cried Marian. She snapped her fingers again. "Your fine argument works both ways, sir! For if you go, if you leave me only a memory of this little hour—Prince of Tonight!—then, all my life long, I will know that you were the—the True Prince, Jimmy!"

"Well, but a life with a False Prince—a Pretender? Oh, I know you're only playing with the frog—but if, perhaps, you may remember me sometimes when you are an old, old woman, remember then——"

Marian pouted.

"But I don't want to be an old, old woman!" she said rebelliously. "I want to be a young woman! . . . There, don't look so glum, Jimmy. You do look like a frog, rather. You sit down here at the table, take the pen and paper, and we'll try to work out our sum. I'll dictate: By the conditions of the problem——"

"I know the conditions of the problem without writing them down," said Jimmy bitterly.

"Well, write down all the possible solutions then."

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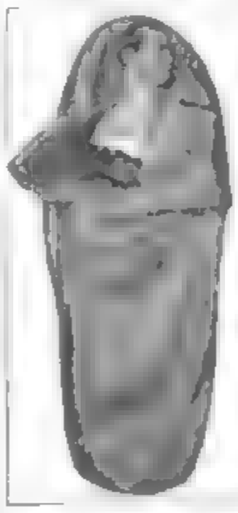

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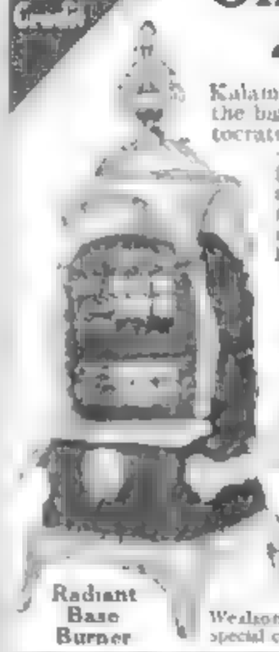

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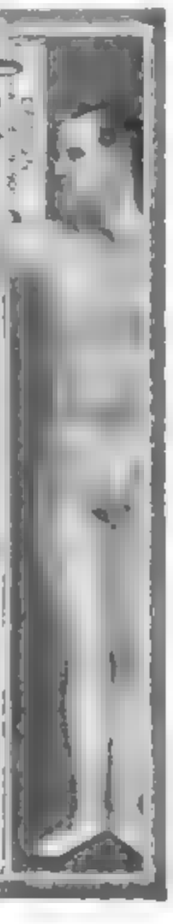

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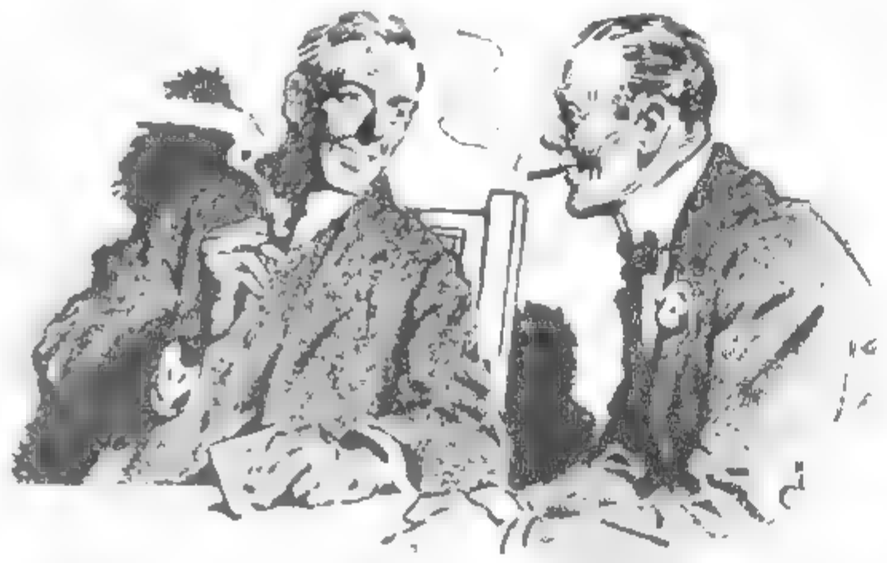

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Jimmy wrote, groaned and read aloud:

"One—Stay, and fight it out, and be acquitted. Improbable. If I had stayed to face the music at first I might likely have come clear. Not now. Flight is almost confession. But," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "if I hadn't run away I would never have met you. That's worth a hanging."

"Two?"

"Two—Stay and be hanged."

"Undesirable," said Marian. "Next?"

"Three—Run away and get married."

"Delightful! I'll get my hat."

"Marian! Sit down!" said this unfortunate and sorely tried young man.

"You promised!" said Marian.

"Very well—I'll break my promise, then! Fourth and only solution—Just run away."

"Unconventional," said Marian reflectively. "People would talk!"

"Marian! Don't, dear—please don't! There's only one thing to do. I'll run away alone."

"Five?" said Marian. "Go on!"

Jimmy frowned.

"That's only four, and you know it. That's all. By the conditions of the problem I'm going away alone, with no light heart. And so—*adiós!*" He rose.

"Crouch is light-hearted," said the girl slowly, walking to the door with him. "And I? Why, Jimmy, I am a different girl, in a different world, for this one day in which you flamed into my gray sky. It seems rather a pity that you should go away without one pleasant memory of Prince of Tonight! And," she stated calmly, "you needn't, you know!"

He held her close for one immortal moment, trembling; he kissed her lips.

"I must go. I should not be here. Goodby! Oh, sweetheart!"

He groped blindly for the door—poor frog! It closed behind him; he stumbled down the steps; his footsteps sounded from the graveled walk—and a proud girl was Marian then, who had proved her prince and found him strong. She put by the window curtain and called after him:

"Jimmy—oh, Jimmy! Come back; just to the steps!"

The summons floated across the perfumed night, unhurried, clear, triumphant, for all the world to hear if it cared to listen. Jimmy caught the new note in her voice and sensed some unguessed change. The light framed her; she leaned from the window like the Blessed Damosel; her eyes were dancing, dazzling.

"Stop, there, on the top step," said Marian in a workaday, conversational tone; "for if you put foot on the verandah down goes the window. I only wanted to tell you"—she paused tantalizingly—"that you needn't begin your flight until morning if you don't want to. The sheriff isn't coming tonight. He isn't coming at all. He has never heard of you!"

"Marian!"

"Stay where you are, sir! You see, I remembered reading in the Waverly paper about some Western man in a shooting affair there, and you told me you were not under your own name; so I thought it might be you—and it was! But there were witnesses—three of them—only you didn't know it. Nobody blames you and there will be no trouble. *Hold those feet still!* There was no reward offered, no handbill and no telephoning to the sheriff. So, good-night—or, as you are going back out West and I will not see you again, good-by!" She leaned her chin in her palm and regarded him with a hypocritical sigh. "When I am an old, old lady, perhaps I shall remember you, sometimes——"

Jimmy made a rush, but she was too quick for him. The window went down and the light disappeared. A moment later it reappeared in an upper story, and he heard Marian singing, light-heartedly, maliciously and low:

"We will be dreaming by campfires gleaming
In lands afar."

"Marian!"

Marian looked from the window in great surprise.

"Oh, are you there, Jimmy? I thought you had gone home. Good-night!"

"Tomorrow, Marian?"

"Tomorrow? Oh, Jimmy—all the glorious tomorrows!"

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It's Better to be SAFE Than to be SORRY!

EITHER Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson will be elected.

The issue is between the Republican and the Democratic parties and principles.

The so-called "third party" is an *individual*—not a *party*. It represents merely Rooseveltism. It is "obstructive," not "progressive."

The self-created candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt is in defiance of revered tradition; in violation of precedent; is purely and solely personal; and *will* be and *should* be *unmistakably censured*.

The American people have several times expressed themselves clearly and emphatically on the question of a presidential third term. Washington refused it. It was denied to Grant. Even Lincoln—had he lived—would not have expected it.

Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is founded on a broken pledge to the people that he would not again seek the presidential office; and on a broken friendship for Mr. Taft, which dates from the time he found that Mr. Taft refused to be dominated or dictated to.

Here is Mr. Roosevelt's real judgment of Mr. Taft—written while Mr. Taft was Secretary of War, and in anticipation of his candidacy for the presidency. Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "A stauncher friend, a fairer and truer representative they (the workingmen) cannot find within the borders of the United States. He will do everything in his power for them, except to do that which is wrong; he will do wrong for no man, and therefore can be trusted by all men. . . . . On the bench Mr. Taft showed the two qualities which make a great judge—wisdom and moral courage. They are also two qualities which make a great President."

Shall the "good times" we are enjoying and the prosperity of the nation be imperiled merely to gratify the personal resentment and ambition of this one man?

The purpose of Mr. Roosevelt is clearly apparent—it is merely *to defeat Mr. Taft*.

A vote for Mr. Roosevelt is WORSE THAN A WASTED VOTE, for it simply means a vote *for Mr. Wilson* and *for the Democratic party*.

* * *

A grave danger to the United States lies in this injection into a political campaign of a *personality* rather than a principle.

Mr. Taft stands not alone for Mr. Taft, but for those broad, strong principles on which have been built the *deepest foundation stones* of our nation and our *national prosperity*.

Mr. Wilson stands not alone for Mr. Wilson but for certain *theoretical doctrines* that have been proven—in actual test—to be inimical to the prosperity of the country, and a *constant menace* to its industries and to its workers.

Mr. Roosevelt stands purely and *only* for the *individual*—for Roosevelt and Rooseveltism. He personifies that old Roman principle demonstrated centuries ago to be a fallacy—the alleged indispensable personality of *one man!*

For Rooseveltism is merely *the man Roosevelt!*

There would be *no* so-called "Progressive" party were it not for the personality of Mr. Roosevelt.

Imagine the "Progressives" without Roosevelt!

The *man* is greater than the *party!*

Rooseveltism is counterfeit coin! It does not ring true!

* * *

What, then, *are* the *plain, practical issues* of the campaign?

What are we—YOU—to vote for?

You are to choose between the policies—as well as the personalities—of Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson. These TWO, and *only* these two. (Because a *Roosevelt* vote is a *Wilson* vote.)

You are to say—by your vote—whether you prefer Taft, and SAFETY—or Wilson, and DANGER!

A vote for Mr. Taft and his policies is a vote to *continue our present prosperity*—to *settle the tariff problem* for all time by taking it out of the hands of politicians and putting it on a business basis—to strengthen and perfect our *control of the trusts*—to uphold *economy and efficiency* of government service.

It is a vote for *more years of busy mills* and *factories*—for *constantly increasing wages*—for *growing trade* at home and abroad—for *peaceful settlement* of international affairs—for the *independence* of the presidential office, and the *respect* due to it—for political *veracity* instead of political *trickery*. It is a vote against *hypocrisy* masquerading in the guise of a prophet of the plain people.

* * *

To vote for Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party is to *invite* a return of *exactly the same influences* that *demoralized* the entire country in 1893.

Call it by any name you fancy, juggle with figures and facts as you please, the Democratic legislation that wrecked the prosperity of the United States in 1893 *can wreck* it AGAIN in 1913.

This is no untried theory; it is HISTORY! WE KNOW TO OUR COST the effect of "free trade," and of its twin brother "tariff for revenue only."

To get "a change" may certainly result in the lower prices which are made so prominent in rainbow-hued Democratic allurements.

But if these low prices come they MUST INEVITABLY MEAN *less* money for the farmer, *less* business for the retail merchant, *less* sales by the jobber, *less* output from the manufacturer, and *less* work and *less* income *all along the line*.

Low prices—secured in this way—will mean that you will be buying *foreign* goods, made by low-paid *foreign* labor, brought here in *foreign* ships.

Instead of American money staying in our own country and being paid to American farmers and to American workmen it will build up foreign mills and factories, and go into the pockets of foreign workmen.

Abraham Lincoln said: "When we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and *the foreigner gets the money*. When we buy the manufactured goods *at home we get both the goods and the money*."

Cheaper flour can *only* come from cheaper wheat and lower mill wages. Cheaper beef and pork can *only* come from lower prices for cattle and hogs. Cut down the farmer's prosperity and you cut off the very *roots* of the *nation's* prosperity. One *follows the other* as night follows day.

* * *

To vote for Mr. Roosevelt is to vote for an *individual*—not a policy or a principle.

And the ONLY POSSIBLE EFFECT of such a vote is to assist Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party. A Roosevelt vote is WORSE than a vote thrown away. It is HELPING to bring about the very conditions that the voter foolishly THINKS he is voting AGAINST!

The election of Mr. Wilson and the return of the depression and despair of 1893 are *absolutely impossible* without the *assistance* of those *who vote for Mr. Roosevelt*.

Panic, demoralized business, millions of men without work, a return of low prices for farm products—ALL rest on the shoulders of Mr. Roosevelt and *those who vote for him!*

* * *

Two roads—and ONLY two—lie plain and clear before you!

One is TAFT and SAFETY! The other is WILSON and DANGER!

Isn't it better to be SAFE than to be SORRY?

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AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER

(Continued from Page 12

A window opened on the second floor and Max leaped into the shadow of the stoop.

"Popper," said a stern voice, "you'll catch your death of cold!"

"Throw me down my old hat, Mirrie, *leben*," Kurniker replied. "I am going to smoke here on the stoop till Jake comes."

A moment later a dingy hat fell at Max's feet and he heard the window close above his head, so that he ventured stealthily forth.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow at three ain't it?" Max said, and Kurniker nodded. "And if I don't show you something you could really say is surprising," Max concluded, "it wouldn't be my fault!"

When Max imparted to his employer the result of his visit to Wolf Kurniker, however, it produced no corresponding elation in Julius, whose haggard appearance as the result of another sleepless night was intensified by his omission to shave that morning.

"So that's the way it stands, Mr. Baranow," Max said as he concluded his narrative. "You got till three o'clock this afternoon; *aber* if you would take my advice you would go right out and get a shave and a big glass *Schnapps*, understand me; and just so soon as Miss Kurniker comes down you could get the thing settled one way *oder* the other."

Julius shook his head sadly

"It's no use, Max," he said. "I just ain't got the nerve'"

Max's answer to this confession was to dig his hand into his hip pocket, and once more he dragged into view Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship.

"You could laugh all you want to, Mr. Baranow," he said earnestly, "but it stands here, on pretty near the end of the book already, that when it comes right down to asking a girl she should marry you, understand me, you are a whole lot better off supposing you ain't got nerve. Why, for pretty near three hours this here Chaimowitz sits and smokes in Bernstein's conservatory before he would got the nerve even to go in and see the girl even."

Baranow made no reply and Max continued his observations unchecked: "Which it only goes to show what a fool this here Chaimowitz is! All the way through he's got an idee the girl is rich, understand me, when he knows her father is running a conservatory already! Why, if Maskoff wouldn't got a business college in connection with his conservatory, understand me, he would starve to death. He told me so himself, Mr. Baranow; because the way it is nowadays, Mr. Baranow, any *Schlemiel* which he plays a little piano *oder* fiddle, understand me, and ain't bald exactly, thinks he could run a conservatory"

He paused for some expression of opinion from his employer, but Baranow only sighed heavily and gazed in front of him with unseeing eyes.

"So you see you got a much better show, supposing you don't put on a big front," Max continued as he started for the door, "only it wouldn't do no harm if you got shaved, anyhow, even if you would be going to sell a feller a trial of goods only, Mr Baranow, you wouldn't want to look like a tramp exactly"

Julius rose to his feet and put on his hat.

"I would be back in half an hour, Max," he said.

"Twenty minutes is plenty," Max added, and as he watched Julius totter toward the back stairway he shook his head dolefully. A moment later Miss Kurniker appeared at the front stairs, and she was in the act of removing her hat when Max observed her from the rear of the loft. For a moment he gazed at her in round-eyed amazement, and then he broke into a chuckle and slapped his thigh hilariously—for the parting had disappeared from Miss Kurniker's hair! In its place there waved a moderate and becoming pompadour, and before she turned to her ledgers Miss Kurniker adjusted it with her fingers and glanced stealthily at Baranow's empty office.

IV

"NU', MR. BARANOW," Max hissed as he entered Julius' office for the tenth time that morning, "what's the matter?"

An expression of disgust spread itself over Max's face as he spoke, for not only had Baranow spent the better part of two hours over his shave, but when at last he had found courage to return to his office he had not even said good morning to his bookkeeper; and, though Max had prodded him at intervals of a quarter of an hour, to the complete demoralization of his employer's working force, Julius had remained seated in his chair in a catalepsy of bashfulness.

"It's no use, Max," he groaned—"I ain't up to going in there and speaking to her."

"All right," Max said boldly—"I can fix that part."

As he turned on his heel Julius grabbed at his coat, but it was too late

"Miss Kurniker," Max called, "Mr Baranow wants to speak to you for a minute"

Miss Kurniker laid down her pen and came calmly out of her office, while Julius glared at his intrepid foreman.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Baranow?" she asked.

"Why, why," Julius stammered, "I was just thinking, Miss Kurniker, that on account April is a short month, in a way, we would get out the monthly statements today instead of Thursday. Y'ain't got no objections, Miss Kurniker?"

"Not at all," Miss Kurniker replied, "I'll have them ready by this evening sure."

"Much obliged," Julius said, rising from his chair. "I guess I'll go out and get a bite to eat, Max."

And as he groped his way out of the office Max withered him with a glance of utter contempt. Twenty minutes later twelve o'clock sounded from the Metropolitan Tower and Max shut off the motor, after which he set himself down in the rear of the workroom to discuss three enormous rye-bread sandwiches filled with *Leberwurst*. For perhaps three minutes he munched away contentedly until the craving for literature overcame him and he fished Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship out of his pants pocket. He started to thumb over the pages and had just discovered the place where he had left off when the door leading to the front stairs opened and admitted a fashionably attired figure. Instantly Max dropped his sandwich and his book and rushed forward to greet the visitor.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Lassowitz?" he cried as he gave the newcomer the I. O. M. A. handclasp of fellowship. "Could I do for you something? Mr. Baranow is gone to lunch half an hour since."

"How about Miss Kurniker?" Lassowitz asked. "She ain't gone to lunch yet, has she?"

"Not today she ain't," Max declared; "she don't never go out to lunch on the days when she is fixing up the monthly statements."

"Well, tell her I am here anyhow," Lassowitz said, and there was an imperious note in his tones that caused Max to plunge his hands into his pockets, where his fingers twitched convulsively.

"The colored hallboy is out just at present, Mr. Lassowitz," he said—"*aber* no one is stopping you supposing you would go up and speak to Miss Kurniker yourself maybe."

Lassowitz glared at his lodge brother for a minute and then walked toward Miss Kurniker's office, followed by Max.

"Hello, Jake!" Miss Kurniker cried as she caught sight of him, and Max exulted inwardly when he detected no change of color in her pale cheeks.

"Put on your hat and coat," Lassowitz said, "and come out and take a little something to eat."

"I told you before, Mr. Lassowitz," Max interrupted, "she couldn't do it on account she is getting out her monthly statements."

Lassowitz wheeled round and scowled horribly at Max.

"Say, lookyhere, Shinkberg," he growled, "who is asking you you should follow me here?"

Even Miss Kurniker waxed indignant.

"Yes, Max," she said, "you've got too much to say for yourself."

"Sure, I know, Miss Kurniker," Max agreed, preserving his good humor admirably. "I don't want to butt in myself, Miss Kurniker, *aber* I couldn't help saying it looks bad that for ten years you are working here, and every day when you are getting out monthly statements, understand me, you don't go out to lunch whereas right now, Miss Kurniker, you do go out."

"What do you mean right now?" Miss Kurniker demanded.

"I don't know what I mean exactly," Max retorted. "Might Mr. Lassowitz knows what I mean maybe."

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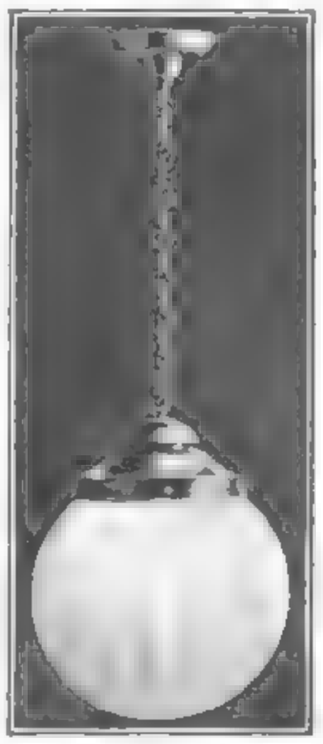
Better light will earn you a profit at every desk or counter.

Your goods will show better; employes will work better; you will have less mistakes and breakage; more work done; more money made in store, office, hotel, restaurant, factory, or any place where time and effort ought to count.

Alba Lighting Fixtures

produce the most and best light. If you use Alba and the lamp we recommend with each fixture, you will have more light, better light, and softer light for less money than you ever had it before.



Alba Lighting Fixture
No 15013

There is money in good light. Why not test Alba in one or two places?

For Commercial Lighting—send for Catalogue No 47 of **Alba Lighting Fixtures** for stores, offices, and all public places

For Home Lighting—send for illustrated Catalogue No 42 or Book No 49 on **Semi-indirect Illumination.**

For Principles of Good Lighting—send for book on **Scientific Illumination** No 48

Your dealer has Alba—or can get it

Our Illuminating Engineering Department is at your service

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company
Pittsburgh

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St Louis Boston and Toronto

Why a Utica Plier Will Save You Time, Money and Worry

Because there are faucets that leak, screws that loosen and a thousand and one things that come up every day in the week, that you could readily fix with a Utica Plier without the aid of a skilled mechanic.

Get a Utica Plier today at your Hardware [illegible] except absolute. There are no [illegible]

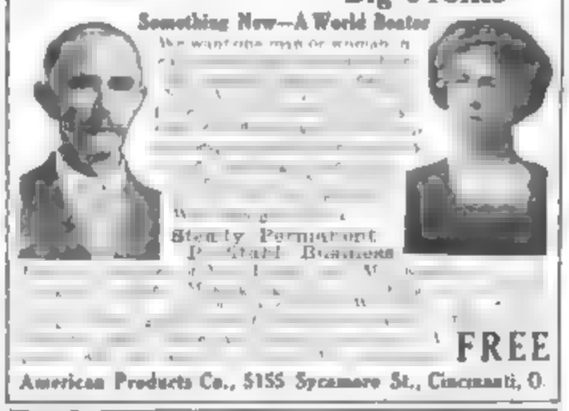
U-TI-CA

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Utica, N.Y.

PATENT ABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents [illegible] for 3 free books, [illegible] prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturers [illegible]
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS: Men and Women Big Profits

Something New—A World Beater



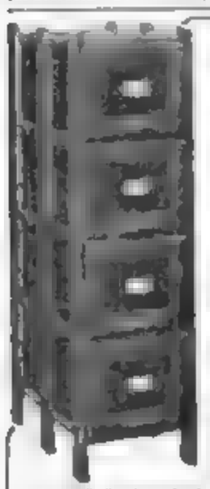
We want one man or woman in [illegible]

Steady Permanent Postal Business

FREE

American Products Co., 5155 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

25% Saving of coal with our new system of Heating. Our appliance attaches [illegible] tory heating plant do the trick. Write for Catalog
Vapor Vacuum Heating Co., 10 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa



Efficiency is a matter of accessible knowledge. Instant reference to any paper, letter or catalog filed in this

Solid Oak Vertical File

Drawers are Dust Proof—Roll on Ball Bearings. Equipped with Follow Backs. **$13.25**
Freight Paid [illegible]

Birch Mahogany $15.50
Made also in Legal Cap and Bill sizes.

Stationery Cabinets

[illegible] space for enough note, letter and [illegible] envelopes, carbon, etc., for use. Keep stationery clean and handy. Solid Quartered Oak, beautifully finished. Roll drawers and revolving

FREE CATALOGS [illegible]

NOTE Transportation Charges Paid [illegible] and Texas

The Sjöstrom Manufacturing Co.
66 Union Street Monroe, Mich.
New York Office, 166 Fulton St

With Cover $2.50
Without Cover $2.00
Express Prepaid (Sent Knocked Down)

NOTASEME
Silk-Lisle

WEARS LIKE "60"

LOOKS LIKE "50"

COSTS BUT 25

HOSIERY

"*Chutzpah!*" Jake Lassowitz exclaimed with another and much fiercer scowl at Max.

"*Chutzpah* it may be," Max said, "*aber*, with Mr. Baranow away from the place, Miss Kurniker, it looks bad already that you should be taking an advantage."

"What business is it from yours if Miss Kurniker wants to go out to lunch?" Jake Lassowitz cried.

"It isn't any of his business," Miss Kurniker said; "and I'll speak to Mr. Baranow about it just as soon as he comes in."

Lassowitz nodded.

"If you don't," he added, "I will!"

"And anyhow," Miss Kurniker went on, "I didn't have the slightest intention of going out to lunch today, but ——"

"But you'll go anyhow?" Lassowitz broke in.

"I'll go with you tomorrow," Miss Kurniker concluded.

"Tomorrow I couldn't manage it at all," Lassowitz declared.

"What d'ye mean you couldn't manage it tomorrow?" Max inquired, entirely unabashed. "You got your own business, Mr. Lassowitz, and nobody could stop you—ain't it?"

"Say," Lassowitz roared, "who wants you you should stick your nose in here?"

"I am only saying," Max replied glibly, "that if you got to take out to lunch Miss Kurniker so bad as all that, understand me, you could do it tomorrow just so good as today, on account you ain't working for nobody but yourself."

"I know I ain't," Lassowitz said, taken off his guard for the moment; "but if you think a man who is running his own business, Shinkberg, could fool away his time every day going out *mit* girls for lunch, understand me, you are mistaken—and that's all I got to say."

Miss Kurniker bridled immediately.

"I never asked you to come round here and take me out to lunch!" she snapped.

"I know you didn't," Lassowitz replied; "but just the same, Miriam, don't think for one minute that I could go to work and neglect my business day after day."

"Well, if you're neglecting your business, Jake," Miss Kurniker rejoined, "no one's keeping you here."

"I mean to say it's very inconvenient, so to speak, for a business man he should run away from his business in the middle of the day," Lassowitz floundered; "and ——"

"All right, Jake," Miss Kurniker said as she took up her pen; "so long as I have my monthly statements to get out and you are neglecting your business, Jake, supposing we call it off indefinitely."

"Call what off?" Lassowitz asked.

"The lunch," Miss Kurniker said; and then, as she noticed an ugly gleam in Lassowitz' eye, "or whatever else you want."

Straightway Lassowitz forgot Max's presence.

"Say, lookyhere, Miriam," he began, "if you think that you could get fresh with me, understand me, you got another think coming! You ain't so young no longer as you could afford to fool round any!"

A door banged warningly, but Lassowitz went on unheedingly to his doom, nor did his anger abate when Miriam jumped from her seat and faced him with blazing eyes.

"And," he went on hurriedly, "when I go to work and put myself out, understand me, and ——"

"That's enough, Jake!" Miriam interrupted. "I don't want to hear any more from you!"

"You don't want to hear no more from me!" Lassowitz exclaimed. "Did you ever hear the like? A girl that is only a bookkeeper is got the nerve to ——"

At this juncture a hand grasped him by the coat collar; and as he wriggled round he came face to face with Julius Baranow, whose features were distorted out of their ordinary good humor into an expression of grim determination.

"You dirty loafer you!" Julius growled as he secured a new grip on Lassowitz. "Is that the way to talk to a lady?"

"A lady!" Lassowitz jeered; but, before he could proceed further, Julius had stepped away from him and a moment later he was lying on his back, while Julius stood over him, waving his fists excitedly. It was here that Max entered the lists. He butted his employer aside unceremoniously, and leaning over the prostrate Lassowitz he dragged him to his feet.

"Get out of here, Lassowitz," he advised, "before you get killed already!"

Lassowitz wiped away the blood from his mouth and tested with his tongue the firmness of his front teeth before he replied.

"I will get out of here when I am good and ready," he said. "Furthermore, I will sue that loafer in the courts yet for assault with batteries, and ——"

"*Yow!* You would sue him!" Max interrupted with an eye on his employer, who had now relapsed into his ordinary shyness and was examining his skinned knuckles in an agony of embarrassment. "*Yow!* You would sue him!" Max repeated. "I would like to know what show you would got to sue a feller which hits you a *Schlag* on account you are insulting his fiancée already."

"What!" Lassowitz and Miss Kurniker cried with one voice, and Max nodded his head blandly.

"That's what I said, Mr. Lassowitz," Max went on. "And if a *Hosan* couldn't defend his *Kahlo*, understand me, who is got a better right?"

He moved over toward Baranow and dug him fiercely in the ribs.

"Do you mean to told me you are engaged to Baranow?" Lassowitz demanded, turning to Miriam—and Max again jabbed his employer.

"She is," Julius said huskily—"if she wants to be."

The color left Miriam's cheeks and she sat down, while Julius, unprompted by Max, grew suddenly bolder.

"I ain't never asked her yet," he declared vehemently, "because I didn't got the nerve; but ——" Here he paused and turned pleadingly to Miriam. "But I love her," he concluded, "and if she wouldn't take me now God knows what I would do!"

Miriam buried her face in her hands and burst into tears, while Lassowitz shrugged his shoulders and started for the doorway. As for Max, he stood still for a moment and scratched his chin with a loud, rasping noise. At length he could stand it no longer and for the last time he dug his employer in the ribs.

"Kiss her!" he hissed, "you big *Schlemiel*, you!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Excuse me if I would ask you a personal question, Miriam," said Julius Baranow as they sat together in his office late that afternoon. "Your hair used to look so nice and neat, Miriam; so, why did you go to work and all of a sudden fix it up *mit* such a pompadour already?"

For almost a minute Miriam stared curiously at her fiancé, and then she smiled broadly.

"I guess you'd better ask Max," she said as she nodded toward the rear of the loft, where Max sat on a shipping case and pored over the last chapter of Young Mr. Charmsworth's Courtship.

He was attempting to check up the culminating incident of Julius Baranow's courtship with that of Young Mr. Charmsworth, which was set forth on page 357 as follows:

"He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her welling eyes. The moment had come at last; and the tide of his great love swept all before it when with a choking sob he held her close to his heaving breast!"

"A crazy book!" he murmured as he pitched it to its final resting-place in the sweeping-bin.

Night School, '74

A COUNTRY club in Westchester County, just outside of New York, was preparing to pull off a special event in the way of a golf tournament. The board of governors framed a rule that all contestants must apply for admission by letter, and that each must send with the letter a check for his entrance fee.

On the night before the opening of the match, when the list of players was about closing, the telephone in the secretary's office rang; and William Moon, one of the officers, answered the call.

"I desire," said a refined but world-weary voice at the other end of the wire, "to enter for tomorrow's match. My name is Phipps and I will remit the amount of my stake later."

"The rule is that cash or a check must accompany each application," explained Mr. Moon.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am?" said the voice austerely. "I am Chadwick Phipps; Harvard, '98!"

"And I," said the other, "am Bill Moon; night school, '74! Good-night!"

Success Brings Success

EVERY day it is getting harder to advertise—*for the man who ought not to advertise.*

For the man with the right goods and the right selling conditions, of course, advertising is easier than ever, because of the gradual increase in the sum total of expert knowledge on the subject.

But, one after another, the doors are being closed against the advertising that should better be left unsaid.

The first check on unbridled publicity was the elimination from many publications of patent medicine fakers. This began some years ago. Today the leading publications will not print nostrum advertisements.

Ethics Plus Expediency

Unquestionably, ethical considerations had a good deal to do with this renunciation of thousands of dollars revenue. Publishers tired of dosing their readers with colored water and pelting them with futile pills. But there were sustaining reasons of expediency. It became clear—first, that the duped reader had a lessened faith in the publication as well as in the advertiser, and second, that reputable manufacturers hesitated to advertise if they must be in the company of the quack.

For the far-seeing, then, it was a natural step to the next embargo. Some publishers decided to protect the gullible among their readers against get-rich-quick bonanzas, real estate Utopias, and all the other dreams of a printer's ink Cathay. A few went further and censored the minor offenses—to which even the advertiser of honest goods is sometimes prone—of over-exaggeration, misleading comparison or invidious statement. These departures from strict truth, in a lesser but an important degree, tend to weaken public confidence in all advertising. Again the reasons were those of ethics mingled with expediency. Some publishers also, with the same motives, refused the advertising of still other commodities to which only a portion of their readers might object—alcoholic liquors and certain forms of tobacco, for example.

But Beyond That

In this policy of safeguarding our readers The Curtis Publishing Company has been scrupulous to a degree.

But we are even more vigilant for the integrity of advertising—we protect the advertiser against himself.

Men occasionally go away disappointed—even disgruntled—because we have declined to accept their money. They have brought us advertisements of honest products, truthfully worded, which by no stretch of the imagination could be called injurious to the reader. We have not accepted them because, for sound business reasons, we didn't think the advertising would be profitable to the advertiser.

An advertisement may not be written and illustrated so as to "pull." It may contain unwise or controversial statements. There may not be a wide enough possible demand for the article. It may infringe patents. It may simply be a gamble on a long chance. Thorough distribution among dealers may be lacking. It may be that kind of mail order proposition where the cost of getting first orders would be greater than the probable profit on future reorders. The advertiser may be unable to keep his campaign going long enough and strong enough. If a man for his own sake ought to spend $10,000 and has only $5,000, we advise against the expenditure—a case where no loaf at all is better than half a one.

Take it all together, we turn down quite as much business because we don't think it will pay the advertiser as we do advertising that is objectionable in itself. It amounts to thousands of dollars annually. In a recent case we declined an advertisement for which we would have been paid $8,000, and the advertiser carried the case to the Federal courts in an attempt to force us to publish it.

To Our Advantage—And Yours

This purely business attitude of ours should not be confounded with simpering sanctimony.

We can't afford to have any advertising shipwrecks on our record. If a firm failed to get its money's worth from its use of our columns, it would become a permanent foe of all advertising, and of our mediums in particular. Many a potentially great business—perhaps a potentially great advertiser—has been ruined through spending money at the outset on unsound sales plans. We have demonstrated that it pays to build a sound reputation that will bring men back to us later.

Nor should it be thought that we have become lofty only after our publications have grown great—virtuous because we can afford to be. This has been our policy for twenty-eight years. It is a cause—not a result—of our success.

We clearly recognize the ethics of the matter, but we claim no special credit except for seeing where our own best interests lay. But at the same time, this policy works to the advantage of the other parties concerned—the reading public and the advertiser.

The benefit to the man who thinks he wants to advertise, but ought not to, is obvious.

Those already advertising with us are saved from appearing in public side by side with fly-by-nights, or with others undesirable for any reason.

The whole thing runs in a circle, success leading to success. The success of every advertiser means more advertising and greater prosperity for us; greater prosperity for us means a better publication for our readers; a better publication means greater circulation and thus more success for every advertiser.

The Curtis Publishing Company

PIPEOLOGY

Away back, somewhere, this fellow's great-granddad discovered the corncob jimmy pipe. He cut a fat cob in half and dug out the soft dry centre. Then he bored a hole at the side close to the bottom, jammed in a short reed stem—and went to it!

Prince Albert hits the palate just as bully fine in the lowly corncob as in the costliest meerschaum. It isn't the pipe that makes the real smoke, gentlemen, it's the tobacco!

"Here's a hunch:

P. A.'s got a bunch of imitators—right smart proof it's all wool and a yard wide!"

Two things are never counterfeited—plugged nickels and *ordinary* tobaccos!

Prince Albert sort of upset the fashion in pipe tobacco because it won't sting your tongue (bite's cut out by a *patented* process), because it tastes deliciously and because it has fragrance that makes it welcome in any home or office. Out of the tall timbers came the substitutes—"*just as good* as P. A."—"*just like* P. A."—and that sort of thing! Just trying to warp in!

Let this sink deep: Every time that chaff's handed you make a bee line for a tin of Prince Albert. Then you're in O. K. Realize that *imitation is the bulliest advertisement P. A. can have!* Get that?

There's just one "joy smoke" in this world for *you,* no matter what kind of a jimmy pipe you smoke—clay, corncob, briar or meerschaum—and that's the now *internationally* famous brand that's sold in the toppy red bag for 5c and the tidy red tins for 10c—it's

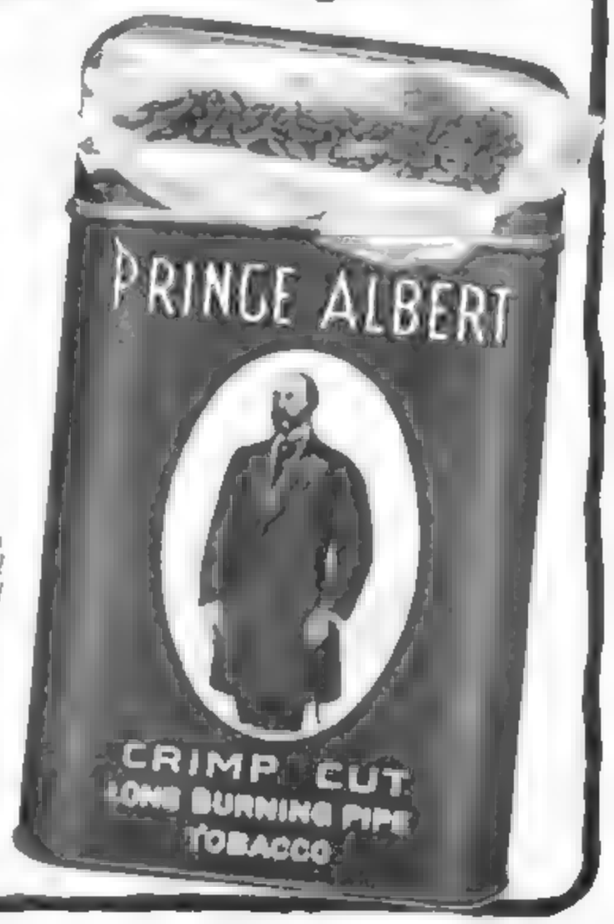
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Say, start to gallop while the goin's good!

Also sold in handsome pound and half pound humidors

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



"I'll Tell You How I Happened to Buy a Radioptican."

"I had wanted a first class projector for some time, but the only ones I could find were either expensive lantern slide machines or mere toys. One day in an optical goods store I saw the Radioptican — the clerk offered to demonstrate it. This demonstration proved to me that the Radioptican was the machine I wanted.

"Attached to the machine when it was delivered was the Radioptican guarantee bond—a broad, fearless guarantee that makes me gladder than ever that I chose the Radioptican.

"Radiopticans project any post card, picture, magazine clipping, photo, etc., up to 5" x 7" with wonderful clearness of color and detail. Models suitable for electric lighting and for oil complete with gasoline ready to operate and for gas lighting. Prices from $1.50 to $50.00."

Write for Book "Home Entertainments"

With this book you get a copy of the Radioptican Booklet which tells all about Radiopticans and Stereopticons. Prices from $2.50 to $50.00. Sold by dealers everywhere or direct.

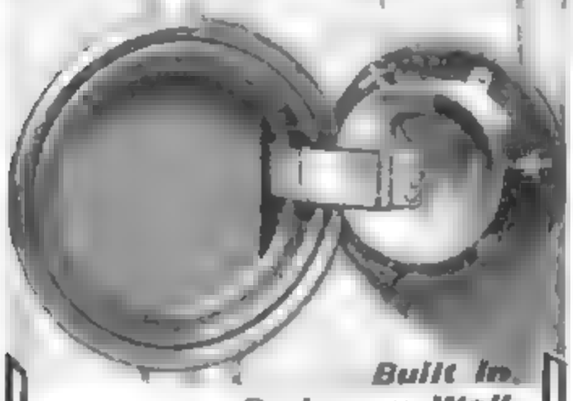
H. C. WHITE COMPANY

806 River Street North Bennington, Vt.

Lens Grinders and Makers of Optical Instruments for Over 40 Years

Branches: 45 W 34th St., New York San Francisco London

FIRE AND THIEF PROOF



Built in Bedroom Wall

SURELY include this wall safe in your new home; convenient as a bureau drawer and safe as a Safety Deposit Vault

$14 and up, built in.

We make larger wall safes and portable safes for home and office. Send for catalog showing 40 styles.

The Meilink Manufacturing Co.
1011 Jackson St., Toledo, O.

MEILINK'S HOME SAFES

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

(Continued from Page 18)

For a good long time the old judge rummaged briskly, pawing into the heaps in front of him and snorting as the dust rose and tickled his nostrils. Eventually he restored most of the papers to their proper wrappers and replaced them in the vault, then he began consulting divers lawbooks out of his private library—ponderous volumes, bound in faded calfskin, with many splotches of brown, like liver spots, on their covers.

It was nearly midnight before he finished. He got up creakily and, reaching up on tiptoe—an exertion that created a distinct hiatus of inches between the bottom of his wrinkled vest and the waistband of his trousers—he turned off the gas jets, and instantly the old courthouse, back among the trees, became a solid black mass again. Then he felt his way out into the hallway, barking his shins on a chair and grunting softly to himself as he went.

When young Jim Faxon's case was called the next morning and the jailer brought him in Jim wore handcuffs. At the previous term of court a negro cow thief had got clean away while coming across the courthouse square, and the judge had issued orders to the jailer to use all due precautions against such things in future. So the jailer, showing no favoritism, had seen fit to handcuff young Jim. Moreover, he had forgotten to bring along the key to the irons, and while he was hurrying back to the jail to find it young Jim had to wait there between his womenfolks, with his bonds still on him.

Emmy Hardin bent forward and put her small, fluttering hands over the steel bands as though to hide the sight of them from the eyes of the crowd; and she kept her hands there until Jailer Watts came back and freed Jim. The little group of three, sitting in a row inside the rail just behind Lawyer Dabney Prentiss' erect and frock-coated back, were all silent and all pale-faced—young Jim with the pallor of the jail and Emmy Hardin with the whiteness of a great grief and a greater fear; but the old aunt's face was a streaked, grayish dead color, and the wrinkles in her face and in her thin, corded neck showed deep.

An unreeling of red tape followed, and a small show of prescribed legal routine; then both sides—defense and commonwealth announced themselves as ready to proceed to trial. The audience squared forward to watch the picking of the jurors. There were never to be any jurors, though, for the trial of this particular case; for old Judge Priest had reached the point where he could not hold in any longer. He cleared his throat and then spoke, using the careful and correct English he always used on the bench—and never anywhere else.

"Before we proceed," he began, and his tone told his hearers that what he meant to say now would be worth the hearing—"Before we proceed, the court has a statement to make that will have a direct bearing upon this present issue."

He glanced about him silently, commanding quiet.

"The defendant at the bar stands charged with the homicide of one Ransom Fleming, and he is here produced to answer to that charge." From the desk he lifted a time-yellowed, legal-looking paper, folded flat. He shucked it open with his thumb. "It appears from the records that, in the month of March of the year 1865, the said Ransom Fleming, now deceased, was a fugitive from justice, going at large and charged with divers and sundry felonious acts—to wit, the crime of arson, the crime of felonious assault with intent to kill, and the crime of confederating with others not named to destroy the property of persons resident in the state of Kentucky. It appears further that a disorganized condition of government existed, the state being overrun with stragglers and deserters from both armies then engaged in civil war, and therefore, because of the inability or the failure of the duly constituted civil authorities to bring to justice the person charged with these lawless acts, the governor of this state did offer a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of Ransom Fleming, dead or alive."

Now, for sure, the crowd knew something pregnant with meaning for the prisoner at the bar was coming—knew it well, without

Have Beautiful Floors

YOU can secure a beautiful floor like this yourself, with "61" Floor Varnish, on old or new floors and linoleum. Easy to apply and keep clean. Just wipe occasionally with a damp cloth.

"61" gives a finish that lasts—is mar-proof, heel proof and water-proof—will not turn white, show heel marks nor scratches. It is the finish you have been looking for. Prove it by sending for

Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel

Scratched with a [illegible]. Test it. Hit it with a hammer—stamp on it. You may dent the wood, but the [illegible] back. A 2c stamp for *Free Booklet*—[illegible] *Varnishing*, [illegible] It costs no more)

For all home white enamel work, old or new, use Vitralite, *The Long-Life White Enamel*. With it you can secure a rich, beautiful, porcelain-like gloss on furniture, any wood, metal or plaster surface—inside or outside.

Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel

Scratched with Vitralite, sent free, will demonstrate to you that it works and spreads easily. Will not nor show laps and brush marks, and is economical because it covers so much [illegible] It is water-proof—will not turn yellow, [illegible]

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are sold by paint and hardware dealers, used by painters and specified by architects everywhere. Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Vitralite
The Long-Life
WHITE ENAMEL

Hotels and Restaurants
Equipped with
Refrigerating Machines and Refrigerators

We build the most modern Hotel, Restaurant and Café Refrigerators

We build and install Sanitary Systems of Refrigerating and Ice-making Machinery.

"UNITED LINE" stands for complete equipment.

Write us for information and specifications when in the market for Refrigerators, Cold Storage Rooms or Refrigerating Machinery for any purpose.

United Refrigerator & Ice Machine Co.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

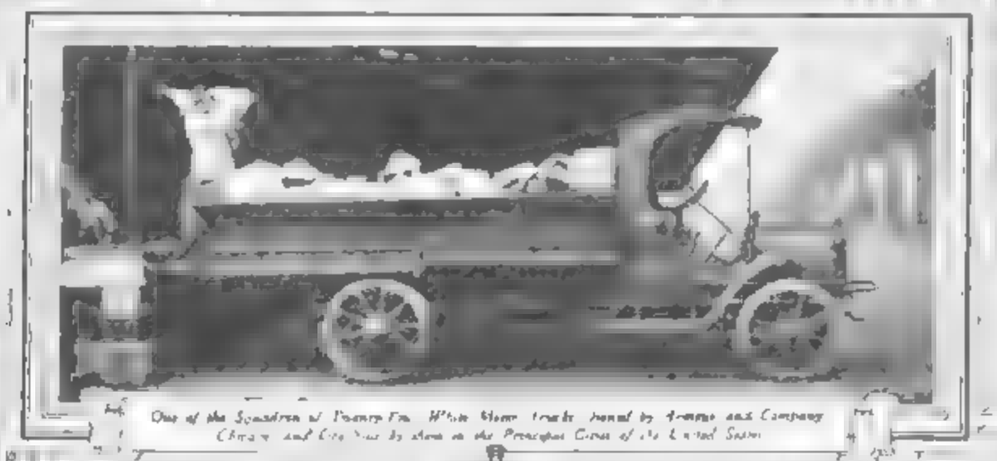
Columbia Cufturn Shirt

A SIMPLE TURN
and you have
A CLEAN CUFF FOR A SOILED CUFF
The most practical attached cuff shirt made
Ask for COLUMBIA "CUFTURN" SHIRTS
If your dealer cannot supply you write to
NEW COLUMBIA SHIRT CO 729-731 B way New York

First Aid Always,—

Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big



One of the Squadron of Twenty-Five White Steam Trucks Owned by Armour and Company Chicago and Operated by them on the Principal Cities of the United States

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

The predominant use of White Motor Trucks by the foremost mercantile and manufacturing firms, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, is the most convincing proof of their superior merit in practically every line of service.

A Few Well Known Owners of White Squadrons

American Can Company
American Chicle Company
American Steel and Wire Company
Armour and Company
Berghoff Brewing Association
Booth Fisheries Company
Brazilian Government
Coca-Cola Company
Cudahy Packing Company
Diamond Rubber Company
T. Eaton and Company, Ltd
Marshall Field and Company
Gimbel Brothers
B. F. Goodrich Company
Gulf Refining Company
Joseph Horne Company
Hudson's Bay Company
Illinois Steel Company
[illegible] and Company
National Cash Register Company
Pabst Brewing Company
Province of Ontario Government
Public Service Company, Ltd.
Remington Typewriter Company
Russian Government
[illegible]
Standard Oil Company
United Cigar Stores Company
United States Government
Winchester Repeating Arms Company

White Motor Trucks are built in capacities of ¾, 1½, 3 and 5 tons, and all models are uniform throughout in parts and design, thus making them the most practical for the standardization of delivery or transportation service. Literature and detailed information furnished on request.

Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

The White Company
Cleveland

Is Your Spare Time Worth $20.00 a Week?

WE want to engage a large number of representatives to handle the great number of renewals for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* which "fall due" between now and Christmas. Never before have we faced such a volume of business. We need men and women—of good address and personality—to act for us in their own towns. We will pay liberally for their spare time.

In YOUR town, among the persons YOU can reach, are doubtless hundreds of our readers whose subscriptions are about to expire. Most of them will renew their subscriptions. They will do so through you if you interview them.

For each such renewal, for each new subscription you obtain for us, we will pay you a liberal profit. Your earnings may far exceed the modest estimate suggested in the title of this advertisement.

Bear this in mind: The Christmas business is now beginning. Between now and December 24th an enormous sum of money will be paid to our field workers. To secure your share of this amount you should enlist at once as our representative. Just as soon as we receive your letter we will give you full directions. Address

Agency Division **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia Penna.*

knowing what shape it would assume. Heads came forward row by row and necks were stretched eagerly.

"I hold here in my hand an official copy of the proclamation issued by the governor of the state," continued Judge Priest. "Under its terms this reward was open to citizens and to officers of the law alike. All persons whatsoever were invited to join in ridding the commonwealth of this man. He stood outside the pale of the law, without claim upon it and without right to its protection.

"It would appear further" the old judge's whiny voice was rising higher now—"that this proclamation was never withdrawn, though with the passage of years it may have been forgotten by many. Under a strict construction of the law of the land and of the commonwealth it may be held to have remained in force up to and including the date of the death of the said Ransom Fleming. It accordingly devolves upon this court, of its own motion, to set aside the indictment against the defendant at the bar and to set him free."

For the time being His Honor got no farther than that. Even the stupidest listener there knew now what had come to pass knew that Judge Priest had found the one way to liberty for young Jim Faxon. Cheering broke out—loud, exultant cheering and the stamping of many feet. Persons outside, on the square and in the street, might have been excused for thinking a dignified and orderly session of court had turned into a public rally—into a ratification meeting.

Most of those actually present were too busy venting their own personal satisfaction to notice that young Jim was holding his sweetheart and his aunt in his arms; and there was too much noise round about them for any one to hear the broken hallelujahs of joy that poured from the lips of the two women.

The judge pounded for quiet with his gavel, pounding long and hard before the uproar finally simmered down into a seething and boiling of confused, excited murmurings.

"Mister Sheriff," he ordered with a seeming sternness which did not tally with the look on his face, "keep order in this court! If any further disorder occurs you will arrest the offenders and arraign them for contempt."

The sheriff's bushy eyebrows expressed bewilderment. When it came to arresting a whole courthouseful of jubilating people, even as vigilant and as earnest-minded an official as Sheriff Giles Bindsong hardly knew where to start in. Nevertheless he made answer promptly.

"Yes, suh, Your Honor," he promised, "I will."

"As I was saying when this interruption occurred," went on the judge, "it now devolves upon the court to discharge the defendant at the bar from custody and to declare him entitled to the reward of five hundred dollars placed upon the head of the late Ransom Fleming by the governor of Kentucky in the year 1865."

Young Jim Faxon, with his arms round the heaving shoulders of the two women, raised his head.

"No, Judge—please, sir—I couldn't touch that money—not that——" he began; but Judge Priest halted him.

"The late defendant not being of legal age the court rules that this reward, when collected, may be turned over to his legal guardian. It may be she will have a good and proper use to which this sum of money may be put."

This time the cheering, if anything, was louder than it had been before; but when the puzzled sheriff looked round the courtroom for instructions regarding the proper course of procedure in such an emergency the judge on the bench was otherwise engaged. The judge on the bench was exchanging handshakes of a congratulatory nature with the members of the county bar, headed by Attorney for the Defense Dabney Prentiss.

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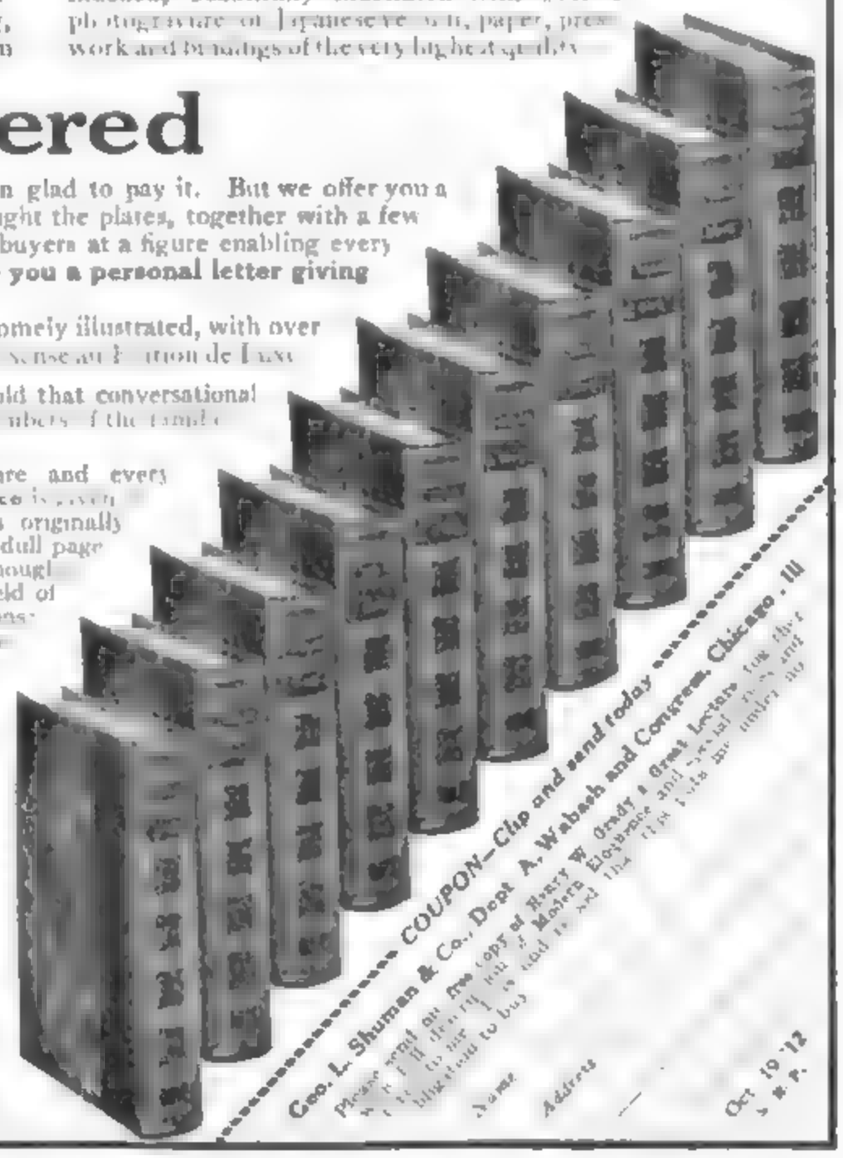

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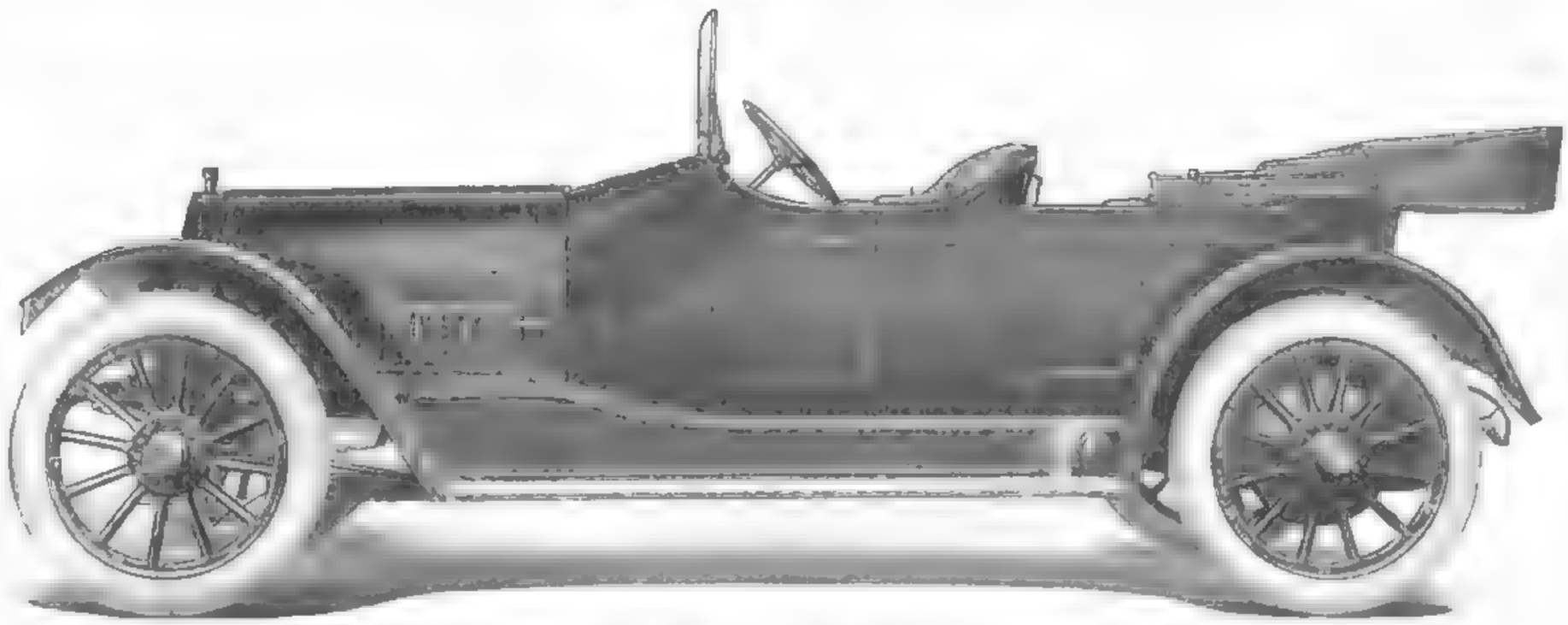

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THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAY

Continued from Page 4

who have mastered—each in his own fashion and each in his own degree the technical difficulties of playmaking, and who are striving to catch and to fix certain of the fleeting appearances of contemporary American life. It is probable that comparatively few even of these Americans who are seriously interested in the drama of the day recognize how remarkable this sudden expansion of the American drama really is.

Perhaps the significance of this outflowering is more evident to the few foreign experts who, after having studied our stage a dozen or a score of years ago, have recently revisited the United States—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, for one; and Mr. William Archer, for another. When they were over here during the winter of 1911-12 both of them were outspoken in expressing their opinion that the average play to be seen in the theaters of New York was likely to be more amusing than the average play to be seen in the theaters of London; and perhaps more promising for the future of the drama, even if to them the promise did not seem quite fulfilled in the present. Apparently both Mr. Jones and Mr. Archer thought that the best British plays were better than the best American plays, but that there was more variety in the American pieces as well as a wider outlook on a wider life.

Mr. Howells, who had been quick to proclaim a score of years ago the peculiar value of Harrigan's plays and of Hearne's, has recently confessed that it was this frank appreciation of the contemporary American drama by certain keensighted British visitors which opened his eyes to the significance of what is now to be seen on the American stage. He is reported as saying that we have already "a drama which has touched our life at many characteristic points, which has dealt with our moral and material problems and penetrated psychological regions which it seemed impossible an art so objective should reach. Mainly it has been gay as our prevalent mood is; mainly it has been honest as our habit is in cases where we believe we can afford it; mainly it has been decent and clean and sweet as our average life is; and, now that Ibsen no longer writes new plays, I would rather take my chance of pleasure and profit with a new American play than with any other sort of new play."

Our Literary Snobs

That last opinion will be painfully shocking to the literary snobs who are wont to consider everything American crude and immature and inartistic as compared with anything foreign; but these superior persons, who are prone to ignore American writers, are likely also to be ignorant of foreign writers. They are inclined to praise the imported article at the expense of the domestic, whatever the relative value of the two may really be. In sheer technical accomplishment, in dexterity of dramaturgy, not a few recent American plays can withstand comparison with the most adroit work of foreign artificers. M. Bernstein's Thief, for example—a vulgar and violent play, profoundly false in its morality, though extraordinarily skillful in its mastery of stage effect—was not more ingenious in the craft by which its big scene was built up than Mr. De Mille's Woman; and the American playwright was able to carry his suspense through two acts, whereas the French writer exhausted his interest in his one protracted dialogue. Mr. George M. Cohan's Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had an opening act of exposition by means of brisk action which would have delighted the heart of Scribe, that past master of careful and elaborate construction. The skill with which the American playwright had here solved a very difficult technical problem was immediately recognized by the few American critics who are really familiar with the methods of the French masters of stagecraft. But very few of the many thousands of playgoers who thoughtlessly laughed at the successive episodes of Mr. Cohan's very amusing piece were capable of appreciating the constructive skill of the American playwright. In their several kinds, the first act of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and the second and third acts of Woman are unsurpassed in technical dexterity by anything any foreign playwright has done within the past decade.

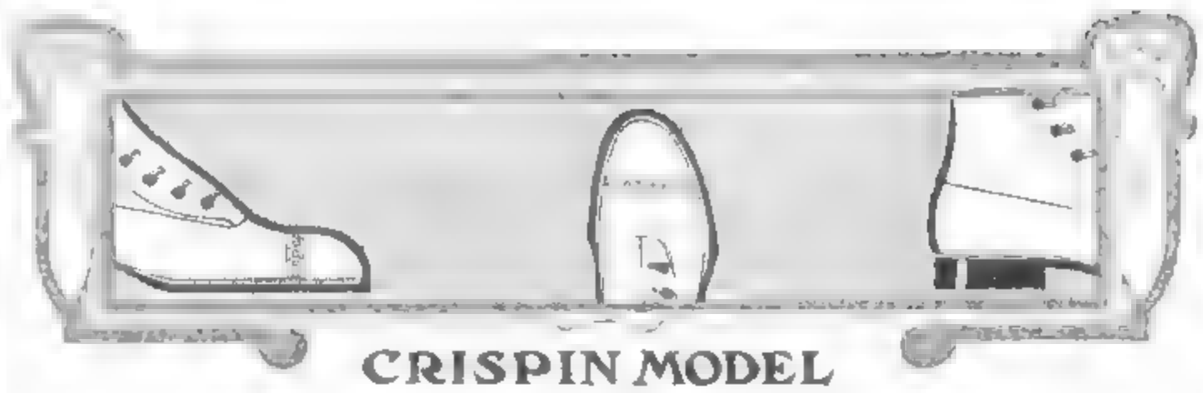
And consider The Return of Peter Grimm, which has an ingenuity as undeniable, though more comfortably concealed behind the appealing simplicity of the theme. If Mr. Belasco's play had been signed by Maeterlinck or by d'Annunzio—both of them poets who might have touched certain passages here and there with a fanciful felicity of phrase lacking in the play as we have it, but neither of them a playwright capable of the simplicity of structure Mr. Belasco here achieved—if The Return of Peter Grimm had been signed by a foreigner of secure reputation as a man of letters, it would have been discussed with enthusiasm and dissected with a sincere desire to bring out its ulterior meaning and to elucidate its message. As it was an American play, however, and as it was written in pedestrian prose, comparatively few playgoers suspected that it had a better claim to the possession of genuine imagination than could be made by any one of the sporadic plays in five acts in blank verse, on Old World themes, which have been quoted as contributions to the poetic drama and bespattered with uncritical praise. Probably the literary snobs who have absurdly belauded Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna and Hauptmann's Sunken Bell would be astonished to be told that The Return of Peter Grimm is not only a better-constructed play than either of the imported pieces and more logical in its movement, but also more vitally poetic than the Belgian drama or the German, more sincerely imaginative and more subtly truthful in its psychology.

The Great American Novel

It is curious how long the colonial habit of deference to the mother country and to foreign nations has survived in these United States. We renounced the colonial attitude in politics more than a century and a quarter ago; and yet we still retain it to a considerable extent in matters of art—and more especially in all that relates to the drama. We look abroad for light—which is proper enough in its way, since we need all the illumination we can get from any source, so long as it does not blind our eyes to the luminaries we may have at home. Oddly enough this colonialism of ours is often accompanied by an equal provincialism, which leads us to boast unduly and to proclaim that our geese are swans of Avon. Where colonialism makes a portion of the public undervalue the best work of our own men, provincialism tempts another portion to overvalue it. Perhaps it is a little difficult to decide whether we ought to credit to colonialism or to provincialism the question not infrequently raised: "When are we going to have the Great American Play?"

A few years ago, when the range and value of our fiction were less generally recognized than they are now, our ears used to be dinned by the repetition of the corresponding query: "When are we going to have the Great American Novel?" The immature creatures who persisted in propounding this inquiry would have been sadly puzzled if they had been asked to give the title of the Great British Novel or of the Great French Novel—that is to say, to pick out any single British or French novel which a majority of competent critics would agree to accept as the one preëminent work of fiction of that literature. There is perhaps only one language in which there might be substantial agreement upon a unique masterpiece of fiction; and we are fairly justified in declaring that Don Quixote is the Great Spanish Novel. The tale of the knight of the sorrowful countenance, with his attendant squire cheerful under all circumstances, reveals the two sides of Spanish character—its impractical idealism and its realistic common-sense—with a certainty and a scope not rivaled by any work of fiction in any other literature.

There is a host of great French novels and of great British novels—and there are now not a few great American novels even if no one of them is the Great American Novel. The Last of the Mohicans and The Pilot are great novels of their kind, and so are The Scarlet Letter and Uncle Tom's Cabin, Huckleberry Finn and The Rise of Silas Lapham. Each of these will withstand comparison with any work of fiction of similar intent in the British branch of our common literature or with any in French literature. Just as it is impossible to pick



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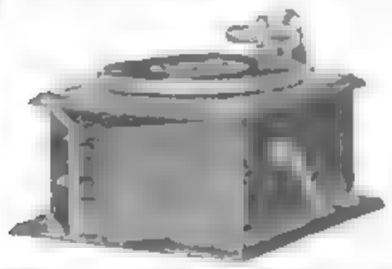

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out any single work of fiction in French and to proclaim it the Great French Novel, so it is absurd to seek to raise a single American story to a like unique preeminence, not because we have not a great American novel, but precisely because we have at least half a dozen great novels and perhaps half a score. For a literature to have any one story universally accepted as its best is evidence that it has not been widely prolific in fiction. The more good novels there are in any language the less easy it is to proclaim any one of them to be supreme over the others.

A Hopeless Quest

There is not now and there never will be any one story that we can give to the inquiring foreigner as completely representative of our heterogeneous and kaleidoscopic people. As we have relinquished the desire for the Great American Novel, so we had better surrender the search for the Great American Play, which is quite as hopeless as the attempt to declare the Great French Play or the Great German Play. We shall have every reason to be satisfied when we have as many good American plays as we now have good American novels. It would be absurd to suggest that this condition has arrived. Immensely as our playmaking has improved, ingenious as it is in construction and dexterous as it is in presenting salient characteristics of our life, our drama has no list of masterpieces to set alongside the masterpieces of our prose fiction—The Scarlet Letter, for example, Silas Lapham and Huckleberry Finn. We have now an abundant productivity, from which much may be hoped; we have the underbrush which protects the growth of the sturdy trees, but as yet scarcely any of these trees has thrust its head high above its rivals.

What we may expect in the next decade or so is not the appearance of the Great American Play, but the production of more than one drama or comedy that shall possess not only immediate theatric effectiveness, but also those qualities of permanence and breadth of appeal which distinguish the masterpieces of our prose fiction. What we hope for is not one play only, but two or three playwrights of equal stature with Hawthorne and Howells and Mark Twain. Then we shall have a succession of great American plays, reflecting our multiplex civilization from many different angles and dealing simply and sincerely with the many problems that beset us. These great American plays will amuse us, of course, as a good play should; they will make us feel—and they will also make us think. They will not be disfigured by "fine writing" and they will not be in five acts or in blank verse. They will achieve literary merit not by external rhetoric, but by internal truth, by skillful construction, by veracious characterization, by fertile invention and by an interpretation of life at once imaginative and honest.

The German Clerk

THE efficiency of the German clerk in the counting rooms of the world is proverbial. The German business man is credited by competent critics with extraordinary technical knowledge. Surely this is not because he is any more intelligent or industrious than the English or American business man.

Whatever advantages our German cousins have in this respect come, I believe, from their careful, systematic school-training. The German connects his schoolwork with practical life because he believes in education as no one else under the sun does. He discriminates, however, between theory and practice, and recognizes as clearly as any one what can and what cannot be done in the schoolroom. The American makes a fetish of education so far as the talk about the little red schoolhouse is concerned, but is apt to be incredulous when you propose to prepare people for commerce or industry in the school.

Germany has been our teacher for many years so far as university work is concerned. She is prepared to be our teacher in the management of commercial and industrial schools. We cannot blindly imitate her. Differences in conditions, in aims and ideals forbid. Nevertheless a careful study of her commercial and industrial schools will furnish convincing proof that America has not yet realized the full measure of what an efficient system of schools can do for a people.

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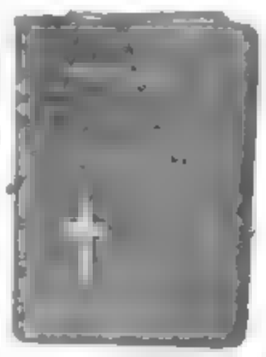

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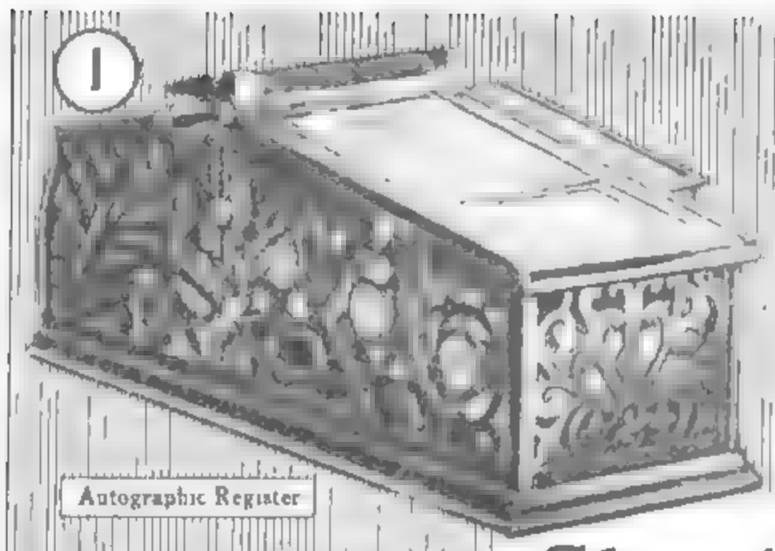
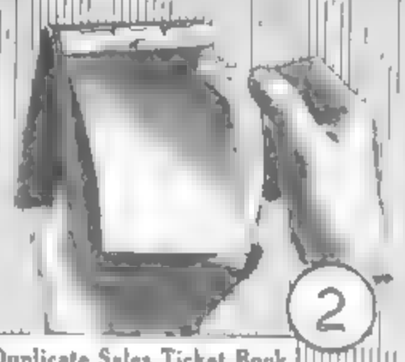
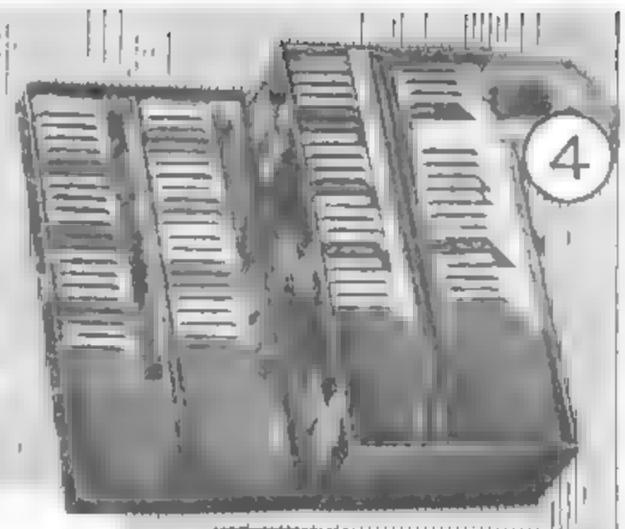

1
Autographic Register


2
Duplicate Sales Ticket Book Showing Notched Carbon

3
Tell-Tale Restaurant and "Q. L." Check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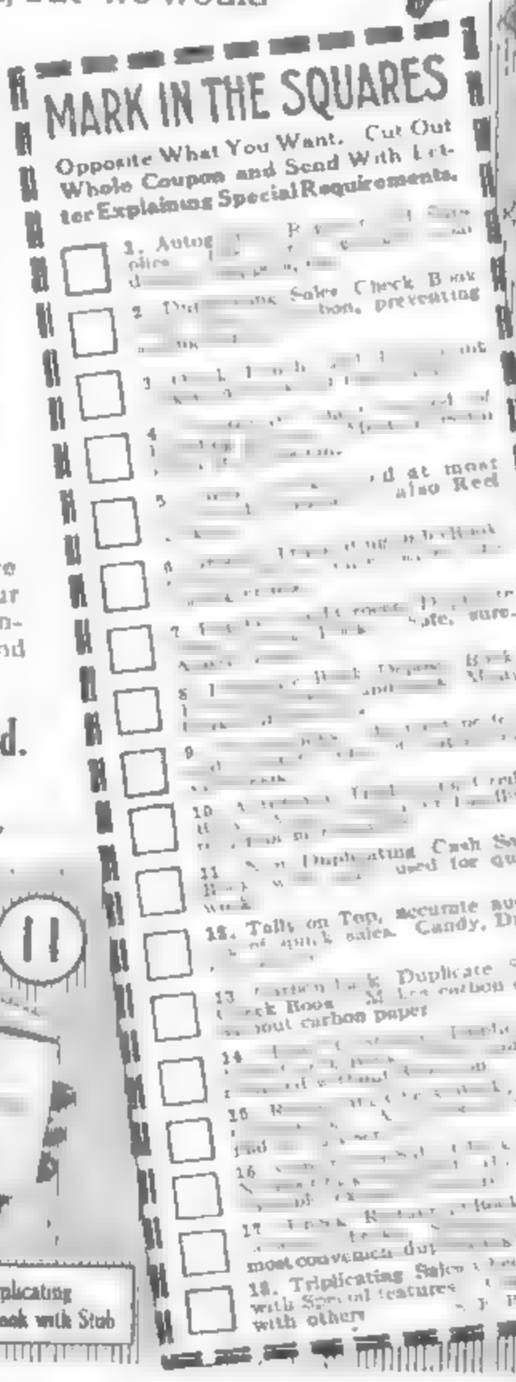
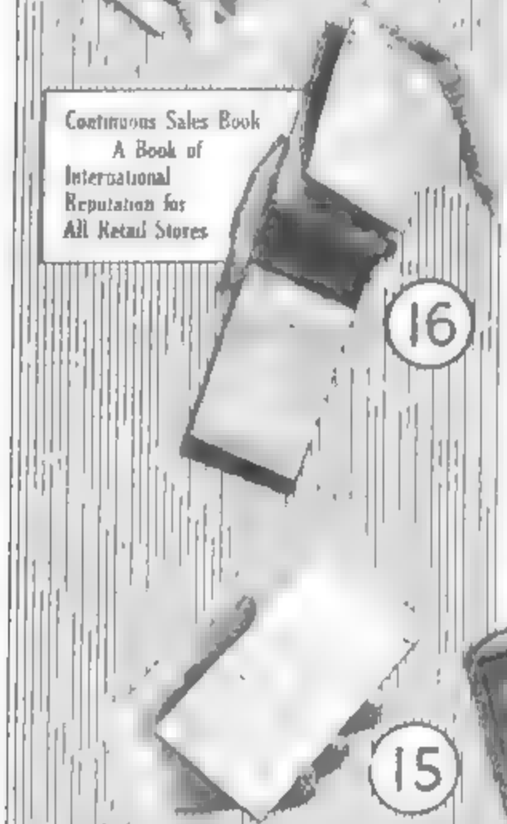

MARK IN THE SQUARES
Opposite What You Want. Cut Out Whole Coupon and Send With Letter Explaining Special Requirements.

18
3H Triplicate Sales Book The Wonder of the Age

17
"Check" Restaurant Book Showing How Detached Checks Are Retained


16
Continuous Sales Book A Book of International Reputation for All Retail Stores

15
Non-Duplicating Restaurant Check Book

14
Exso Sales Book The Book that Cannot Go Wrong

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Duplicate Sales Book Two or More Copies without the Use of Carbon Paper

12
Tally-On Top for Confectioners, Druggists, Etc.

11
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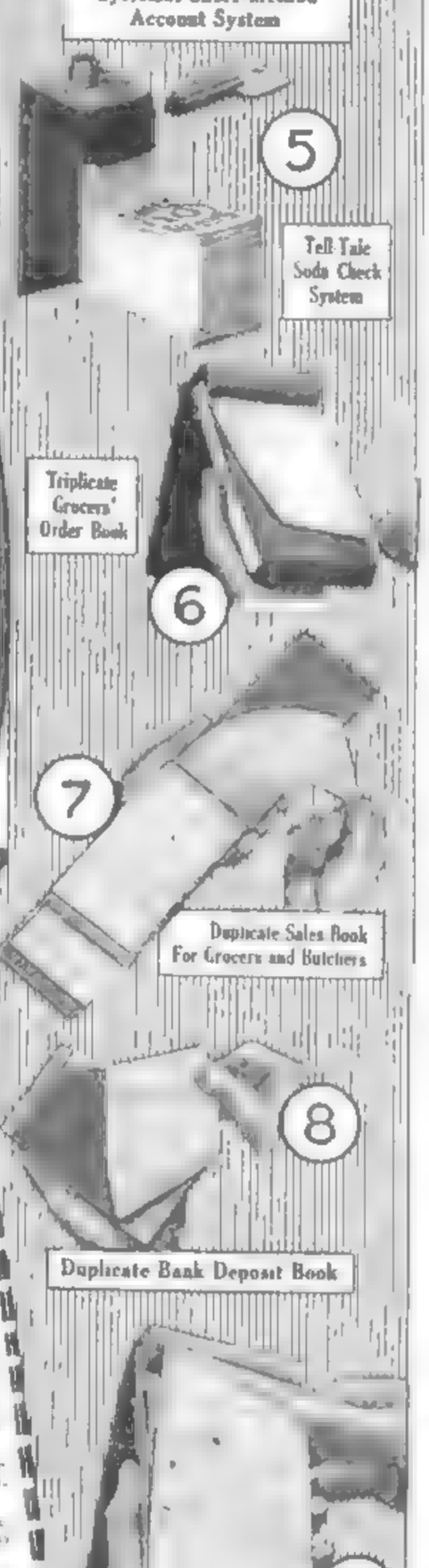
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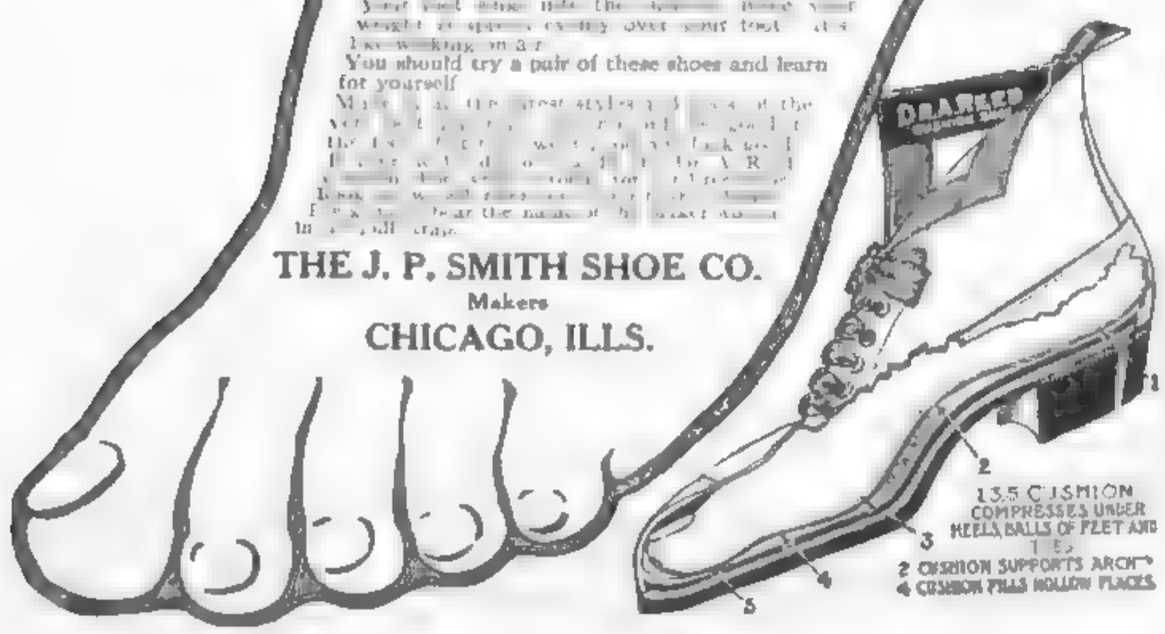

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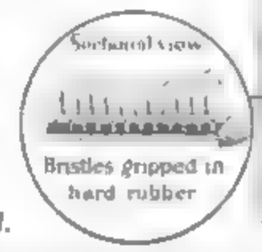

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THE SUPREME ISSUE

(Concluded from Page 4)

Unfortunately, hostility to the judiciary and measures to take away its power and independence constitute the chief definite plans of that class of politicians and reformers from which the Republican party escaped at Chicago and to which the Democratic party yielded at Baltimore. And I use that word "escaped" advisedly.

No consideration of party weal or personal ambition would for a single instant tempt me to stand before the American people as the presidential candidate of a great party, did I not know that there was no stain or flaw resting on my nomination; did I not know from the most painstaking examination of the evidence that the reckless assaults on the integrity of that nomination are as baseless as they are vicious, and I not know that every candidate and unprejudiced observer, who will devote the time and pains necessary to an examination of the proceedings of the Republican National Committee and of the Republican National Convention, must pronounce the nomination conferred on me without stain and without defect. But, knowing that, I know it is my solemn duty to the party that has so honored me and to the people who four years ago elected me to the highest office in their gift to stand resolute against those policies and politicians who would sacrifice the welfare of this fair Republic to personal ambition or to unwise economic experimentation.

Who are the People?

I have sworn to uphold the Constitution, and so I stand, as the Republican party has always stood, for the Constitution as it is, with such amendments adopted according to its provisions as new conditions, thoroughly understood, may require, and this is the supreme issue of this campaign. In this fair land there are many Democrats who also revere the Constitution, and who view with equal aversion those radical propositions recklessly advanced to satisfy what is supposed to be popular clamor. To them also I appeal, confident that a majority of the voters will be able to distinguish between the substance of performance and the fustian of promise; that they will be able to perceive that those who would deliberately foment discontent and cultivate hostility toward those who represent the business progress of this country are sowing dragons' teeth.

Who are the people? They are not alone the unfortunate and the weak; they are the weak and the strong, the poor and the rich, and the many who are neither; the wage-earner and the capitalist; the farmer and the professional man; the merchant and the manufacturer; the storekeeper and the clerk; the railroad manager and the employee—they all make up the people and they all contribute to the running of the Government, and they have not given into the hands of any one the mandate to speak for them as peculiarly the people's representative.

Especially does not he represent them who, assuming that the people are only the discontented, would stir them up against the remainder of those whose Government alike this is.

Before this the American people have become confused and misled by specious appeals to their prejudices, but the bubbles of demagogic promise have been pricked, the people have come to a clearer appreciation of their own interests and to the rejection of specious nostrums. And so I believe that when the votes are counted in November the great and dependable common-sense of the American people will be found to have asserted itself. I am confident they will not have permitted either the sugar-coated nostrums of the third party or the retrogressive tariff principles of our time-honored opponents to have tempted them to menace the prosperity of the nation by a change of political administration.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three statements by the leading Presidential candidates, defining their attitudes on the platforms of their parties. The statements by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson will appear in next week's issue.

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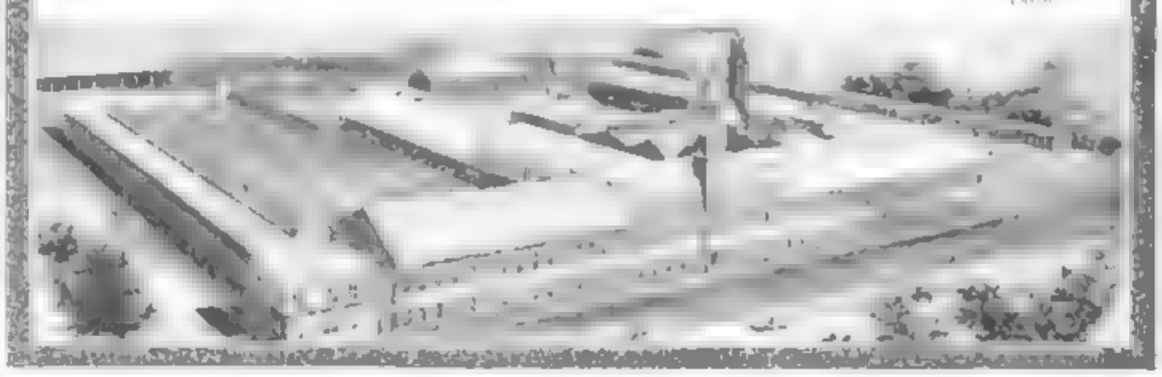

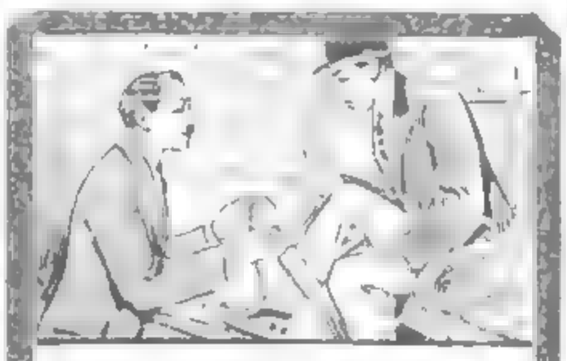

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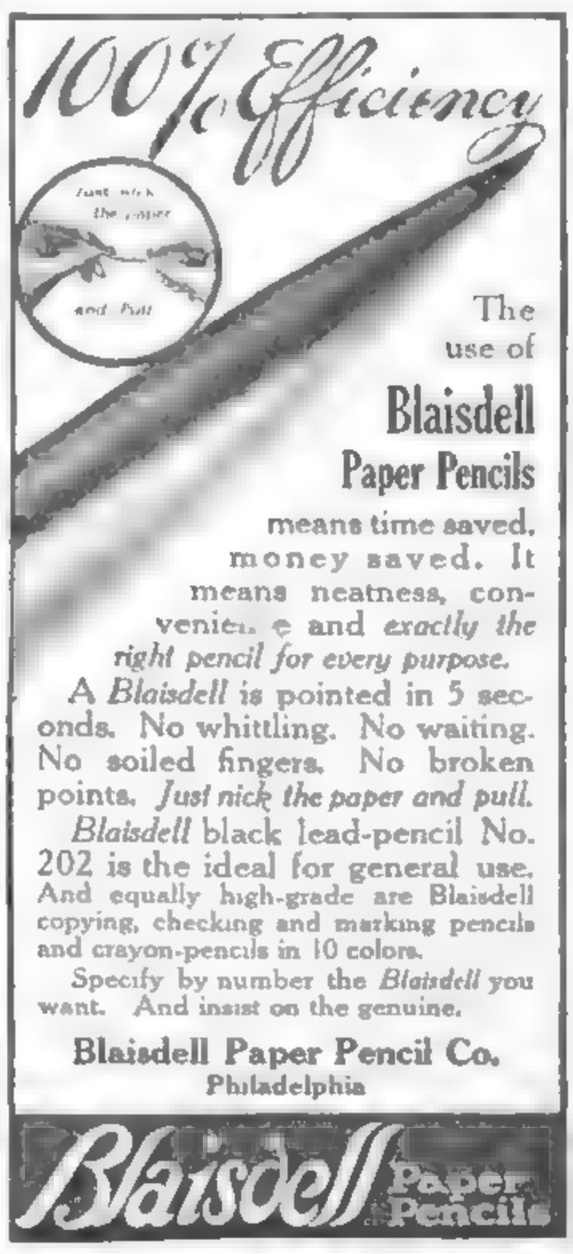

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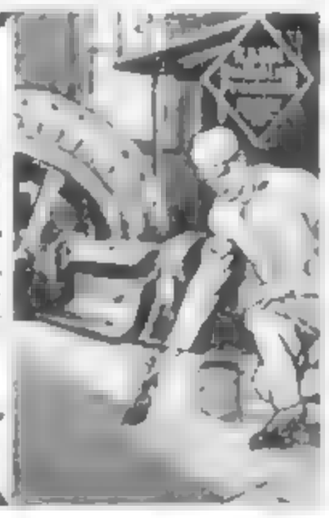

WHO TAKES THE NINETY-SEVEN?

(Continued from Page 9

ensue if Wilson is put through handily than if they stick to Taft and the remnants of Republicanism. It will not be at all surprising if, along in the last days of the contest, the word shall go out to make it sure by voting for Wilson. They tolerate Taft, these regular Republicans of New York, but they do hate Roosevelt. And though with no third-party complications they would have a good chance to elect a governor this year, there *are* third-party complications and it may be decided to do what can be done and resign themselves to two more years of Democratic state control. While it is not at all certain the regular Republicans can carry New York for Taft, though Taft has a chance on his own hook because of the Democratic support he will get, it is quite certain the regular Republicans can carry the state for Wilson if they set about it. This is the Bloody Angle of the New York battlefield. Here is where the slaughtering will be done.

Pennsylvania, for the first time in a presidential year since the days of Lincoln, may be fairly considered debatable ground this year. Even in the dark Republican days of 1892 Pennsylvania gave a Republican plurality of 63,000 for Harrison and in 1904 President Roosevelt received 505,000 more votes than Parker. Taft's plurality in 1908 was 297,000. Since 1908 many things have happened in Pennsylvania. One thing that conspicuously has happened has been the development into a tangible force of the long-continued agitation against the Republican machine rule in the state. They have broken down the machine in Philadelphia, where it was most powerful. They swept the state for Roosevelt in the Republican primaries last spring when delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago were selected.

Moreover, in the 1910 election, when the independent forces had a Keystone party candidate for governor against the regular Republican candidate, Tener, the machine candidate was elected by only 33,000 votes, and the combined vote of the Keystone candidate and the regular Democratic candidate exceeded the Tener vote by approximately 100,000. These figures, combined with the primary results in Pennsylvania last spring, show the sort of an upheaval there has been in Pennsylvania; and these results also show Pennsylvania to be a debatable state this year.

Pennsylvania's Debatable Ground

It isn't likely there would be any doubt about Pennsylvania with only two candidates in the field. If Mr. Taft were running against Mr. Wilson, Mr. Taft would probably carry the state, for tariff reasons if for no other, because Pennsylvania is a strong protection state. Indeed, there are places in Pennsylvania right this minute where you can hear dire forebodings of soup-houses if the Democratic candidate is elected. They stick manfully to their protection there.

That, however, is ingrained. The vital thing about the politics of Pennsylvania is that the Republican machine in that state is in such disrepute that enough former Republicans will vote for Roosevelt to make it doubtful whether Pennsylvania will continue as a Republican state. Pennsylvania cast a few more than 1,250,000 votes in 1908 at the presidential election. Every presidential year since 1888, except 1904, when Roosevelt had his enormous plurality, the Democratic vote has been in excess of 400,000; and in 1908 Mr. Bryan had 448,000 in round numbers. At the late primaries there were 504,000 votes cast for the Taft and Roosevelt candidates combined, or more than 250,000 less than were cast by the Republicans in the 1908 election—that is, 250,000 Republicans did not vote at the primaries, and most of these 250,000 are quite likely to vote at the election in November; in fact, almost sure to do so.

Hence, if it is true, as the Taft men so earnestly maintain, that all the Roosevelt men came out at the primaries—both in Pennsylvania and elsewhere—and those who remained at home are regular and normally Taft Republicans, the fight in Pennsylvania will be between Taft and Wilson, for Wilson is quite likely to hold a large proportion of the usual Democratic vote. But is it true? Any person who can tell the intentions of those 250,000 stay-at-homes can tell where the thirty-eight electoral votes of Pennsylvania will go, but so far no person can do more than guess.

As in New York, the situation in Pennsylvania is tangled and interlocked with the fight for state control; and, as in New York, there are politicians and leaders on each side who are not so much concerned about the result in a presidential way as they are about the final disposition of the state offices. Politics in Pennsylvania is fully as practical as elsewhere. There are those, of course, who are in the strife because of the principle involved, but if you look carefully you will be able to discern, here and there, those who are in the fight because they have a desire to control the state offices. There is considerably more nutriment in a substantial way for a state politician in having a governor who is amenable than in having a president who is grateful. It is a great thing to triumph with a principle, but it is even greater to triumph with patronage, from a political viewpoint.

Wherefore, ever since the early primaries when the Roosevelt forces won so decisively, the state politics of Pennsylvania has been whirligigging about in a manner that has confused everybody, both in and out of the state. There have been movements, and flank movements, and subterranean work, and mining and sapping, and advancing and retreating, and all sorts of maneuvering; not much of it of consequence except to make the game more difficult, but the end of it all and the aim of it all has been the control of the state and the control of what may occur in the way of persons elected in November.

Anything to Down The Colonel

It would take a page to go into the detail and, even if gone into, the record would merely be one of maneuver and finesse and such strategy as the strategists have been able to evolve. There was enough jockeying back and forth on the selection of a designation for the Roosevelt party to make an article in itself. That is interesting detail, but merely detail. The national situation is important outside of Pennsylvania, even if not so important in Pennsylvania.

There has been no disposition, so far as I can discover, on the part of Messrs. Van Valkenburg, Flinn and the other Roosevelt leaders to avoid a straightout fight between the Roosevelt supporters and the Taft supporters. They are quite ready for that, but the laws of Pennsylvania relating to these things are peculiar and the situation has been one of considerable difficulty.

Undoubtedly it will be straightened out before this is read, so the matter of chiefest concern is what will happen after it has been straightened out. Pennsylvania, tremendous Republican state as it has been, does not differ in political sentiment from many other former great Republican states. Nor is the Democratic position there unusual. These are the elements of the situation: Roosevelt is very strong there. He has active and alert and efficient managers, and is aided by the spirit of revolt against the bosses that has been so skillfully fostered and that has already brought about almost revolutionary results. The old machine, or what is left of it, is for Taft, because there is nobody else to be for. The old machine crowd is fighting to retain the few shreds of power left it and to get back some of the power it once had. The Democrats are quite solidly behind Wilson, and the Democratic managers—Palmer, Guffey and McCormick—are getting their forces in efficient shape.

Now, then, the equation that is observed in almost every other state in the Union forces itself into consideration. There is no doubt that a large number of regular Republicans in Pennsylvania will, on election day, if they see any danger of Roosevelt winning the state, vote for Wilson; and there is no doubt a large number of them will, anyhow, merely as a precautionary measure. Based on the election figures of 1908, the Republicans, if united, have a surplus of nearly 300,000 votes. Looking at results as shown by the primaries, Roosevelt can count on that many votes in Pennsylvania, if not more. Thus the possibility of Roosevelt and Taft dividing the 700,000 usual Republican

votes, even if equally, with no defections to Wilson, makes it necessary for Wilson to hold only his 400,000 to win.

The probabilities are, however, that Wilson will get more than 400,000 votes, and the probabilities are that the division of the former Republican vote will be on no such even terms as 350,000 to Taft and 350,000 to Roosevelt—I am using round numbers in these presentations. Still, there may be a big tariff factor that will desert Wilson for Taft, and there is sure to be a Taft defection to Wilson; and back of it all is an undoubted Roosevelt sentiment of great proportions. Thus it is seen that Pennsylvania is a debatable state. Normally it would be a fight between Taft and Wilson, with Roosevelt third; but this is not a normal year. There is that great, independent, anti-boss vote that swept the primaries for Roosevelt, that deposed Penrose and put Flinn in his place, and there is nothing determinate about that. All that can be said about it is that it will be large, not so large as some of the enthusiasts claim, but much larger than many of the old-liners admit. The Democratic organization is working steadily and effectively. It is seeking to hold the Democrats steady, succeeding to a large extent. The tariff will be used as an instrument to hold wavering Republicans in line, and the tariff is a potent argument in Pennsylvania.

Balancing it as carefully as possible at this time, the chances seem to favor Wilson if he can hold the 448,000 votes Bryan had in 1908, for it is sure he will get Republican votes. The votes of those 250,000 stay-at-homes have the result in Pennsylvania concealed about them. They have Roosevelt potentialities, Taft potentialities, and Wilson possibilities; and they are calm, secretive votes in the possession of calm, secretive voters. Wherefore Pennsylvania, instead of being a sure Republican state, is a very insecure Republican state, and may cease to be a Republican state at all.

Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for president, lives in New Jersey and he carried that state for governor in 1910 by a few more than 49,000 plurality. Mr. Taft carried the state two years before by almost 83,000. New Jersey was Democratic in presidential years from 1880 to 1896 by a few thousand each time, but in 1896 it went against Bryan and for McKinley by 87,000. Since that time it has been consistently Republican, both for president and for governor, until Wilson's success two years ago, but with the state officials getting far less in the way of pluralities than the presidential candidates.

New Jersey is a tariff state, also, but its Republican machine has no particular strength and there is a large Progressive sentiment over there. Wilson will be helped, of course, by state pride, and he will also be helped by old-line Republican votes, much as the old-line Republicans detest him, for they detest Roosevelt more. The Democratic organization isn't particularly efficient, and the party is split by the row between the Wilson faction and the Smith faction in the party.

At that the result of the primaries in New Jersey, when James Smith, Jr., tried to get the senatorial nomination over the protest and in spite of the direct opposition of Governor Wilson, shows that the Democrats are supporting Wilson sturdily. William Hughes, of Paterson, in the House of Representatives until recently, when he resigned to accept a judicial appointment, defeated Smith two to one or more, Hughes having the support of Governor Wilson and being one of the original Wilson men in the state.

Smith is one of the old-time bosses of New Jersey. He was largely in control of the Democratic machine there until Wilson refused to allow him to come to the Senate at the time Martine was selected to succeed John Kean, the Republican. Smith has been sore ever since, and this time sought to get the senatorial nomination on an anti-Wilson issue. There were several other Democrats who wanted the nomination, but the Wilson strength was finally centered in Hughes after a series of eliminations, and Hughes made the Wilson fight. The result shows that the Democrats of New Jersey, except those Smith can control, may be expected to support Wilson; and it is doubtful whether the Smith defection, which will be of some strength on election day, can hurt Wilson materially.

Aside from this big three, with the ninety-seven combined electoral votes, there remain to be reviewed the two semi-Southern states—Maryland and Delaware—and West Virginia. Delaware has three votes, Maryland and West Virginia have eight each. There is an active Roosevelt propaganda in each of these states, which makes Maryland seem quite sure for Wilson and gives him a good fighting chance in each of the other states, though some proficient Delaware people claim Taft will carry that state. West Virginia has been consistently Republican since 1896, but there is a strong protest there as elsewhere against the bosses, and the greatest Republican plurality since 1896 was Roosevelt's in 1904, when he received an excess of almost 32,000 votes over Parker. It wouldn't take a very great split in the Republican party to wipe that out with disastrous results to both Roosevelt and Taft, provided Wilson holds the ordinary Democratic vote. That is what is likely to happen.

Sense and Nonsense

Dear Memories

A STRAY American tourist, while on a fishing trip in Glengarry County, Ontario, happened upon a decrepit spinning wheel in the home of a venerable Scotchman, Donald MacTavish. Priding himself upon being somewhat of an antiquary, the American asked him to name his price. The old man slowly filled and lighted his pipe while the American waited expectantly.

"I'm thenkin'," said the Scot at length, "that ye no ken yon auld bit o' junkie is verra dear tae me. Ma gran'mither, when she was but a lassie in Dunfermline, wur-rked her bonny fingers nigh tae th' bone tae buy it, an' when she lay deein' she said tae her eldest dochter, ma mither: 'Kirsty, I wudna thocht ye shud ever pairt wi' it.'"

The tourist, quickly contrite, apologized.

"I'm no blamin' ye," went on the Glengarrian. "It's not for a stranger tae knaw that every nicht I have sat an' smoked ma auld pipe wi' ma eyes on th' wheel, thenkin' o' ma mither bendin' over it at wur-rk, an' her mither before her, till I can see th' heather an' th' hills like when I was a laddie in Dunfermline. Th' auld wheel is as a pairt o' mysel', an' tae let it go wud be like tearin' ma auld heart oot."

"I repeat that I am very, very sorry," said the thoroughly penitent American. "Had I known of these sacred associations I would never have made the offer."

"Ah, weel, let it pass," said the old man with a sigh; "but, after what I've been tellin' ye, ye can see I wudna be justified in lettin' it go for less than six dollars an' a half."

And the deal was made.

Booking So-and-So

HERBERT J. MEYER, the booking agent, received a telegram from a Louisville theatrical manager that read:

"Is Joe So-and-So in New York? How is his act? Book him if O. K."

Meyer replied:

"So-and-So not in New York. Understand his act is stupid and mediocre."

Presently this telegram came from the Louisville manager:

"Cut out So-and-So. If Stupid and Mediocre good act book them week September ninth!"

Utter Ignorance

A NOTED Kansas City character was clinging to a lamppost one Sunday morning when a stranger came along and addressed him.

"Sir," inquired the stranger, "can you tell me where the Second Presbyterian Church is?"

"Mister," answered the weary one, "I don't even know where the First Presbyterian Church is!"

One Too Many

"PERCY," said Harold, "I wish to ask you a question of etiquette: If I take a young lady to a good theater, and take her afterward to a restaurant for supper, and then bring her home in a carriage, should I, on leaving her, kiss her?"

"No, Harold," said Percy firmly; "you've already done quite enough for her!"

Because you are critical

of appearances, you need not sacrifice long service to secure the faultless style and perfect fit which you demand in a glove—

FOWNES GLOVES

will invariably give you these qualities; *plus* economical wear.

There is but one FOWNES standard for style, fit and service—the highest—and it has been continuously maintained throughout one and a third centuries of glove-making.

$1.50 $2 $2.50—at good dealers. Never sold under any other name than FOWNES

Should you have difficulty in securing the genuine Fownes Gloves send us the names of the shops visited and your address; we will see that you are supplied.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO.
119 W. 23rd St., New York City

COPY THIS SKETCH

Illustrators and cartoonists make $30.00 to $125.00 per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine

Stewart Hartshorn

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK TRADE MARK

Thanksgiving Special SUIT or O'COAT made to order $13.50

THIS special clothing offer chimes in with the Thanksgiving spirit of generous value giving.

Bell Tailors will make to your individual measure New York's latest style in an Overcoat or Suit for $13.50—absolutely guaranteed as to style, fit, fabric and finish, to be worth many dollars more than the price. This remarkable value is only possible by reason of our direct method of selling.

We Deal Direct With You—We Have No Agents

Our method enables us to eliminate all sorts of expenses and agent's commission, and allows us to save you at least one-third on every garment you purchase. We prefer to give you this saving instead of charging you for having someone else perform the service of selling you our clothes. Through this method, we have built up the largest direct mail-order tailoring business in the world. You are protected by our sweeping guarantee of satisfaction.

When over forty thousand men send us their orders each season in preference to the many Clothing Stores, Tailoring Shops and Tailoring Agents on the spot to make a personal bid for his business, you can rest assured that our claim to save you many dollars is a real, live proven fact.

Style Book and 64 Samples FREE

This big book contains proof positive of our ability to make you the smartest suit at a saving of many dollars. It shows our garments in actual photographs on real men—the most convincing evidence of perfect style and fit. It offers you 64 beautiful all-wool samples to choose from, and explains our simplified system of measuring, with which any member of your family can measure you with accuracy. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from these measurements. Our Style Book is our sole representative. You can't buy our clothes except through it. We will put its mute evidence up against any salesman's strongest arguments. Don't think of placing your order for clothes until you send for it. It is free on request.

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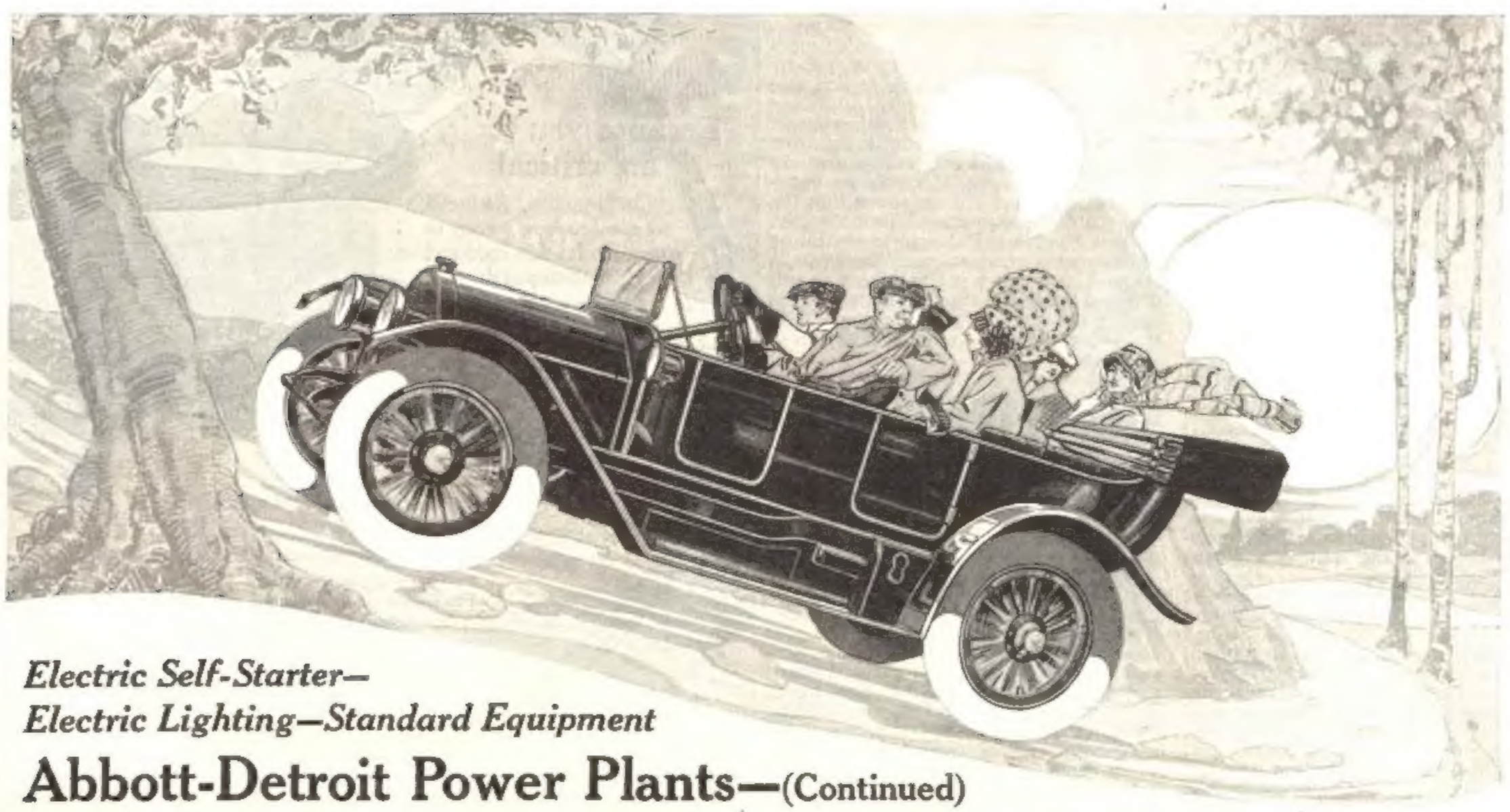
129-133 Walker Street
New York

The Bell Tailors, 129-133 Walker St., New York City
Please send me your Fall Catalog and samples Free.
Mr.

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK



Electric Self-Starter—
Electric Lighting—Standard Equipment

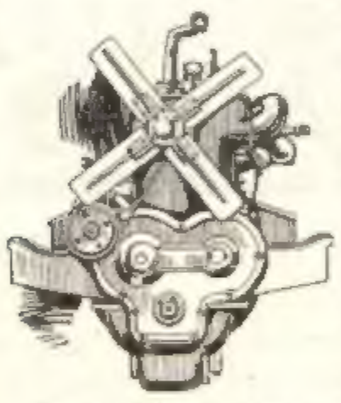
Abbott-Detroit Power Plants—(Continued)

THE elimination of noise and those features which cause it has been the greatest aim of automobile engineers during the last year.

As much of the sound from the motor emanated from the gears and valves, everything has been done to improve these parts of the mechanism.

NOISELESS TIMING GEARS

The timing gears, which transfer the power from the main shaft to the shafts operating the valves, magneto and pump are "helically" cut, that is, on an angle—the best way to prevent noise and stripping of teeth.



Front view of motor, showing aluminum fan and timing gear case.

The gears are **enclosed** and run in oil—hence are practically **noiseless, even at high speeds;** —and in **Abbott-Detroit cars** they **remain** noiseless.

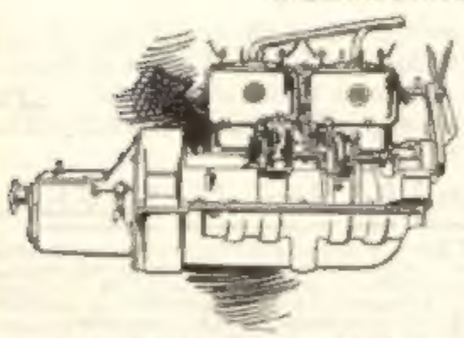
The cam shafts are forged from a single piece of low-carbon steel and the cams are integral with the shaft.

These shafts run in long nickel bronze bearings and are lubricated from special oil pockets cast in the side of the crank case for this purpose.

Owing to the necessity of great accurateness in cam-shaft construction, they are first roughly machined, then subjected to a **special** process of **heat-treatment** which thoroughly hardens them.

They are then **ground so accurately** that they are **noiseless** in their operation. This is **very** important—a point frequently overlooked.

LUBRICATION



Right side of power plant, showing magneto, pump and general form of crank and gear case.

A double plunger pump taking the oil from a reservoir in the bottom of the crank shaft case forces the lubricant to the timing and starting gears in front and over the main rear bearings.

The middle crank shaft and connecting rod bearings receive the oil from splash system.

The amount of oil in the crank case is indicated at all times by an oil gauge on the motor.

IGNITION SYSTEM

A dual ignition system is employed, the current being taken from the storage battery for starting.

A heavy cable conveys the current through a conduit, insuring **perfect insulation, eliminating short-circuiting troubles,** also doing away with a large number of wires which are sometimes found hanging loose on automobile motors.

The spark plugs are placed over inlet valves where the **gas mixture** is always **fresh** and where combustion will take place **rapidly** and **completely.**

They are also conveniently located for inspection.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form. This is the fourth of the series. The fifth will appear in The Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 16th; Collier's, Nov. 9th; Life, Nov. 23rd; Literary Digest, Nov. 2nd.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as a regular equipment.

Visit our sales rooms and have its operation explained.

THE CARBURETOR

The Abbott-Detroit carburetor is of the **most improved double jet type** with a **special, hot water heated** mixing chamber which makes it **particularly efficient in winter.**

It is very economical and responds readily at all speeds.

It is simplicity itself in the matter of adjustment.

Abbott-Detroit cars can be throttled down to four miles per hour and then almost instantly increased in speed to 45 miles per hour; **a remarkable proof of flexibility.**

COOLING SYSTEM

The water used for cooling the cylinders is circulated through the water jacket of the engine and the radiator by means of a large centrifugal pump which has a capacity of from six to eight gallons per minute at 1400 revolutions.

A **genuine cellular** tube radiator cooled by an aluminum fan, operated by a belt from the engine shaft, keeps the water at a suitable temperature under the most severe conditions.

We have been called upon many times to test the efficiency of the Abbott-Detroit cooling system, not only in road races where it was necessary to cover hundreds of miles at the rate of 70 to 90 miles per hour, but over deserts and mountains in every state of the Union as well.

In every instance it has performed perfectly.

ACCURATE BALANCING NECESSARY

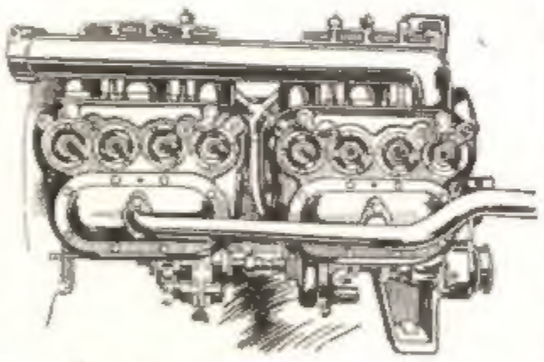
Assuming that all the component parts of the power plant are well made and assembled, there still remains another very important thing to be done—namely, to properly balance the fly wheels, crank shafts, connecting rods and pistons, so that their motion shall not set up destructive vibration and needless noise.

Various methods of balancing have been advocated.

We have tried them all and we consider our method of balancing motors **superior** to any of the older ones.

The fly wheels and crank shafts are carefully drilled and weighted for both a **running** and **standing balance.**

The pistons, connecting rods, piston pins, etc., are likewise weighted and **equalized.**



Top view of motor, showing inlet and exhaust pipes, water jacket covers and piping.

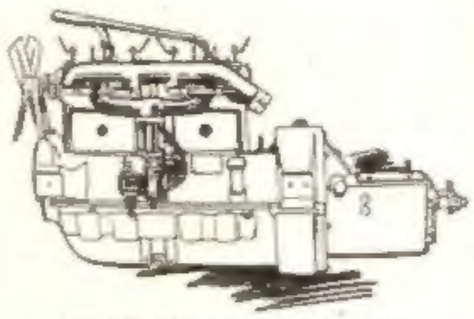
As a result of this accurate balancing, we secure **smoothly running engines,** free from jerks and jars, knocks and squeaks.

NOTE:—This is **another** point of **Abbott-Detroit superiority** which you cannot detect by a superficial examination.

The 1913 line of Abbott-Detroit cars has been **carefully thought out** and **scientifically designed.**

The material has been purchased with much deliberation and comparison.

The workmanship and inspection are as accurate as intelligent supervision can make them.



Left side of power plant, showing carburetor and valve covers.

As a result, you will find that **Abbott-Detroit cars possess value** such as **you have never seen before in cars of this price class.**

Let our dealers show them to you.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

EVERWEAR THE CONSUMERS STANDARD

of Hosiery value—Another big increase in Everwear values makes Everwear the greatest value obtainable at any price. Fineness of texture, excellence of finish and assurance of satisfactory service are advantages which have made Everwear the Hosiery of the masses.

"THE HOSIERY WITH THE QUALITY"

Men's 25c Hose are now made from fine lisle thread with improved toe and heel. Two weights—light and medium.
The 35c lisle hose are the finest produced at any price, made with double sole, high spliced heel, and all Everwear improvements.
Fine cashmere hose at . . . . . 25c the pair

Men's Pure Thread Silk Hose.
Everwear Silk Hose are pure silk fibre—without adulteration—insuring longest service. Made with improved heel, toe, sole, and ankle.
Light weight . . . . . 50c the pair
Heavy weight for fall wear . . . . . 75c the pair

Women's Hose have improved narrow ankle. A 25c style is now to be had. Other styles 35c and 50c. Pure Silk Hose for women, 75c the pair. Children's hose are now one price for all sizes. Two styles, 25c and 35c the pair.

Ask your dealer to show you the new styles in the Bright Red Everwear Box. If unable to obtain Everwear in your city, we will send any quantity, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price

MR. DEALER—SPRING SAMPLES ARE NOW READY FOR YOU.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Clean teeth a matter of common sense

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

—a matter of taste—as well as common sense. You'll like its delicious flavor—you'll also like the antiseptic cleanliness it gives your teeth and mouth.

Purchase your tube where you buy toilet articles, or, if you prefer a trial size send 2 cents in stamps mentioning this magazine.

COLGATE & CO.

199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

—luxurious, lasting, refined.